THE AMOURS OF PHILANDER AND SILVIA:

Being the Third and Last Part OF THE

Love-Letters

Between a

NOBLE-MAN

AND HIS

SISTER.

by A. B.

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TO THE
LORD *SPENCER.*

My Lord,

WHEN *a New Book comes into the World, the firſt thing we conſider, is the* Dedication; *and according to the Quality and Humour of the Patron, we are apt to make a Judgment of the following Subject: If to a States man, we believe it Grave and Politick; if a Gown-man, Law or Divinity; if*

to the Young and Gay, Love and Gallantry. By this Rule, I believe the gentle Reader, who finds your Lordſhip's Name prefix'd before this, will make as many various Opinions of it, as they do Characters of your Lordſhip, whoſe youthful Sallies, have been the buſineſs of ſo much diſcourſe; and which, according to the Relator's Sence or good Nature, is either aggravated or excuſed; though the Woman's Quarrel to your Lordſhip has ſome more reaſonable Foundation, than that of your own Sex; for your Lordſhip being form'd with all the Beauties and Graces of Man-kind, all the Charms of Wit, Youth, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition (derived to you from an Illuſtrious

luſtrious Race of Hero's) *adapting you to nobleſt Love and Softneſs; they cannot but complain on that miſtaken Conduct of yours, that ſo laviſhly deals out thoſe agreeable Attractions, Squandering away that Youth and Time on many, which might be more advantageouſly dedicated to ſome one of the Fair; and by a Liberty (which they call) not being* Diſcreet *enough, rob 'em of all the Hopes of Conqueſt over that Heart which they believe can fix no where; they cannot carreſs you into Tameneſs; or if you ſometimes appear ſo, they are ſtill upon their Guard with you; for like a young Lyon, you are ever apt to leap*

into your Natural Wildness; the Greatness of your Soul disdaining to be confined to lazy Repose; tho' the Delicacy of your Person and Constitution so absolutely require it; your Lordship not being made for Diversions so rough and fatigueing, as those your active Mind would impose upon it. Your Lordship is placed in so Glorious a Station (the Son of so Great a Father) as renders all you do more perspicuous to the World, than the Actions of common Men already; the Advantages of your Birth have drawn all Eyes upon you, and yet more on those coming Greatnesses, to which you were born: If Heaven preserves your Lord-

Lordſhip amidſt the too vigorous Efforts, and too dangerous Adventures, which a too brisk Fire in your Noble Blood, a too forward deſire of gaining Fame daily expoſes you to; and will, unleſs ſome force confine your too impatient Bravery, ſhorten thoſe Days which Heaven has ſurely deſigned for more Glorious Actions; for according to all the Maxims of the judging Wiſe, the little Extravagancies of Youth, accompliſh and perfect the Riper Years. 'Tis this that makes indulgent Parents permit thoſe Sparks of Fire, that are Gleaming in Young Hearts, to kindle into a Flame, knowing well that the Conſideration and Temperament of a few more Years

will

will regulate it to that juſt degree, where the noble and generous Spirit ſhould fix it ſelf: And for this we have had the Examples of ſome of the greateſt Men that ever adorned Hiſtory.

My Lord, I preſume to lay at your Lordſhip's Feet, an Illuſtrious Youth; the unhappy Circumſtances of whoſe Life ought to be written in laſting Characters of all Languages, for a Preſident to ſucceeding Ages, of the Misfortune of heedleſs Love, and a too early Thirſt of Glory; for in him, your Lordſhip will find the fatal Effects of great Courage without Conduct, Wit without

out Diſcretion, and a Greatneſs of Mind without the ſteady Vertues of it; ſo that from a Prince even ador'd by all, by an imprudence, that too often attends the Great and Young, and from the moſt exalted Height of Glory, mis-led by falſe Notions of Honour, and falſer Friends, fell the moſt pityed Object, that ever was abandoned by Fortune. I hope no One will imagine I intend this as a Parallel between your Lordſhip and our miſtaken brave Unfortunate, ſince your Lordſhip hath an unqueſtioned and hereditary Loyalty, which nothing can deface, born from a Father, who has given the World ſo evident Proofs, that

no fear of threatned danger can ſeparate his uſeful Service, and Duties from the Intereſt of his Royal and God-like Maſter, which he purſues with an undaunted Fortitude, in diſdain of Phanatical Cenſures, and thoſe that want the Bravery to do a juſt Action, for fear of future Turns of State. And ſuch indeed is your true Man of Honour; *and as ſuch I doubt not but your Lordſhip will acquit your Self in all Times, and on all Occaſions.*

Pardon the Liberty, my Zeal for your Lordſhip has here preſumed to take, ſince among all thoſe that make Vows and Prayers for your Lordſhip's Health

Health and Preſervation, none offers them more Devoutly, than,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's,

Moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,

A. B.

THE AMOURS OF *PHILANDER* and *SILVIA*.

OCTAVIO the Brave, the Generous, and the Amorous, having left *Silvia* abſolutely reſolv'd to give her ſelf to that doting fond Lover, or rather to ſacrifice her ſelf to her Revenge, that unconſidering Unfortunate, whoſe Paſſion had expos'd him to all the unreaſonable Effects of it, return'd to his own Houſe, wholly tranſported with his happy Succeſs. He thinks on nothing but vaſt coming Joys: Nor did one kind Thought direct him back to the evil Conſequences of

what he ſo haſtily purſu'd; he reflects not on her Circumſtances, but her Charms, not on the Infamy he ſhould eſpouſe with *Sylvia*, but of thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures ſhe was capable of giving him: he regards not the Reproaches of his Friends; but wholly abandon'd to Love and youthful Imaginations, gives a Looſe to young Deſire and Fancy, that deludes him with a thouſand ſoft Ideas: He reflects not that his gentle and eaſie Temper was moſt unfit to joyn with that of *Silvia*, which was the moſt haughty and humorous in Nature; for tho' ſhe had all the Charms of Youth and Beauty, that are conquering in her Sex, all the Wit and Inſinuation that even ſurpaſſes Youth and Beauty, yet to render her Character impartially, ſhe had alſo abundance of diſagreeing Qualities mixt with her Perfections. She was Imperious and Proud, even to Inſolence; Vain and Conceited even to Folly; ſhe knew her Ver-

Vertues and her Graces too well, and her Vices too little; ſhe was very Opinionated and Obſtinate, hard to be convinced of the falleſt Argument, but very poſitive in her fancied Judgment: Abounding in her own Senſe, and very critical on that of others: Cenſorious, and too apt to charge others with thoſe Crimes to which ſhe was her ſelf addicted, or had been guilty of: Amourouſly inclin'd, and indiſcreet in the Management of her Amours, and conſtant rather from Pride and Shame than inclination; fond of catching at every trifling Conqueſt, and lov'd the Triumph tho' ſhe hated the Slave. Yet ſhe had Vertues too, that balanc'd her Vices, among which we muſt allow her to have lov'd *Philander* with a Paſſion, that nothing but his Ingratitude could have decay'd in her Heart, nor was it leſſen'd but by a Force that gave her a thouſand Tortures, Racks, and Pangs, which had al-

moſt coſt her her leſs valu'd Life; for being of a Temper nice in Love, and very fiery, apt to fly into Rages at every Accident that did but touch that tendereſt Part, her Heart; ſhe ſuffered a world of Violence and Extremity of Rage and Grief by turns: At this Affront and Inconſtancy of *Philander*. Nevertheleſs ſhe was now ſo diſcreet, or rather Cunning, to diſſemble her Reſentment the beſt ſhe could to her generous Lover, for whom ſhe had more Inclination than ſhe yet had leiſure to perceive, and which ſhe now attributes wholly to her Revenge; and conſidering *Octavio* as the moſt proper Inſtrument for that, ſhe fancies, what was indeed a growing Tenderneſs from the ſenſe of his Merit, to be the Effects of that Revenge ſhe ſo much deſired and thirſted after; and tho' without ſhe diſſembled a Calm; within ſhe was all Fury and Diſorder, all Storm and Diſtraction: She went to bed rack'd with a thouſand

thoughts

thoughts of diſpairing Love; ſometimes all the Softneſs of *Philander* in their happy Enjoyments came in view, and made her ſometimes weep, and ſometimes faint with the dear lov'd Remembrance; ſometimes his late Enjoyments with *Caliſta*, and then ſhe rav'd and burnt with frantick Rage: But oh! at laſt ſhe found her Hope was gone, and wiſely fell to argue with her Soul. She knew Love would not long ſubſiſt on the thin Diet of Deſpair, and reſolving he was never to be retriev'd who once had ceas'd to Love, ſhe ſtrove to bend her Soul to uſeful Reaſon, and thinks on all *Octavio's* Obligations, his Vows, his Aſſiduity, his Beauty, his Youth, his Fortune, and his generous Offer, and with the Aid of Pride reſolves to unfix her Heart, and give it better Treatment in his Boſom: To ceaſe at leaſt to love the falſe *Philander*, if ſhe could never force her Soul to hate him: And tho' this was not ſo ſoon done

as thought on, in a Heart ſo prepoſſeſt as that of *Silvia*'s, yet there is ſome Hope of a Recovery, when a Woman in that extremity will but think of liſtening to Love from any new Adorer; and having once reſolv'd to purſue the Fugitive no more with the natural Artillery of their Sighs and Tears, Reproaches and Complaints, they have Recourſe to every thing that may ſooneſt chaſe from the Heart thoſe Thoughts that oppreſs it: For Nature is not inclin'd to hurt it ſelf, and there are but very few who find it neceſſary to die of the Diſeaſe of Love. Of this ſort was our *Silvia*, tho' to give her her due, never any Perſon who did not indeed die, ever languiſhed under the Torments of Love, as did that charming and afflicted Maid.

While *Silvia* remain'd in theſe eternal Inquietudes, *Antonett* having quitted her Chamber, takes this opportunity to go to that of *Brilljard*, whom

whom she had not visited in two days before, being extreamly troubled at his Design which she now found he had on her Lady; she had a mind to vent her Spleen, and as the Proverb says, *call W—re first. Brilljard* long'd as much to see her, to rail at her for being privy to *Octavio*'s Approach to *Silvia*'s Bed, as he thought (she imagin'd) and not giving him an account of it, as she us'd to do, of all the Secrets of her Lady. She finds him alone in his Chamber, recover'd from all but the Torments of his unhappy Disappointment. She approach'd him with all the Anger her sort of Passion could inspire (for Love in a mean unthinking Soul, is not that glorious thing it is in the Brave) however she had enough to serve her Pleasure, for *Brilljard* was young and handsome, and both being bent on railing, without knowing each others Intentions, they both equally flew into high Words he upbraiding

braiding her with her Infidelity, and she him with his. *Are not you,* said he (growing more calm) *the falsest of your Tribe, to keep a Secret from me that so much concern'd me? is it for this I have refus'd the Addresses of Burgomasters Wives and Daughters, where I could have made my Fortune and my Satisfaction, to keep my self intirely for a thing that betrays me, and keeps every Secret of her Heart from me? false and forsworn I will be Fool no more. 'Tis well Sir* (reply'd *Antonett*) *that you having been the most perfidious Man alive, should accuse me who am Innocent: Come, come Sir, you have not carried Matters so swimmingly but I could easily dive into the other Nights Intrigue and Secret. What Secret, thou false one; Thou art all over secret; a very hopeful Bawd at Eighteen——go I hate ye——* At this she wept, and he pursu'd his Railing to out-noise her, *You thought because your Deeds were done in Darkness*

they

they were conceal'd from a Lover's Eyes; no, thou young Viper, I ſaw, I heard, and felt, and ſatisfied every Senſe of this thy Falſhood, when Octavio *was conducted to* Silvia's *Bed by thee. But what,* ſaid ſhe, *if inſtead of* Octavio *I conducted the perfidious Traytor to love* Brilljard? *Who then was falſe aud perjured?* At this he bluſh'd extreamly, which was too viſible on his fair Face. She being now confirm'd ſhe had the better of him, continu'd —— *Let thy Confuſion*, ſaid ſhe with ſcorn, *witneſs the Truth of what I ſay, and I have been but too well acquainted with that Body of yours*, weeping as ſhe ſpoke, *to miſtake it for that of* Octavio. *Softly dear* Antonett, reply'd he, ——*nay, now your Tears have calm'd me*; and taking her in his Arms, ſought to appeaſe her by all the Arguments of ſeeming Love and Tenderneſs; while ſhe yet wholly unſatisfied in that Cheat of his of going to *Silvia*'s Bed, remain'd ſtill

pouting and very frumpiſh. But he that had but one Argument left, that on all Occaſions ſerv'd to convince her, had at laſt recourſe to that, which put her in good Humour, and hanging on his Neck, ſhe kindly chid him for putting ſuch a Trick upon her Lady. He told her, and confirm'd it with an Oath, That he did it but to try how far ſhe was Juſt to his Friend and Lord, and not any Deſire he had for a Beauty that was too much of his own Complexion to charm him, 'twas only the Brunet and the Black, ſuch as her ſelf, that could move him to Deſire; thus he ſhams her into perfect Peace. *And why*, ſaid ſhe, *were you not ſatisfied that ſhe was falſe, as well from the Aſſignation as the Tryal. Oh no*, ſaid he, *you Women have a Thouſand Arts of Gibing, and no Man ought to believe you, but put you to the Tryal. Well*, ſaid ſhe, *when I had brought you to the Bed, when you found her Arms ſtretch'd out*

to

to receive you, why did you not retire like an honeſt Man, and leave her to her ſelf? Oh fie, ſaid he, *that had not been to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, but would have made a Diſcovery. Ay,* ſaid ſhe, *that was your Aim to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, I believe, and not to diſcover my Lady's Conſtancy to your Lord, but I ſuppoſe you have been ſworn at the Butt of* Hedleburgh, *never to kiſs the Maid when you can kiſs the Miſtreſs:* But he renewing his Careſſes and Aſſeverations of Love to her, ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be convinc'd of all he had a mind to have her believe. After this ſhe could not contain any Secret from him, but told him ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him, which if he knew, would convince him ſhe had all the Paſſion in the World for him: He preſſes eagerly to know, and ſhe purſues to tell him, 'tis as much as her Life is worth to diſcover it, and that ſhe lies under the Obligation of an Oath

not

not to tell it; but Kiſſes and Rhetorick prevails, and ſhe crys—*What will you ſay now if my Lady may marry one of the greateſt and moſt conſiderable Perſons in all this Country?* *I ſhould not wonder at her Conqueſts* (reply'd *Brilljard*) *but I ſhould wonder if ſhe ſhould marry.* *Then ceaſe your Wonder*, reply'd ſhe, *for ſhe is to morrow to be married to Count* Octavio, *whom ſhe is to meet at nine in the Morning to that end, at a little Village a League from this place.* She ſpoke, and he believes; and finds it true by the raging of his Blood, which he could not conceal from *Antonett*, and for which he feigns a thouſand Excuſes to the Amorous Maid, and charges his Concern on that for his Lord: At laſt (after ſome more Diſcourſe on that Subject) he pretends to grow ſleepy, and haſtens her to her Chamber, and locking the Door after her, he began to reflect on what ſhe had ſaid, and grew to all the Torment

of

of Rage, Jealouſie, and all the Deſpairs of a paſſionate Lover: And tho' his Hope was not Extreme before, yet as Lovers do, he found, or fancy'd a Probability (from his Lord's Inconſtancy, and his own right of Marriage) that the Neceſſity ſhe might chance to be in of his Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance in a ſtrange Country, might ſome happy Moment or other render him the Bleſſing he ſo long had waited for from *Silvia*; for he ever deſign'd, when either his Lord left her, grew cold, or ſhould happen to die, to put in his Claim of Husband. And the ſoft familiar way, with which ſhe eternally liv'd with him, encourag'd this Hope and Deſign; nay ſhe had often made him Advances to that happy Expectation. But this fatal Blow had driven him from all his fancy'd Joys, to the moſt wretched Eſtate of a deſperate Lover. He traverſes his Chamber, wounded with a thouſand different Thoughts, mixt with

with those of preventing this Union, the next Morning. Sometimes he resolves to fight *Octavio*, for his Birth might pretend to it, and he wanted no Courage; but he is afraid of being overcome by that gallant Man, and either losing his Hopes with his Life, or if he kill *Octavio*, to be forc'd to fly from his Happiness, or die an ignominious Death. Sometimes he resolves to own *Silvia* for his Wife, but then he fears the Rage of that dear Object of his Soul, which he dreads more than Death it self: So that tost from one Extream to another, from one Resolution to a hundred, he was not able to fix upon any thing. In this Perplexity he remain'd till Day appear'd; that Day that must advance with his undoing, while *Silvia* and *Antonett* were preparing for the Design concluded on the last Night. This he heard, and every Minute that approach'd gave him new Torments, so that now he wou'd have given

given himſelf to the Prince of Darkneſs for a kind Diſappointment: He was often ready to go and throw himſelf at her Feet, and plead againſt her Enterprize in hand, and to urge the unlawfulneſs of a double Marriage, ready to make Vows for the Fidelity of *Philander*, tho' before ſo much againſt his own Intereſt, and to tell her all thoſe Letters from him were forg'd: He thought on all things, but nothing remain'd with him, but Deſpair of every thing. At laſt the Devil and his own Subtilty, put him upon a Prevention, tho' baſe, yet the moſt likely to ſucceed in his Opinion.

He knew there were many Factions in *Holland*, and that the States themſelves were divided in their Intereſts, and a thouſand Jealouſies and Fears were eternally ſpread amongſt the Rabble; there were Cabals for every Intereſt, that of the *French* ſo prevailing, that of the *Engliſh*, and that of the Illuſtrious *Orange*, and

others

others for the States; so that it was not a Difficulty to move any Mischief, and pass it off among the Crowd for dangerous Consequences. *Brilljard* knew each Division, and which way they were inclin'd, he knew *Octavio* was not so well with the States as not to be easily rendred worse; for he was so intirely a Creature and Favourite of the Prince, that they conceiv'd abundance of Jealousies of him which they durst not own. *Brilljard* besides knew a great Man, who having a Pique to *Octavio*, might the sooner be brought to receive any ill Character of him: To this sullen Magistrate he applies himself, and deluding the Credulous busie, old Man with a thousand circumstantial Lies, he discovers to him that *Octavio* held a Correspondence with the *French* King to betray the State; and that he Caball'd to that end with some who were look'd upon as *French* Rebels, but indeed were no other than Spies

to

to *France*. This coming from a Man of that Party, and whoſe Lord was a *French* Rebel, gain'd a perfect Credit with the old Sr. *Politic*; ſo that immediately haſting to the State-Houſe he lays this weighty Affair before them, who ſoon found it reaſonable, and if not true, at leaſt they fear'd, and ſent out a Warrant for the ſpeedy apprehending him; but coming to his Houſe, tho' early, they found him gone, and being inform'd which way he took, the Meſſenger purſu'd him, and found his Coach at the Door of a *Caberett*, too obſcure for his Quality; which made them apprehend this was ſome place of Rendezvouz, where he poſſibly met with his Trayterous Aſſociators: They ſend in, and cunningly inquire who he waited for, or who was with him, and they underſtood he ſtay'd for ſome Gentlemen of the *French* Nation, for he had ordered *Silvia* to come in Man's Cloaths, that ſhe might not be known;

known; and had given Order below, that if two *French* Gentlemen came they ſhould be brought to him. This Information made the Scandal as clear as Day, and the Meſſenger no longer doubted of the Reaſonableneſs of his Warrant, tho' he was loath to ſerve it on a Perſon whoſe Father he had ſerv'd many Years. He waits at ſome diſtance from the Houſe unſeen, tho' he could take a View of all; he ſaw *Octavio* come often out into the Balcony and look with longing Eyes towards the Road that leads to the Town; he ſaw him all rich and gay as a young Bridegroom, lovely and young as the Morning that flattered him with ſo fair and happy a day; at laſt he ſaw two Gentlemen alight at the Door, and giving their Horſes to a Page to walk a while, they ran up into the Chamber where *Octavio* was waiting, who had already ſent his Page to prepare the Prieſt in the Village-Church to marry them. You may

may imagine with what Love and Joy the raviſhed Youth approach'd the Idol of his Soul, and ſhe who beholds him in more Beauty than ever yet ſhe thought he had appear'd, pleas'd with all things he had on, with thy gay Morning, the flowry Field, the Air, the little Journey, and a thouſand diverting things, made no Reſiſtance to thoſe fond Imbraces that preſt her a thouſand times with ſilent Tranſport, and falling Tears of eager Love and Pleaſure, but even in that moment of Content ſhe forgot *Philander*, and receiv'd all the Satisfaction ſo ſoft a Lover could diſpence: While they were mutually thus exchanging Looks, and almoſt Hearts, the Meſſenger came into the Room, and as civilly as poſſible told *Octavio* he had a Warrant for him to ſecure him as a Traytor to the State, and a Spy for *France*. You need not be told the Surprize and Aſtoniſhment he was in; however he obey'd:

The

The Messenger turning to *Silvia*, cry'd, Sir, Tho' *I* can hardly credit this Crime that is charged to my Lord, yet the finding him here with two *French* Gentlemen gives me some more Fears that there may be something in it; and it would do well if you would deliver your selves into my Hands for the farther clearing this Gentleman. The foolish grave Speech of the Messenger had like to have put *Octavio* into a loud Laughter, he addressing himself to two Women, for two Men: But *Silvia* reply'd, Sir, I hope you do not take us for so little Friends to the gallant *Octavio*, to abandon him in his Misfortune; no, we will share it with him, be it what it will. To this the generous Lover, blushing with kind Surprize, bow'd, and kissing her Hand with Transport, calling her his charming Friend; and so all three being guarded back in *Octavio*'s Coach, they return to the Town, and to the House of the Messenger, which made

made a great noiſe all over, that *Octavio* was taken with two *French* Jeſuits plotting to fire *Amſterdam*, and a thouſand things equally Ridiculous. They were all three lodg'd together in one Houſe, that of the Meſſenger, which was very fine, and fit to entertain any Perſons of Quality; while *Brilljard*, who did not like that part of the Project, bethought him of a thouſand ways how to free her from thence; for he deſign'd as ſoon as *Octavio* ſhould be taken to have got her to have quitted the Town under pretence of being taken upon ſuſpicion of holding Correſpondence with him, becauſe they were *French*; but her delivering her ſelf up, had not only undone all his Deſign, but had made it unſafe for him to ſtay. While he was thus bethinking himſelf what he ſhould do, *Octavio*'s Uncle, who was one of the States, extreamly affronted at the Indignity put upon his Nephew and his ſole Heir, the Darling

ling of his Heart and Eyes, commands that this Informer may be ſecur'd; and accordingly *Brilljard* was taken into Cuſtody, who giving himſelf over for a loſt Man, reſolves to put himſelf upon *Octavio*'s Mercy, by telling him the Motives that induc'd him to this violent and ungenerous Courſe. It was ſome days before the Council thought fit to call for *Octavio*, to hear what he had to ſay for himſelf in the mean time, he having not had Permiſſion yet to ſee *Silvia*; and being extreamly deſirous of that Happineſs, he bethought himſelf that the Meſſenger having been in his Fathers Service, might have ſo much Reſpect for the Son as to allow him to ſpeak to that fair Charmer, provided he might be a Witneſs to what he ſhould ſay: He ſends for him, and demanded of him where thoſe two fair Priſoners were lodg'd who came with him in the Morning; he told him, in a very good Apartment on the ſame Floor, and

and that they were very well accommodated, and seem'd to have no other Trouble but what they suffered for him. I hope, my Lord, added he ——your Confinement will not be long, for I hear there is a Person taken up, who has confest he did it for a Revenge on you. At this *Octavio* was very well pleased, and asked him who it was; and he told him a *French* Gentleman belonging to the Count *Philander*, who about six Months ago was obliged to quit the Town as an Enemy to *France*. He soon knew it to be *Brilljard*, and comparing this Action with some others of his lately committed, he no longer doubts it the Effects of his Jealousie. He ask'd the Messenger if it were impossible to gain so much Favour of him, as to let him visit those two *French* Gentlemen, he being by while he was with them: The Keeper soon granted his Request, and reply'd—— There was no Hazard, he would not run to serve him;

him; and immediately, putting back the Hangings, with one of those Keys he had in his Hand he opened a Door in his Chamber that led into a Gallery of Fine Pictures, and from thence they past into the Apartment of *Silvia*: As soon as he came in he threw himself at her Feet, and she received him, and took him up into her Arms with all the Transports of Joy a Soul (more than ever possest with Love for him) could conceive; and tho' they all appear'd of the Masculine Sex, the Messenger soon perceiv'd his Error, and begg'd a thousand Pardons. *Octavio* makes hast to tell her his Opinion of the cause of all this Trouble to both; and she easily believ'd, when she heard *Brilljard* was taken, that it was as he imagin'd, for he had been found too often faulty not to be suspected now: This Thought brought a great Calm to both their Spirits, and almost reduc'd them to their first soft Tranquility, with which

which they began the day: For he proteſted his Innocence a thouſand times, which was wholly needleſs, for the generous Maid believ'd before he ſpoke, he could not be guilty of the Sin of Treachery. He renews his Vows to her of eternal Love, and that he would perform what they were ſo unluckily prevented of doing this Morning, and that tho' poſſibly by this unhappy Adventure his Deſign might have taken Air, and have arrived to the Knowledge of his Unckle, yet in ſpite of all Oppoſition of Friends, or the Malice of *Brilljard*, he would purſue his Glorious Deſign of marrying her, tho' he were forc'd for it to wander to the fartheſt parts of the Earth with his lovely Prize. He begs ſhe will not diſeſteem him for this Scandal on his Fame, for he was all Love, all ſoft Deſire, and had no other Deſign than that of making himſelf Maſter of that greateſt Treaſure in the World; that of

the poſſeſſing the moſt charming, the all-raviſhing *Silvia*: In return ſhe paid him all the Vows that could ſecure an Infidel in Love, ſhe made him all the indearing Advances a Heart could wiſh, wholly given up to tender Paſſion, inſomuch that he believes, and is the gayeſt Man that ever was bleſt by Love. And the Meſſenger who was preſent all this while, found that this Caballing with the *French* Spies, was only an innocent Deſign to give himſelf away to a fine young Lady: And therefore fully convinc'd he was guilty of no other Crime, he gave them all the Freedom they deſired; and which they made uſe of to the moſt Advantage Love could direct or Youth inſpire. This Suffering with *Octavio* begot a Pity and Compaſſion in the Heart of *Silvia*, and that grew up to Love, for he had all the Charms that could inſpire it; and every Hour was adding new Fire to her Heart, which

at last burnt into a Flame, such Power has mighty Obligation on a Heart that has any grateful Sentiments: And yet when she was absent a nights from *Octavio*, and thought on *Philander's* Passion for *Calista*, she would Rage and Rave, and find the Effects of wondrous Love, and wondrous Pride, and be even ready to make Vows against *Octavio*: But those were Fits that seldomer seiz'd her now, and every Fit was like a departing Ague, still weaker than the former, and at the sight of *Octavio* all would vanish, her Blushes would rise and discover the soft Thoughts her Heart conceived for the approaching Lover; and she soon found that vulgar Error of the Impossibility of Loving more than once. It was four days they thus remained without being call'd to the Council, and every day brought its new Joys along with it: They were never asunder, never interrupted with any

Visit, but once for a few Moments in a day by *Octavio*'s Uncle, and then he would go into his own Apartment to receive him: He offered to baile him out; but *Octavio*, who had found more real Joy there than in any part of the Earth besides, evaded the Obligation, by telling his Uncle he would be oblig'd to nothing but his Innocence for his Liberty: So would get rid of the fond old Gentleman, who never knew a Passion but for his darling Nephew, and return with as much Joy to the Lodgings of *Silvia* as if he had been absent a Week, which is an Age to a Lover; there they sometimes would play at Cards, where he would lose considerable Summs to her, or at Hazzard, or be studying what they should do next to pass the Hours most to her Content; not but he had rather have lain eternally at her Feet, gazing, doating, and saying a thousand fond things, which at every View he took

took were conceiv'd in his Soul: And tho' but this laſt minute he had finiſh'd ſaying all that Love could dictate, he found his Heart oppreſs'd with a vaſt ſtore of new Softneſs, which he languiſh'd to unload in her raviſhing Boſom: But ſhe, who was not arrived to his pitch of Loving, diverts his ſofter Hours with Play ſometimes, and otherwhile with making him follow her into the Gallery, which was adorn'd with pleaſant Pictures, all of *Hempskerk*'s hand, which afforded great Variety of Objects very Drole and Antique, *Octavio* finding ſomething to ſay of every one that might be of Advantage to his own Heart; for whatever Argument was in diſpute, he would be ſure to bring it home to the Paſſion he had for *Silvia*; it ſhould end in Love however remotely begun: So ſtrange an Art has Love to turn all things to the Advantage of a Lover.

'Twas thus they pass'd their time, and nothing was wanting that lavish Expence could procure, and every Minute he advances to new Freedoms, and unspeakable Delights, but still such as might hitherto be allow'd with Honour; he sighs, and wishes, he languishes and dies for more, but dares not utter the Meaning of one Motion of Breath, for he lov'd so very much that every Look from those fair Eyes that charm'd him, aw'd him to a Respect that rob'd him of many happy Moments a bolder Lover would have turn'd to his Advantage, and he treated her as if she had been an unspotted Maid; with Caution of Offending, he had forgot that general Rule, That where the sacred Laws of Honour are once invaded, Love makes the easier Conquest.

All this while you may imagine *Brilliard* indured no little Torment, he could not on the one side determine what the *States* would do with

with him, when once they ſhould find him a falſe Accuſer of ſo great a Man, and on the other ſide he ſuffered a thouſand Pains and Jealouſies from Love; he knew too well the Charms and Power of *Octavio*, and what Effects Importunity and Opportunity have on the Temper of feeble Woman: He found the *States* did not make ſo conſiderable a matter of his being impeach'd as to confine him ſtrictly, and he dies with the Fears of thoſe happy Moments he might poſſibly enjoy with *Silvia*, where there might be no Spies about her to give him any kind Intelligence; and all that could afford him any glimps of Conſolation, was, That while they were thus confin'd he was out of Fear of their being married. *Octavio*'s Uncle this while was not idle, but taking it for a high Indignity his Nephew ſhould remain ſo long without being heard, he mov'd it to the Counſel, and accordingly they ſent for him to the

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State-House the next Morning, where *Brilljard* was brought to confront him; whom, as soon as *Octavio* saw, with a scornful Smile, he cry'd —— *'Tis well*, Brilljard, *that you who durst not fight me fairly, should find out this nobler way of ridding your self of a Rival; I am glad at least, that I have no more honourable a Witness against me.* *Brilliard*, who never before wanted Assurance, at this Reproach was wholly confounded; for it was not from any Villany in his Nature, but the absolute Effects of mad and desperate Passion, which put him on the only Remedy that could relieve him; and looking on *Octavio* with modest Blushes, that half pleaded for him, he cry'd —— *Yes, my Lord, I am your Accuser, and come to charge your Innocence with the greatest of Crimes, and you ought to thank me for my Accusation; when you shall know 'tis regard to my own Honour, violent Love for* Silvia, *and extream respect to your Lordship,*

has

has made me thus ſawcy with your unſpotted Fame. *How*, reply'd *Octavio*, *ſhall I thank you for accuſing me with a Plot upon the State? Yes, my Lord*, reply'd *Brilljard*; *and yet you had a Plot to betray the State, and by ſo new a way, as could be found out by none but ſo great and brave a Man*——*Heavens*, reply'd *Octavio*, inrag'd, *this is an Impudence, that nothing but a Traytor to his own King, and one bred up in Plots and Miſchiefs, could have invented: I betray my own Country?*——*Yes, my Lord*, cry'd he (more briskly than before, ſeeing *Octavio* colour ſo at him) *to all the looſneſs of unthinking Youth, to all the Breach of Laws both Human and Divine; if all the Youth ſhould follow your Example, you would betray Poſterity it ſelf; and only mad Confuſion would abound: In ſhort, my Lord, that Lady who was taken with you by the Meſſenger, was my Wife*: And going towards *Silvia*, who was ſtruck as with a Thunderbolt, the

ſeiz'd her Hand, and cry'd,——— while all ſtood gazing on——*This Lady, Sir, I mean——ſhe is my Wife, my lawful married Wife.* At this *Silvia* could no longer hold her Patience within its bounds, but with that other Hand he had left her ſhe ſtruck him a box on the Ear, that almoſt ſtagger'd him, coming unawares, and as ſhe ſtruck ſhe cry'd aloud; *Thou lieſt, baſe Villain——— and I'll be reveng'd*; and flinging herſelf out of his Hand, ſhe got on the other ſide of *Octavio*, while the whole Company remained confounded at what they ſaw and heard. *How*, cry'd out old *Sebaſtian*, Uncle to *Octavio*, *a Woman, this? By my Troth, ſweet Lady, if you be one, methought you were a very pretty Fellow*: And turning to *Brilljard*, he cry'd———*Why, what Sir, then it ſeems all this Noiſe of betraying the State was but a Cuckold's Dream. Hah! and this wonderful and dangerous Plot, was but one upon your Wife, Sir*; *hah,*

——*was*

——*was it so? Marry, Sir, at this rate, I rather think 'tis you have a Design of betraying the State——you cuckoldly Knaves that bring your handsome Wives to seduce our young Senators from their Sobriety and Wits. Are these the Recompences,* reply'd *Brilljard, you give the Injured, and in lieu of restoring mé my Right, am I reproach'd with the most scandalous Infamy that can befal a Man. Well, Sir,* reply'd *Sebastian, this is all you have to charge this Gentleman with?* At which he bow'd and was silent——and *Sebastian* continued——*If your Wife, Sir, have a mind to my Nephew, or he to her, it should have been your care to have forbid it, or prevented it, by keeping her under Lock and Key, if no other way to be secur'd; and, Sir, we do not sit here to relieve Fools and Cuckolds; if your Lady will be civil to my Nephew, what's that to us: Let her speak for her self: What say you Madam?——I say,* reply'd *Silvia, that this*

this Fellow is mad and raves, that he is my Vaſſal, my Servant, my Slave; but, after this, unworthy of the meaneſt of theſe Titles. This ſhe ſpoke with a Diſdain that ſufficiently ſhow'd the Pride and Anger of her Soul——*La you, Sir,* reply'd *Sebaſtian, you are diſcharg'd your Ladies Service, 'tis a plain caſe ſhe has more mind to the young Count than the Husband, and we cannot compel People to be honeſt againſt their Inclinations.* And coming down from the Seat where he ſate, he embraced *Octavio* a hundred times, and told the Board, he was extreamly glad they found the mighty Plot but a Vagary of Youth, and the Spleen of a jealous Husband or Lover, or whatſoever other malicious thing; and deſired the angry Man might be diſcharged ſince he had ſo juſt a Provocation as the loſs of a Miſtreſs. So all laughing at the Jeſt, that had made ſo great a noiſe among the Grave and Wiſe, they freed

freed 'em all: And *Sebaſtian* adviſed his Nephew, that the next Cuckold he made, he would make a Friend of him firſt, that he might hear of no more Complaints againſt him. But *Octavio* very gravely reply'd: *Sir, you have infinitely miſtaken the Character of this Lady, ſhe is a Perſon of too great Quality for this Raillery; at more leiſure you ſhall have her Story.* While he was ſpeaking this, and their Diſcharges were making, *Silvia*, confounded with Shame, Indignation, and Anger, goes out, and taking *Octavio*'s Coach that ſtood at the Gate, went directly to his Houſe, for ſhe reſolv'd to go no more where *Brilljard* was. After this *Sebaſtian* fell ſeriouſly to good Advice, and earneſtly beſought his Darling to leave off thoſe wild Extravagancies that had ſo long made ſo great a Diſcourſe all the Province over, where nothing but his ſplendid Amours, Treats, Balls, and Magnificences

ficences of Love, was the Buſineſs of the Town, and that he had forborn to tell him of it, and had hitherto juſtified his Actions, tho' they had not deſerved it; and he doubted this was the Lady to whom for this ſix or eight Months he heard he had ſo intirely dedicated himſelf: He deſires him to quit this Lady, or if he will purſue his Love, to do it diſcreetly, to love ſome unmarried Woman, and not injure his Neighbours; to all which he bluſhed and bowed, and ſilently ſeem'd to thank him for his grave Councel. And *Brilljard* having received his Diſcharge, and Advice how he provoked the Diſpleaſure of the *States* any more, by accuſing of great Perſons, he was ordered to ask *Octavio*'s Pardon, but in lieu of that, he came up to him and challenged him to fight him for the Injuſtice he had done him, in taking from him his Wife; for he was ſure he was undone in her Favour, and that

that Thought made him mad enough to put himſelf on this ſecond Extravagancy: However this was not ſo ſilently managed but *Sebaſtian* perceived it, and was ſo inraged at the young Fellow for this ſecond Inſolence, that he was again confined, and ſent back to Priſon, where he ſwore he ſhould ſuffer the utmoſt of the Law: And the Council breaking up, every one departed to his own Home. But never was Man raviſhed with exceſs of Joy as *Octavio* was, to find *Silvia* meet him with extended Arms on the Stair-Caſe, whom he did not imagine to have found there, nor knew he how he ſtood in the Heart of that Charmer of his own, ſince the Affront ſhe had received in the Court from thoſe that however did not know her, for they did not imagine this was that Lady, Siſter to *Philander*, of whoſe Beauty they had heard ſo much, and her Face being turn'd from the Light, the old Gentlemen

Gentlemen did not ſo much conſider or ſee it. *Silvia* came into his Houſe the back way, through the Stables and Garden, and had the good Fortune to be ſeen of none of his Family, but the Coach-man who brought her home, whom ſhe conjur'd not to ſpeak of it to the reſt of his Servants: And unſeen of any body ſhe got into his Apartment, for often ſhe had been there at Treats and Balls with *Philander*. She was all alone, for *Antonett*, ſtay'd to ſee what became of her falſe Lover, who, after he was ſeized again, retired to her Lodging the moſt diſconſolate Woman in the World, for having loſt her Hopes of *Brilljard*, to whom ſhe had engaged all that Honour ſhe had. But when ſhe miſſed her Lady there, ſhe accuſed her ſelf with all the Falſhood in the World, and fell to repent her Treachery. She ſends the Page to enquire at *Octavio*'s Houſe, but no body there could give him any Intelligence;

telligence; ſo that the poor amorous Youth returning without Hope, endur'd all the pain of a hopeleſs Lover, for *Octavio* had anew charm'd his Coach-man: And calling up an ancient Woman who was his Houſekeeper, who had been his Nurſe, he acquainted her with the Short Hiſtory of his Paſſion for *Silvia*, and order'd her to give her Attendance on the Treaſure of his Life; he bid her prepare all things as magnificent as ſhe could in that Apartment he deſign'd her, which was very rich and gay, and towards a fine Garden: The Hangings and Beds all glorious, and fitter for a Monarch than a Subject; the fineſt Pictures the World afforded, Flowers in laid with Silver and Ivory, guilded Roofs, carved Wainſcot, Tables of Plate, with all the reſt of the Moveables in the Chambers of the ſame, all of great value, and all was perfumed like an Altar, or the Marriage-Bed of ſome young King. Here *Silvia* was deſign'd

ſign'd to lodge, and hither *Octavio* conducted her; and ſetting her on a Couch while the Supper was getting ready, he ſits himſelf down by her, and his Heart being ready to burſt with Grief, at the thought of the Claim which was laid to her by *Brilljard*; he ſilently views her, while Tears were ready to break from his fix'd Eyes, and Sighs ſtopt what he would fain have ſpoke: While ſhe (wholly confounded with Shame, Guilt, and Diſappointment for ſhe could not imagine that *Brilljard* could have had the Impudence to have claim'd her for a Wife) fix'd her fair Eyes to the Earth, and durſt not behold the languiſhing *Octavio*. They remain'd thus a long time ſilent, ſhe not daring to defend her ſelf from a Crime, of which ſhe knew too well ſhe was guilty, nor he daring to ask her a Queſtion to which the anſwer might prove ſo fatal; he fears to know what he dies to be ſatisfied in, and ſhe fears to

to discover too late a Secret which was the only one she had conceal'd from him. *Octavio* runs over in his Mind a thousand Thoughts that perplex'd him, of the Probability of her being married; he considers how often he had found her with that happy young Man, who more freely entertain'd her than Servants use to do: He now considers how he has seen 'em once on a Bed together, when *Silvia* was in the Disorder of a yielding Mistress, and *Brilljard* of a ravish'd Lover; he considers how he has found 'em alone at Cards and Dice, and often entertaining her with Freedoms of a Husband, and how he wholly managed her Affairs, commanded her Servants like their proper Master, and was in full Authority of all. These and a thousand more Circumstances confirms *Octavio* in all his Fears: A thousand times she is about to speak, but either fears to lose *Octavio* by a clear Confession, or to

run

run herſelf into farther Error by denying the matter of Fact, ſtops her Words, and ſhe only bluſhes and ſighs at what ſhe dares not tell, and if by chance their ſpeaking Eyes meet, they would both decline 'em haſtily again, as afraid to find there what their Language could not confeſs. Sometimes he would preſs her Hand and ſigh——*Ah* Silvia, *you have vndone my Quiet*; to which ſhe would return no Anſwer but Sigh; and now riſing from the Couch, ſhe walk'd about the Chamber as ſad and ſilent as Death, attending when he ſhould have advanced in ſpeaking to her, tho' ſhe dreads the Voice ſhe wiſhes to hear, and he waits for her Reply, tho' the Mouth that he adores ſhould deliver Poyſon and Daggers to his Heart. While thus they remained in the moſt ſilent and ſad Entertainment (that ever was between Lovers that had ſo much to ſay) the Page, which *Octavio* only truſts to wait, brought him this Letter. *Brill.*

Brilljard *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

I am too ſenſible of my many high Offences to your Lordſhip, and have as much Penitence *for my Sin committed towards you as 'tis poſſible to conceive; but when I implore a Pardom from a Lover, who by his own Paſſion may gueſs at the violent Effects of my diſpairing Flame, I am yet ſo vain to hope it.* Antonett *gave me the Intelligence of your Deſign, and raiſed me up to a Madneſs that hurried me to that Barbarity againſt your unſpotted Honour. I own the baſeneſs of the Fact, but Lovers are not, my Lord, always guided by Rules of Juſtice and Reaſon; or if I had, I ſhould have kill'd the fair Adultreſs that drew you to your Undoing, and who merits more your Hate than your Regard; and who having firſt violated her marriage Vow to me, with* Philander,

lander, *would ſacrifice us both to you, and at the ſame time betray you to a Marriage that cannot but prove fatal to you, as it is moſt unlawful in her; ſo that, my Lord, if I have injured you, I have at the ſame time ſaved you from a Sin and Ruin, and humbly implore that you will ſuffer the Good I have rendred you in the laſt, to atone for the Ill I did you in the firſt. If I have accuſed you of a Deſign againſt the State, it was to ſave you from that of the too ſubtil and too charming* Silvia, *which none but my ſelf could have ſnacht you from: 'Tis true I might have acted ſomething more worthy of my Birth and Education; but, my Lord, I knew the Power of* Silvia, *and if I ſhould have ſent you the Knowledge of this, when I ſent the Warrant for the Security of your Perſon, the haughty Creature would have prevail'd above all my Truths, with the Eloquence of Love and you had yielded and been betray'd worſe by her, than by the moſt ungenerous*

nerous Measures I took to prevent it: Suffer this Reason, my Lord, to plead for me in that Heart where Silvia *Reigns, and shews how powerful she is every where. Pardon all the Faults of a most unfortunate Man undone by Love, and by your own guess what his Passion would put him on who aims or wishes at least for the intire Possession of* Silvia, *tho' it was never absolutely hop'd by*

the most unfortunate

Brilliard.

At the beginning of this Letter *Octavio* hoped it contained the Confession of his Fault in claiming *Silvia*; he hop'd he would have own'd it done in order to his Service to his Lord, or his Love to *Silvia*, or any thing but what it really was; but when he read on——and found that he yet confirm'd his Claim, he yielded

yeilded to all the Grief that could ſink a Heart over-burthened with violent Love; he fell down on the Couch where he was ſate, and only calling *Silvia* with a dying Groan, he held out his Hand in which the Letter remain'd, and look'd on her with Eyes that languiſhed with Death, Love, and Diſpair; while ſhe who already feared from whom it came, received it with Diſdain, Shame, and Confuſion: And *Octavio* recovering a little——Cry'd in a faint Voice——*See Charming, Cruel, Fair——ſee how much my Soul adores you, when even this——cannot extinguiſh one ſpark of that Flame you have kindled in my Soul:* At this ſhe bluſh'd and bow'd with a graceful modeſty that was like to have given the lie to all the Accuſations againſt her: She reads the Letter, while he greedily fixes his Eyes upon her Face as ſhe read, obſerving with curious Search every Motion there, all killing and adorable. He

ſaw

ſaw her Bluſhes ſometimes riſe, then ſink again to their proper Fountain her Heart; there ſwell and riſe, and beat againſt her Breaſt that had no other Covering than a thin Shirt, for all her Boſom was open, and betray'd the nimble Motions of her Heart. Her Eyes ſometimes would ſparkle with Diſdain, and glow upon the fatal tell-tale Lines; and ſometimes languiſh with exceſs of Grief: But having concluded the Letter, ſhe laid it on the Table and began again to traverſe the Room, her Head declin'd, and her Arms acroſs her Boſom. *Octavio* made too true an Interpretation of this Silence, and Calm in *Silvia*, and no longer doubted his Fate. He fixes his Eyes eternally upon her, while ſhe conſiders what ſhe ſhall ſay to that afflicted Lover; ſhe finds *Philander* loſt, or if he ever return, 'tis not to Love, ſo that he was for ever gone; for too well ſhe knew no Arts, Obligations, or Induſtry, could re-

trieve a flying *Cupid*: She found if even that, could return, his whole Fortune was so exhausted he could not support her; and that she was of a Nature so haughty and impatient of Injuries, that she could never forgive him those Affronts he had done her Honour first, and now her Love, she resolves no Law or Force shall submit her to *Brilljard*; she finds this Fallacy she has put on *Octavio*, has ruined her Credit in his Esteem, at least she justly fears it; so that believing herself abandoned by all in a strange Country, she fell to weeping her Fate, and the Tears wet the Floor as she walk'd: At which Sight so melting, *Octavio* starts from the Couch, and catching her in his trembling Arms, he cry'd, *be false, be cruel, and deceitful; yet still I must, I am compell'd to Adore you*—— This being spoken in so hearty and resolved a Tone, from a Man, of whose Heart she was so sure, and knew to be so

generous

generous, gave her a little Courage ——and like ſinking Men ſhe catches at all that preſents her any Hope of eſcaping. She reſolves by diſcovering the whole Truth to ſave that laſt Stake, his Heart, tho' ſhe could pretend to no more; and taking the fainting Lover by the Hand, ſhe leads him to the Couch: *Well*, ſaid ſhe, Octavio, *you are too generous to be impos'd on in any thing; and therefore I will tell you my Heart without Reſerve as abſolutely as to Heaven it ſelf, if I were interceding my laſt Peace there.* She begg'd a thouſand Pardons of him for having conceal'd any part of her Story from him, but ſhe could no longer be guilty of that Crime, to a Man for whom ſhe had ſo perfect a Paſſion; and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe imbraced him with an unreſiſtable Softneſs that wholly charm'd him: She reconciles him with every Touch, and ſighs on his Boſom a thouſand grateful Vows and Excuſes for her Fault,

while he weeps with Love, and almoſt Expires in her Arms; ſhe is not able to ſee his Paſſion and his Grief, and tells him ſhe will do all things for his Repoſe. *Ah* Silvia, ſigh'd he, *talk not of my Repoſe, when you confeſs your ſelf Wife to one, and Miſtreſs to another, in either of which I have alaſs no part: Ah, what is reſerv'd for the Unfortunate* Octavio, *when two happy Lovers divide the Treaſure of his Soul! Yet tell me Truth, becauſe it will look like Love; ſhew me that excellent Vertue, ſo rarely found in all your fickle Sex. Oh! tell me Truth, and let me know how much my Heart can bear before it break with Love; and yet perhaps to hear thee ſpeak to me, with that inſinuating dear Voice of thine, may ſave me from the Terror of thy Words; and tho' each make a Wound, their very Accents have a Balm to heal! Oh, quickly pour it then into my liſtening Soul, and I'll be ſilent, as o'er-raviſhed Lovers, whom Joys have*

charm'd

charmed to tender Sighs and Pantings. At this, imbracing her anew, he let fall a Shower of Tears upon her Bosom, and sighing Cry'd—— *Now I attend thy Story*: She then began anew the Repetition of the Loves between herself and *Philander*; which she slightly ran over, because he had already heard every Circumstance of it, both from herself and *Philander*; till she arriv'd to that part of it where she left *Belfont*, her Fathers House: *Thus far*, said she, *you have had a faithful Relation: And I was no sooner miss'd by my Parent, but you may imagine the diligent Search that would be made, both by* Foscario, *who I was to have married the next day, and my tender Parents; but all Search, all* Hue-and-Crys *were vain; at last they put me into the weekly* Gazette, *describing me to the very Features of my Face, my Hair, my Breast, my Stature, Youth, and Beauty, omitting nothing that might render me apparent to all that*

should see me, offering vast Sums to any that should give Intelligence of such a lost Maid of Quality. Philander, *who understood too well the Nature of the common People, and that they would betray their very Fathers for such a proferr'd Sum, durst trust me no longer to their Mercy: His Affairs were so involved with those of* Cesario, *he could not leave* Paris; *for they every Moment expected the People should rise against their King, and these Glorious Chiefs of the Faction were obliged to wait and watch the Motions of the dirty Croud. Nor durst he trust me in any place from him, for he could not live a Day without me.* At that thought she sigh'd, and then went on: *so that I was oblig'd to remain obscurely lodged in* Paris, *where now I durst no longer trust my self, tho' disguis'd in as many Shapes as I was obliged to have Lodgings. At last we were betray'd, and had only the short Notice given us to yield or secure our selves from*

the hand of Juſtice by the next Morning, when they deſign'd to ſurprize us: To eſcape we found almoſt impoſſible, and very hazardous to attempt it; ſo that Philander, *who was raving with his Fear, call'd my ſelf and this young Gentleman,* Brilljard *(then Maſter of his Horſe) and one that had ſerv'd us faithfully through the whole Courſe of our Loves) to Councel: Many things were in vain debated, but at laſt this hard ſhift was found out, of marrying me to* Brilljard, *for to* Philander *it was impoſſible; ſo that no Authority of a Father could take me from the Husband. I was at firſt extreamly unwilling, but when* Philander *told me it was to be only a mock-Marriage, to ſecure me to himſelf, I was reconciled to it, and more, when I found the infinite Submiſſion of the young Man, who vow'd he would never look up to me with the Eyes of a Lover or Husband, but in Obedience to his Lord did it to preſerve me intirely for him: Nay further, to ſe-*

cure my future Fear, he confest to me he was already privately married to a Gentlewoman, by whom he had two Children. Oh —— tell me true my Silvia, *Was he married to another?* Cry'd out the over-joy'd Lover. *Yes, on my Life,* reply'd *Silvia*; *for when it was proved in Court that I was married to* Brilljard, *(as at last I was, and innocently Bedded) this Lady came and brought her Children to me, and falling at my Feet, wept and implor'd I would not own her Husband, for only she had right to him; we all were forced to discover to her the truth of the Matter, and that he had only married me to secure me from the Rage of my Parents; that if he were her Husband, she was still as intirely possest of him as ever, and that he had advanc'd her Fortune in what he had done, for she should have him restored with those Advantages that should make her Life, and that of her Children more Comfortable;* and Philander *making both her and the Children*

dren conſiderable Preſents, ſent her away very well ſatisfied. After this, before People, we uſed him to a thouſand Freedoms, but when alone, he retain'd his Reſpect intire; however this us'd him to ſomething more Familiarity than formerly, and he grew to be more a Companion than a Servant, as indeed we deſired he ſhould; and of late have found him more preſumptious than uſual: And thus much more I muſt confeſs, I have reaſon to believe him a moſt paſſionate Lover, and have lately found he had Deſigns upon me, as you well know.

Judge now, oh dear Octavio, *how unfortunate I am; yet judge too, whether I ought to eſteem this a Marriage, or him a Husband: No,* reply'd *Octavio,* more briskly than before, *nor can he by the Laws of God or Man pretend to ſuch a Bleſſing, and you may be divorc'd.* Pleas'd with this Thought, he ſoon aſſum'd his native Temper of Joy and ſofineſs, and making a thouſand new Vows that he would

perform all he had ſworn on his part; and imploring and preſſing her to renew thoſe ſhe had made to him, ſhe obeys him; ſhe makes a thouſand grateful Returns, and they paſs the Evening the moſt happily that ever Lovers did. By this time Supper was ſerved up, noble and handſome; and after Supper he led her to his Cloſet, where he preſented her with Jewels and other Rarities of great value, and omitted nothing that might oblige an Avaricious deſigning Woman, if *Silvia* had been ſuch; nor any thing that might beget Love and Gratitude in the moſt inſenſible Heart: And all he did, and all he gave, was with a peculiar Grace, in which there lies as great an Obligation, as in the Gift it ſelf: The handſome way of giving being an Art ſo rarely known, even to the moſt Generous. In theſe happy and glorious Moments of Love, wherein the Lover omitted nothing that could pleaſe, *Philander*

der was almoſt forgotten; for 'tis natural for Love to beget Love, and Inconſtancy its Likeneſs, or Diſdain: And we muſt conclude *Silvia* a Maid wholly inſenſible, if ſhe had not been touch'd with Tenderneſs, and even Love it ſelf, at all theſe extravagant Marks of Paſſion in *Octavio*; and it muſt be confeſs'd, ſhe was of a Nature ſoft and apt for Impreſſion; ſhe was, in a word, a Woman. She had her Vanities, and her little Fevibleſes, and lov'd to ſee Adorers at her Feet, eſpecially thoſe in whom all things, all Graces, Charms of Youth, Wit, and Fortune agreed to form for Love and Conqueſt: She naturally lov'd Power and Dominion; and it was her Maxim, That never any Woman was diſpleaſed to find ſhe could beget deſire.

'Twas thus they liv'd with uninterrupted Joys, no Spies to pry upon their Actions, no falſe Friends to cenſure their real Pleaſures, no Ri-

vals

vals to poyſon their true Content, no Parents to give Bounds or grave Rules to the deſtruction of nobler laviſh Love; but all the Day was paſt in new Delights, and every Day produc'd a thouſand Pleaſures; and even the Thoughts of Revenge were no more remembred on either ſide; it leſſen'd in *Silvia*'s Heart, as Love advanced there, and her Reſentment againſt *Philander* was loſt in her growing Paſſion for *Octavio*: And ſure if any Woman had Excuſes for Loving and Inconſtancy, the moſt Wiſe and Prudent muſt allow 'em now to *Silvia*; and if ſhe had Reaſon for loving, 'twas now, for what ſhe paid the moſt deſerving of his Sex, and whom ſhe managed with that Art of Loving (if there be Art in Love) that ſhe gain'd every Minute upon his Heart, and he became more and more her Slave, the more he found he was belov'd: In ſpight of all *Brilliard*'s Pretention he would have married her,

her, but durſt not do it while he remain'd in *Holland*, becauſe of the Noiſe *Brilljard*'s Claim had made; and he fear'd the Diſpleaſure of his Uncle, but waited for a more happy time, when he could ſettle his Affairs ſo as to remove her into *Flanders*, tho' he could not tell how to accompliſh that without ruining his Intereſt: Theſe Thoughts alone took up his time whenever he was abſent from *Silvia*, and would often give him abundance of Trouble, for he was given over to his Wiſh of poſſeſſing *Silvia*, and could not live without her; he lov'd too much, and thought and conſider'd too little. Theſe were his eternal Entertainments, when from the lovely Object of his Deſire; which was as ſeldom as poſſible, for they were both unwilling to part; tho' Decency and Reſt required it, a thouſand ſoft things would hinder him, and make her willing to retain him; and tho' they were to meet again

next Morning, they grudge themſelves the parting Hours, and the Repoſe of Nature. He longs and languiſhes for the bleſſed Moment that ſhall give him to the Arms of the raviſhing *Silvia*, and ſhe finds but too much yielding on her part, in ſome of thoſe ſilent lone Hours, when Love was moſt prevailing, and feeble Mortals moſt apt to be overcome by that inſinuating God; ſo that tho' *Octavio* could not ask what he ſigh'd and dy'd for; tho' he reſolv'd he would not preſs her, tho' for the Safety of his Life, for any Favours; and tho', on the other ſide, *Silvia* reſolv'd ſhe would not grant, no, tho' mutual Vows had paſſed, tho' Love within pleaded, and almoſt unreſiſtible Beauties and Inducements without, tho' all the Powers of Love, of Silence, Night, and Opportunity, tho' on the very Point a thouſand times of yielding, ſhe had reſiſted all: But oh! one Night; let it not riſe up in Judg-

ment

ment against her, you bashful modest Maids, who never yet try'd any powerful Minute; nor you chast Wives, who give no Opportunities; One night ——— they lost themselves in Dalliance, forgot how very near they were to yielding, and with imperfect Transports found themselves half dead with Love, clasp'd in each others Arms, betray'd by soft degrees of Joy, to all they wished. 'Twould be too Amorous to tell you more; to tell you all that Night, that happy Night produc'd; let it suffice that *Silvia* yielded all and made *Octavio* happier than a God. At first he found her weeping in his Arms, raving on what she had unconsideringly done; and with her soft Reproaches chiding her ravished Lover, who lay sighing by, unable to reply any other way, he held her fast in those Arms that trembled, yet with Love and new-past Joy; he found a Pleasure even in her Railing, with a Tender-

ness

derneſs that ſpoke more Love than any other Language Love could ſpeak. Betwixt his Sighs he pleads his Right of Love, and the Authority of his ſolemn Vows; he tells her that the Marriage Ceremony was but contrived to ſatisfie the Ignorant, and to proclaim his Title to the Crowd, but Vows and Contracts were the ſame to Heaven: He ſpeaks—and ſhe believes; and well ſhe might, for all he ſpoke was honourable Truth. He knew no Guile, but uttered all his Soul, and all that Soul was Honeſt, Juſt, and Brave; thus by degrees he brought her to a Calm.

In this ſoft Rancounter he had diſcovered a thouſand new Charms in *Silvia*; and contrary to thoſe Men, whoſe end of Love is Luſt, (which extinguiſh together) *Octavio* found encreaſe of Tenderneſs from every Bliſs ſhe gave; and grew at laſt ſo fond——ſo doating on the ſtill more charming Maid, that he neglected,

neglected all his Intereſt, his Buſineſs in the State, and what he ow'd his Uncle, and his Friends, and became the common Theam over all the United Provinces, for his Wantonneſs and Luxury, as they were pleaſed to call it; and living ſo contrary to the Humour of thoſe more ſordid and ſlovenly Men of Quality, which make up the Nobility of that parcel of the World. For while thus he lived retired, ſcarce viſiting any one, or permitting any to viſit him, they charge him with a thouſand Crimes of having given himſelf over to Effeminacy; as indeed he grew too Lazy in her Arms; neglecting Glory, Arms, and Power, for the more real Joys of Life; while ſhe even Rifles him with Extravagancy; and grows ſo bold and hardy, that regarding not the Humours of the ſtingie cenſorious Nation, his Intereſt, or her own Fame, ſhe is ſeen every day in his Coaches going to take the Air out of Town;

puts

puts him upon Balls, and vaſt expenſive Treats; deviſes new Projects and ways of Diverſion, till ſome of the more buſie Impertinents of the Town made a publick Complaint to his Uncle, and the reſt of the *States*, urging he was a Scandal to the Reverend and Honourable Society. On which it was decreed that he ſhould either loſe that Honour, or take up, and live more according to the Gravity and Authority of a Senator: This Incenſes *Sebaſtian*, both againſt the States and his Nephew; for tho' he had often reproved and counſelled him, yet he ſcorn'd his Darling ſhould be ſchool'd by his Equals in Power. So that reſolving either to diſcard him, or draw him from the Love of this Woman; he one Morning goes to his Nephews Houſe, and ſending him upword by his Page he would ſpeak to him, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he found him in his Night-Gown: He began to upbraid

upbraid him, first with his want of Respect and Duty to him, and next, of his Affairs, neglecting to give his Attendance on the Publick: He tells him he is become a scandal to the Common-Wealth, and that he liv'd a leud Life with another Man's Wife: He tells him he has all her Story, and she was not only a Wife, but a scandalous Mistress too to *Philander*. *She boasts*, says he, *of Honourable Birth, but what's that, when her Conduct is Infamous? In short, Sir*, continued he, *your Life is obnoxious to the whole Province: Why, what Sir —— cannot honest Men's Daughters* (cry'd he, more angerly) *serve your turn, but you must crack a Commandment? Why, this is flat Adultery: A little Fornication in a civil way, might have been allow'd, but this is stark naught. In fine Sir, quit me this Woman, and quit her me presently; or, in the first place, I renounce thee, cast thee from me as a Stranger, and will leave thee*

to

to Ruine, and the incenſed States. A little Pleaſure —— a little Recreation, I can allow: A Layer of Love, and a Layer of Buſineſs —— But to neglect the Nation for a Wench, is flat Treaſon againſt the State; and I wiſh there were a Law againſt all ſuch unreaſonable Whore-Maſters —— that are States-Men —— for the reſt 'tis no great matter. Therefore in a Word, Sir, leave me off this Miſtreſs of yours, or we will ſecure her yet for a French *Spy, that comes to debauch our Common Wealths-Men —— The States can do it Sir, they can ——* Hitherto *Octavio* received all with Bluſh and Bow, in ſign of Obedience; but when his Uncle told him the States would ſend away his Miſtriſs; no longer able to contain his Rage, he broke out into all the Violence imaginable againſt them, and ſwore he would not now forego *Silvia* to be Monarch over all the naſty Provinces, and 'twas a greater Glory to be a Slave at her Feet.

Go,

Go, tell your States, cry'd he,——*They are a company of Cynical Fops, born to moyl on in ſordid Buſineſs, who never were worthy to underſtand ſo great a Happineſs of Life, as that of nobler Love. Tell 'em, I ſcorn the dull Gravity of thoſe Aſſes of the Common-Wealth, fit only to bear the dirty Load of State-Affairs, and die old buſie Fools.* The Uncle, who little expected ſuch a Return from him who uſed to be all Obedience, began more gently to perſuade him with more ſolid Reaſon, but could get no other Anſwer from him, than that what he commanded he ſhould find it difficult to diſobey; and ſo for that time they parted. Some days after (he never coming ſo much as near their Councils) they ſent for him, to anſwer the Contempt: He came and received abundance of hard Reproaches, and finding they were reſolved to Degrade him, he preſently rallied them in Anſwer to all they ſaid; nor could all the Cauti-

ons

ons of his Friends perſwade him to any Submiſſion, after receiving ſo rough and ill bred a Treatment as they gave him: And impatient to return to *Silvia*, where all his Joys were Centered, he was with much a-do perſwaded to ſtay and hear the Reſolution of the Council, which was to take from him thoſe Honours he held amongſt them; at which he cock'd and ſmil'd, and told 'em he receiv'd what he was much more proud of than of thoſe uſeleſs Trifles they call'd Honours; and wiſhes they might treat all that ſerved them at that ungrateful Rate: For he that had received a hundred Wounds, and loſt a Stream of Blood for their Security, ſhall, if he kiſs their Wives againſt their Wills, be baniſh'd like a Coward. So haſting from the Council, he got into his Coach, and went to *Silvia*. This incenſed the old Gentleman to a high Degree, and they carried it againſt the younger Party (becauſe more in

Number

Number) That this *French* Lady, who was for high-Treaſon, as they call'd it, forc'd to fly *France*, ſhould be no longer protected in *Holland*: And in order to her Removal, or rather their Revenge on *Octavio*, they ſent out their Warrant to Apprehend her; and either to ſend her as an Enemy to *France*, or force her to ſome other part of the World. For a day or two *Sebaſtian*'s Intereſt prevailed for the ſtopping the Warrant; believing he ſhould be able to bring his Nephew to ſome Submiſſion, which when he found in vain, he betook himſelf to his Chamber, and refuſed any Viſits or Diverſions: By this time *Octavio*'s rallying the *Streets* was become the Jeſt of the Town, and all the Sparks laugh'd at them as they paſt, and Lampoon'd 'em to damnable *Dutch* Tunes, which ſo highly incens'd 'em that they ſent immediately and ſerv'd the Warrant on *Silvia*, whom they ſurpriz'd in *Octavio*'s Coach,

as

as ſhe was coming from taking the Air. You may imagine what an Agony of Trouble and Grief our generous and ſurpriz'd Lover was in: It was in vain to make Reſiſtance, and he who before would not have ſubmitted to have ſav'd his Life, to the *States*, now for the Preſervation of one moments Content to *Silvia*, he was ready to go and fall at their Feet, kiſs their Shooes, and implore their Pity. He firſt accompanies her to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, where he only is permitted to behold her with Eyes of dying Love, and unable to ſay any thing to her, left her with ſuch Gifts, and charge, to the Meſſengers Care, as might oblige him to treat her well; While *Silvia*, leſs ſurprized, bid him, at going from her, not to afflict himſelf for any thing ſhe ſuffered; ſhe found it was the Malice of the peeviſh old Magiſtrates, and that the moſt they could do to her, was to ſend her from him:

This

This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, that pierced his Heart more ſenſibly than ever any thing yet had done; and he only reply'd (with a Sigh) *No* Silvia, *no rigid Power on Earth ſhall ever be able to deprive you of my eternal Adoration, or to ſeparate me one Moment from* Silvia, *after ſhe is compell'd to leave this ungrateful Place, and whoſe Departure I will haſten all that I can, ſince the Land is not worthy of ſo great a Bleſſing.* So leaving her for a little Space, he haſted to his Uncle, whom he found very much diſcontented: He throws himſelf at his Feet, and aſſails him with all the moving Eloquence of Sighs and Tears; in vain was all, in vain alas he pleads. From this he flies to Rage——and ſays all a diſtracted Lover could pour forth to eaſe a tortured Heart; what Divinity did he not provoke? Wholly regardleſs even of Heaven and Man, he made a publick Confeſſion of his Paſſion, deny'd her being married to *Brill-*

jard, and weeps as he proteſts her Innocence: He kneels again, implores and begs anew, and made the movingſt Moan that ever touched a Heart, but could receive no other Return but Threats and Frowns: The old Gentleman had never been in Love ſince he was born, no not enough to marry, but bore an unaccountable Hate to the whole Sex, and therefore was pityleſs to all he could ſay on the Score of Love; tho' he endeavours to ſoften him by a thouſand things more dear to him. *For my Sake, Sir*, ſaid he, *if ever my ſoft Plea were grateful to you, when all your Joy was in the young* Octavio; *releaſe, releaſe, the charming* Silvia; *regard her tender Youth, her blooming Beauty, her timorous helpleſs Sex, her noble Quality, and ſave her from the rude Aſſaults of Power——Oh ſave the Lovely Maid!* This he uttered with interrupting Sighs and Tears, which fell upon the Floor as he purſu'd

ſu'd the Obdurate on his Knees: At laſt, Pity touch'd his Heart, and he ſaid —— *Spare, Sir, the Character of your inchanting* Circe; *for I have heard too much of her, and what Miſchiefs ſhe has bred in* France; *abandoning her Honour, betraying a vertuous Siſter, defaming her Noble Parents, and ruining an Illuſtrious young Noble Man, who was both her Brother and her Lover. This Sir, in ſhort, is the Character of your Beauteous Innocent.* *Alas Sir*, reply'd *Octavio*, *you never ſaw this Maid! or if you had, you would not be ſo cruel.* *Go to, Sir*, reply'd the old Gentleman, *I am not ſo ſoon ſoftened at the ſight of Beauty. But do but ſee her, Sir*, reply'd *Octavio, and then perhaps you will be charm'd like me* —— *You are a Fop, Sir*, reply'd *Sebaſtian, and if you would have me allow any Favour to your inchanting Lady, you muſt promiſe me firſt to abandon her, and marry the Widow of Monſier* —— *who is vaſtly*

Rich, and whom I have ſo often recommended to you, ſhe loves you too; and tho' ſhe be not fair, ſhe has the beſt Fortune of any Lady in the Netherlands. *On theſe Terms, Sir, I am for a Reconciliation with you, and will immediately go and deliver the fair Priſoner, and ſhe ſhall have her Liberty to go or ſtay, or do what ſhe pleaſe——and now, Sir, you know my Will and Pleaſure——Octavio* found it vain to purſue him any further with his Petitions; only reply'd it was wonderous hard and cruel. To which the old one reply'd; *'Tis what muſt be done, I have reſolved it, or my Eſtate, in value, above two hundred thouſand Pounds, ſhall be diſpoſed of to your Siſter, the Counteſs of* Clarinau: And this he ended with an Execration on himſelf if he did not do; and he was a Man that always was juſt to his Word.

Much more to this ungrateful effect he ſpoke, and *Octavio* had Recourſe to all the Diſſimulation his generous

generous Soul was capable of; and 'twas the firſt baſe thing, and ſure the laſt that ever he was guilty of. He promiſes his Uncle to obey all his Commands and Injunctions, ſince he would have it ſo; and only beg'd he might be permitted but one Viſit, to take his laſt leave of her: This was at firſt refuſed, but at laſt, provided he might hear what he ſaid to her, he would ſuffer him to go: *For*, ſaid the crafty old Man (who knew too well the Cunning of Youth) *I will have no Tricks put upon me; I will not be outwitted by a young Knave:* This was the worſt part of all; he knew, if he alone could ſpeak with her, they might have contriv'd, by handſome agreeing Flattery, to have accompliſh'd their Deſign, which was; *firſt*, by the Authority of the old Gentleman to have freed her from Conſinement; and next, to have ſetled his Affairs in the beſt Poſture he could; and without valuing his

Uncle's Fortune, his own being greater, he reſolv'd to go with her into *Flanders* or *Italy*; but his going with him to viſit her would prevent what ever they might reſolve: But ſince the Liberry of *Silvia* was firſt to be conſidered, he reſolves —— ſince it muſt be ſo, and leaves the reſt to time and his good Fortune. *Well then, Sir,* ſaid *Octavio, ſince you have reſolved your ſelf, to be a Witneſs of thoſe melancholy things; I ſhall poſſibly ſay to her, let us haſt to end the great Affair* —— *Hang it,* cry'd *Sebaſtian, if I go I ſhall abuſe the young Huſſie, or commit ſome Indecency that will not be ſuitable to good Manners* —— *I hope you will, not Sir,* ——reply'd *Octavio* ——*Whip 'em, whip 'em,* reply'd the Uncle, *I hate the young ſzening Baggages, that wander about the World undoing young extravagant Coxcombs; gots ſo, they are nought, ſtark-naught* ——*Be ſure you diſpatch as ſoon as you can, and* —— *do you hear* —— *let's have no Whining.*

Octavio

Octavio overjoy'd he ſhould have her releaſed to Night, promiſed laviſhly all he was urged to; and his own Coach being at the Gate, they both went Immediately to the Houſe of the Meſſenger; and all the way the old Gentleman did nothing but rail againſt the Vices of the Age, and the Sins of Villainous Youth; the Snares of Beauty, and the danger of witty Women; and of how ill Conſequences theſe were to a Common Wealth. He ſaid, if he were to make Laws, he would confine all young Women to Monaſteries, where they ſhould never ſee Man till Forty, and then come out and marry for Generation ſake, no more: For his part he had never ſeen that Beauty yet that could inſpire him with that ſilly thing call'd Love; and wonder'd what the Devil ail'd all the young Fellows of this Age that they talk'd of nothing elſe: At this rate they diſcourſed till they arrived at the Priſon, and calling for

the Meſſenger, he conducted them both to the Chamber of the fair Priſoner, who was laid on a Couch, near which ſtood a Table with two Candles, which gave a great Light to that part of the Room, and made *Silvia* appear more fair than ever, if poſſible. She had not that day been dreſs'd but in a rich Night-Gown, and Cornets of the moſt advantageous Faſhion: At his Approach ſhe bluſh'd (with a ſecret Joy, which never had poſſeſſed her Soul for him before) and ſpread a thouſand Beauties round her fair Face: She was leaping with a tranſported Pleaſure to his Arms, when ſhe perceived an old grave Perſon follow him into the Room: At which ſhe reaſſum'd a Strangeneſs, a melancholy Languiſhment, which charm'd no leſs than her Gaiety. She approaches 'em with a modeſt Grace in her beautiful Eyes; and by the Reception *Octavio* gave her, ſhe found that reverend Perſon was his Uncle,

cle, or at leaſt ſomebody of Authority; and therefore aſſuming a Gravity unuſual, ſhe receiv'd 'em with all the Ceremony due to their Quality: And firſt ſhe addreſs'd her ſelf to the old Gentleman, who ſtood gazing at her, without Motion; at which ſhe was a little out of Countenance. When *Octavio* perceiving it, approach'd his Uncle, and cry'd, *Sir, This is the Lady*——*Sebaſtian* ſtarting as from a Dream, cry'd—— *Pardon me, Madam, I am a Fellow whom Age hath rendred leſs Ceremonious than Youth: I have never yet been ſo happy as to have been uſed to a fair Lady; Women never took up one Minute of my more precious time, but I have been a Satyr upon the whole Sex: And if my Treatment of you be rougher than your Birth and Beauty merits, I beſeech you*——*fair Creature, pardon it, ſince I am come in order to do you Service.* *Sir*, reply'd *Silvia*, (bluſhing with Anger at the Preſence of

a Man who had contributed to the having brought her to that place) *I cannot but wonder at this ſudden Change of Goodneſs, in a Perſon to whom I am indebted for part of my Misfortune, and which I ſhall no longer eſteem as ſuch, ſince it has occaſion'd me a Happineſs, and an Honour, to which I could no other way have arrived.* This laſt ſhe ſpoke with uſual inſinuating Charms; the little Affectation of the Voice ſweeten'd to all the Tenderneſs it was poſſible to put on, and ſo eaſie and natural to *Silvia*: And if before the old Gentleman were ſeized with ſome unuſual Pleaſure, which before he never felt about his icy and inſenſibly Heart, and which now began to thaw at the Fire of her Eyes——— I ſay, if before he were ſurprized with looking, what was he when ſhe ſpoke———with a Voice ſo ſoft, and an Air ſo bewitching? He was all Eyes and Ears, and had uſe of no other Senſe but what inform'd

thoſe

thoſe: He gazes upon her, as if he waited and liſten'd what ſhe would farther ſay; and ſhe ſtood waiting for his Reply, till aſham'd, ſhe turn'd her Eyes into her Boſom, and knew not how to proceed. *Octavio* views both by turns, and knows not how to begin the Diſcourſe again, it being his Uncle's Cue to ſpeak: But finding him altogether mute——he ſteps to him, and gently pull'd him by the Sleeve ———but finds no Motion in him; he ſpeaks to him, but in vain, for he could hear nothing but *Silvia*'s charming Voice; nor ſaw nothing but her lovely Face, nor attended any thing but when ſhe would ſpeak again, and look that way. At this *Octavio* ſmil'd, and taking his Adorable by the Hand, he led her nearer her admiring Adverſary; whom ſhe approach'd with Modeſty and Sweetneſs in her Eyes, that the old Fellow having never before beheld the like Viſion was wholly van-

quiſh'd

quish'd, and his old Heart burnt in the Socket, which being his laſt Blaze made the greater Fire. *Fine Lady*, cry'd he —— *or rather fine Angel, how is it I ſhall expiate for a Barbarity that nothing could be guilty of but the Brute, who had not learn'd Humanity from your Eyes: What Atonement can I make for my Sin; and how ſhall I be puniſhed?* Sir, reply'd *Silvia, if I can merit your Eſteem and Aſſiſtance, to deliver me from this cruel Confinement, I ſhall think of what's paſt as a Joy, ſince it renders me worthy of your Pity and Compaſſion. To anſwer you, Madam, were to hold you under this unworthy Roof too long; therefore let me convince you of my Service, by leading you to a Place more fit for ſo fair a Perſon.* And calling for the Meſſenger, he ask'd him if he would take his Bail for his fair Priſoner; who reply'd, *Your Lordſhip may Command all things:* So throwing him a little Purſe, about thirty Pounds in Gold,

Gold, he bid him drink the Ladies Health; and without more Ceremony or talk, led her to the Coach; and never ſo much as asking her whether ſhe would go, inſenſibly carries her, where he had a mind to have her, to his own Houſe: This was a little Affliction to *Octavio*, who nevertheleſs durſt not ſay any thing to his Uncle, nor ſo much as to ask him the Reaſon why: But being arrived all thither, he conducts her into a very fair Apartment, and bade her there command that World he could command for her: He gave her there a very magnificent Supper, and all three ſupp'd together, *Octavio* and *Silvia* ſtill wondering what would be the Iſſue of this Buſineſs; for *Octavio* could not imagine that his Uncle, who was a ſingle Man, and a grave Senator, one fam'd for a Woman-Hater, a great Railer at the Vices of young Men, ſhould keep a fair young ſingle Woman in his Houſe: But it growing

ing late, and no Preparation for her Departing, ſhe took the Courage to ſay——*Sir, I am ſo extreamly Obliged to you, and have received ſo great a Favour from you, that I cannot flatter my ſelf 'tis for any Vertue in me, or meerly out of Compaſſion to my Sex, that you have done this; but for ſome-body's Sake to whom I am more engag'd than I am aware of; and when you paſs'd your Parole for my Liberty, I am not ſo vain to think it was for my Sake; therefore pray inform me, Sir, how I can pay this Debt, and to whom, and who it is you require ſhould be bound for me, to ſave you harmleſs. Madam*, cry'd *Sebaſtian, tho' there need no greater Security than your own Innocence, yet leaſt that Innocence ſhould not be ſufficient to guard you from the Outrage of a People approaching to Savages, I beg, for your own Security, not mine, that you will make this Houſe your Sanctuary; my Power can ſave you from impending Harms; and all that*

that I call mine, you ſhall command. At this ſhe bluſhing bow'd, but durſt not make Reply to contradict him: She knew at leaſt that there ſhe was ſafe and well, free from Fear of the Tyranny of the reſt, or any other Apprehenſion: 'Tis true ſhe found by the Shieneſs of *Octavio* towards her before his Uncle, that ſhe was to manage her Amour with him by ſtealth, till they could contrive matters more to their Advantage: She therefore finding ſhe ſhould want nothing, but as much of *Octavio*'s Converſation as ſhe deſired; ſhe begg'd he would give her leave to write a Note to her Page, who was a faithful ſober Youth, to bring her Jewels and what things ſhe had of Value, to her, which ſhe did, and received thoſe and her Servants together, who found a perfect Welcome to the old Lover; but *Antonett* had like to have loſt her place, but that *Octavio* pleaded for her, and ſhe herſelf

ſelf confeſſing 'twas Love to the falſe *Brilljard*, that made her do that fooliſh thing (in which ſhe vow'd ſhe thought no harm, tho' it was like to have coſt her ſo dear) ſhe was again received into favour: So that for ſome Day *Silvia* found her ſelf very much at her Eaſe with the old Gentleman, and had no want of any thing but *Octavio*'s Company: But ſhe had the Pleaſure to find by his Eyes and Sighs he wanted hers more: He dy'd every day, and his fair Face faded like falling Roſes: Still ſhe was gay: for if ſhe had it not about her, ſhe aſſumed it to keep him in Heart: ſhe was not diſpleaſed to ſee the old Man on Fire too, and fancied ſome Diverſion from the Intrigue: But he concealed his Paſſion all he could, both to hide it from his Nephew, and becauſe he knew not what he ail'd: A ſtrange change he found, a wonderous Diſorder in Nature, but could not give a Name to it, nor Sigh aloud for fear he

ſhould

ſhould be heard, and loſe his Reputation; eſpecially for this Woman, on whom he had rail'd ſo laviſhly. One day therefore, after a Night of Torment very incommode to his Age, he takes *Octavio* into the Garden alone, telling him he had a great Secret to impart to him. *Octavio* gueſſing what it might be, put his Heart in as good order as he could to receive it: He at leaſt knew the worſt was but for him at leaſt to ſteal *Silvia* from him, if he ſhould be weak enough to doat on the young Charmer, and therefore reſolv'd to hear with patience. But if he were prepared to attend, the other was not prepared to begin, and ſo both walked many ſilent Turns about the Garden. *Sebaſtian* had a mind to ask a thouſand Queſtions of his Nephew, who he found, maugre all his Vows of deſerting *Silvia*, had no power of doing it: He had a mind to urge him to marry the Widow, but durſt not now preſs it, tho' he

uſed

uſed to do ſo, leſt he ſhould take it for Jealouſie in him; nor durſt he now forbid him ſeeing her, leſt he ſhould betray the Secrets of his Soul: He began every Moment to love him leſs, as he loved *Silvia* more, and beholds him as an Enemy to his Repoſe, nay his very Life. At laſt the old Man (who thought if he brought his Nephew forth under pretence of a Secret, and ſaid nothing to him, it would have look'd ill) began to ſpeak. *Octavio*, ſaid he, *I have hitherto found you ſo juſt in all you have ſaid, that 'twere a Sin to doubt you, in what relates to* Silvia. *You have told me ſhe is nobly Born; and you have with infinite Imprecations convinced me ſhe is Vertuous; and laſtly, you have ſworn ſhe was not Married*——At this he ſigh'd and paus'd, and left *Octavio* trembling with Fear of the Reſult: A thouſand times he was like to have denyed all, but durſt not defame the moſt ſacred Idol of his Soul: Sometimes

times he thought his Uncle would be generous, and think it fit to give him *Silvia*; but that Thought was too Seraphick to remain a Moment in his Heart. *Sir*, reply'd *Octavio*, *I own I ſaid ſo of* Silvia, *and hope no Action ſhe has committed ſince ſhe had a Protection under your Roof has contradicted any thing I ſaid. No*, ſaid *Sebaſtian*, ſighing——and pauſing, as loath to ſpeak more: *Sir*, ſaid *Octavio*, *I ſuppoſe this is not the Secret you had to impart to me, for which you ſeparate me to this lonely Walk; fear not to truſt me with it, whatever it be, for I am ſo intirely your own, that I will grant, ſubmit, proſtrate my ſelf, and give up all my Will, Power, and Faculties to your Intereſt or Deſigns.* This incouraged the old Lover, who reply'd——*Tell me on Truth*, Octavio, *which I require of you, and I will deſire no more——Have not you had the Poſſeſſion of this fair Maid?* You apprehend me: Now it was that he fear'd

fear'd what Deſign the Amorous old Gentleman had in his Head and Heart; and was at a loſs what to ſay, whether to give him ſome Jealouſy that he had known and poſſeſs'd her, and ſo prevent his Deſigns on her; or by ſaying he had not, to leave her Defenceleſs to his Love. But on ſecond Thoughts, he could not reſolve to ſay any thing to the Diſadvantage of *Silvia*, tho' to ſave his own Life; and therefore aſſured his Uncle he never durſt aſſume the Boldneſs to ask ſo rude a Queſtion of a Woman of her Quality: And much more he ſpoke to that purpoſe to convince him. That 'tis true he would have Married her, if he cou'd have gain'd his conſent; maugre all the Scandal that the malicious World had thrown upon her. But ſince he was poſitive in his command for the Widow, he wou'd bend his Mind to Obedience. *In that*, reply'd *Sebaſtian*, *you are wiſe, and I am glad all your Youthful Fires*

are blown over; and having once fixt you in the World as I design, I have resolved on an Affair——At this again he paused——*I am*, says he *in Love*,——*I think it is Love, or that which you call so: I cannot eat nor sleep, nor even pray, but this fair Stranger interposes; or if by chance I slumber, all my Dreams are of her; I see her, I touch her, I imbrace her, and find a Pleasure even then that all my waking Thoughts cou'd never procure me. If I go to the State-House, I mind nothing there, my Heart's at home with the Young Gentlewoman, on the Change or whereſoever I go, my restless Thoughts present her still before me: And prethee tell me, is not this Love*, Octavio? *It may arrive to Love*, replied the blushing Youth, *if you should fondly give way to it: But you are Wise and Grave, and hate all Women, Sir, till about Forty, and then for Generation only: You are above the Follies of vain Youth. And let me tell you, Sir, without Offend-*

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ing, Already you are charged with a Thousand little Vanities unsuitable to your Years, and the Character you have had, and the Figure you have made in the World. I heard a Lampoon on you the other day,—— Pardon my Freedom, Sir, for keeping a Beauty in your House, who they are pleased to say was my Mistress before. And pulling out a Lampoon, which his Page had before given him, he gave it his Uncle. But instead of making him resolve to quit *Silvia*, it only serv'd to incense him against *Octavio*; he rail'd at all Wits, and swore there was not a more dangerous Enemy to a civil, sober Commonwealth: That a Poet was to be banished as a Spy, or hang'd as a Traytor: That it ought to be as much against the Law to let 'em live, as to Shoot with white Powder, and that to write Lampoons should be put into the Statute against Stabbing. And cou'd he find the Rogue that had the Wit to write that, he wou'd make him a warning

ning to all the Race of that Damnable Vermin; what to abuſe a Magiſtrate, one of the States, a very Monarch of the Commonwealth!—— 'twas Abominable and not to be born, ——and looking on his Nephew,—— and conſidering his Face awhile, he cry'd——*I Fancy*, Sir, *by your Phyſiognomy, that you your ſelf have a hand in this Libel:* At which *Octavio* bluſh'd, which he taking for guilt, flew out into terrible Anger againſt him, not ſuffering him to ſpeak for himſelf, or clear his Innocence. And as he was going in this Rage from him, having forbidden him ever to ſet his Foot within his Doors, he told him,——*If*, ſaid he, *the ſcandalous Town, from your Inſtructions, have ſuch Thoughts of me, I will convince it by Marrying this fair Stranger the firſt thing I do: I cannot doubt but to find a welcom ſince ſhe is a Baniſh'd Woman, without Friend or Protection; and eſpecially when ſhe ſhall ſee how civilly you have handled her here,*

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in your Dogerel Ballad: I'll teach you to be a Wit, Sir; *and ſo your humble Servant.*——And leaving him almoſt wild with his Fears, he went directly to *Silvia*, where he told her, his Nephew was going to make up the Match between himſelf and Madam the Widow of——and that he had made a ſcandalous Lampoon on her Fair ſelf. He forgot nothing that might make her hate the Amiable young Nobleman, whom ſhe knew too well to believe that any thing of this was other than the effects of his own growing Paſſion for her. For tho' ſhe ſaw *Octavio* every day, in this time ſhe had remain'd at his Uncle's, yet the old Lover ſo watch'd their very Looks, that 'twas impoſſible almoſt to tell one anothers Heart by any Glance there. But *Octavio* had once in this time convey'd a Letter to her, which having Opportunity to do, he put it into her Comb-box, when he was with his Uncle one day in her Dreſſing-room; for

for he durſt not truſt her Page, and leſs *Antonett*, who had before betray'd 'em: And having for *Silvia*'s releaſe ſo ſolemnly Sworn to his Uncle, (to which Vows he took Religious care to keep him,) He had ſo perfect an awe upon his Spirits from every Look and Command of his Uncles, he took infinitely heed how he gave him any Umbrage by any Action of his; and the rather b cauſe he hoped when time ſhou'd ſerve to bring about his Buſineſs of ſtealing *Silvia* from him, for ſhe was kept and guarded like a mighty Heireſs; ſo that by this prudent Management on both ſides, they heightn'd the growing Love in every Heart. In that Billet which he dropt in her Comb-box, he did not only make Ten thouſand Vows of Eternal Paſſion and Faith, and beg the ſame aſſurance of her again; but told her he was ſecur'd (ſo well he thought of her) from fears of his Uncle's Addreſſes to her, and beg'd ſhe wou'd

not let 'em perplex her, but rather ſerve her for her diverſion; that ſhe ſhould from time to time write him all he ſaid to her, and how he treated her when alone; and that ſince the old Lover was ſo watchful, ſhe ſhould not truſt her Letters with any body; but as ſhe walk'd out into the Garden, ſhe ſhou'd in paſſing throw the Hall, put her Letter in at the broken Glaſs of an old Sedan that ſtood there, and had ſtood for ſeveral Years; and that his own Page, whom he could truſt, ſhou'd, when he came with him to his Uncle's, take it from thence. —— Thus every Day they writ, and received the deareſt returns in the World; where all the Satisfaction, that Vows oft repeated cou'd give, was rendred each other; with an account from *Silvia* that was very pleaſant, of all the Paſſion of the Doating old *Sebaſtian*, the Preſents he made her, the Fantaſtick Youth he would aſſume, and the unuſual manner of his Love, which

was

was a great diverſion to both; and this Difficulty of ſpeaking to *Silvia*, and entertaining her with Love, tho' it had its Pains, had its infinite Pleaſures too; it increas'd their Love on both ſides, and all their Wiſhes. But now by this laſt Baniſhment from the Houſe where ſhe was, to loſe that only Pleaſure of beholding the Adorable Maid, gave him all the Pains without the hope of one Pleaſure; and he began to fear he ſhould have a World of Difficulty to ſecure the dear Object of his continual Thoughts: He found no way to ſend to her, and dreads all his Malicious Uncle and Rival may ſay to his diſadvantage: He dreads even that infinite Tenderneſs and Eſteem he had for the good old Man, who had been ſo fond a Parent to him; leaſt even that ſhould make him unwilling to uſe that Extremity againſt him in the regaining *Silvia*, which he would uſe to any other Man. Oh, how he Curſes the fatal hour

that ever he implored his Aid for her Releaſe; and having overcome all Difficulties, even that of his Fears of *Philander*, (from whom they had received no Letter in Two Months) and that of *Silvia*'s Diſdain, and had Eſtabliſh'd himſelf in her Soul and her Arms; he ſhould, by employing his Uncle's Authority for *Silvia*'s Service, be ſo Unfortunate to involve 'em into new Dangers and Difficulties, of which he could foreſee no other end, than that which muſt be fatal to ſome of 'em. But he believed half his Torture would be eaſed, could he but write to *Silvia*, for ſee her he could not hope: He bethought himſelf of a way at laſt.

His Uncle had belonging to his Houſe the moſt fine Garden of any in that Province, where thoſe things are not much eſteem'd, in which the Old Gentleman took wonderful Delight, and kept a Gardener and his Family in a little Houſe at the farther

ther end of the Garden, on purpoſe to look to it and dreſs it. This Man had a very great Veneration for *Octavio*, whom he call'd his Young Lord. Sure of the Fidelity of this Gardener, when it was dark enough to conceal him, he wrapt himſelf in his Cloak and got him thither by a back-way, where with Preſents he ſoon won thoſe to his Intereſt, who would before have been Commanded by him in any Service. He had a little clean Room, and ſome little *French* Novels which he brought; and there he was as well conceal'd as if he had been at the *Indies*; he left word at home that he was gone out of Town. He knew well enough that *Silvia*'s Lodgings look'd that way. And when it was dark enough he walk'd under her Window, till he ſaw a Candle lighted in *Silvia*'s Bed-Chamber, which was as great a Joy to him as the Star that Guides the Traveller, or wandring Seaman, or the Lamp at *Seſtos*,

that Guided the Raviſh'd Lover o'er the *Helleſpont*. And by that time he could imagine all in Bed, he made a little noiſe with a Key on the Pummel of his Sword; but whether *Silvia* heard it or not I cannot tell, but ſhe anon came to the Window, and puting up the Shaſh, leaned on her Arms and look'd into the Garden. Oh! who but he himſelf that Lov'd ſo well as *Octavio*, can expreſs the Tranſports he was in at the Sight? which more from the Sight within than that without, he ſaw was the lovely *Silvia*; whom calling ſoftly by her Name, anſwered him as if ſhe knew the welcome Voice, and cry'd,—— *Who's there, Octavio?* She was ſoon Anſwer'd you may imagine. And they began the moſt endearing Converſation that ever Love could dictate. He complains on his Fate that ſets 'em at that diſtance, and ſhe pities him. He makes a Thouſand Doubts, and ſhe undeceives 'em all. He Fears, and ſhe convinces his Error, and

and is impatient at his Suſpicions. She will not indure him to queſtion a Heart that has given him ſo many proofs of its Tenderneſs and Gratitude: She tells him her own Wiſhes, how ſoft and fervent they are; and aſſures him, he is extreamly oblig'd to her——*Since for you——my Charming Friend*, ſaid ſhe to *Octavio*, *I have refus'd this Night to marry your Uncle; have a care*, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, *how you treat me, leaſt I revenge my ſelf on you; become your Aunt, and bring Heirs to the Eſtate you have a Right to: The Writings of all which I have now in my Chamber, and which were but juſt now laid at my Feet, and which I cannot yet get him to receive back. And to oblige me to a compliance, has told me, how you have deceived me, by giving your ſelf to another, and expoſing me in Lampoons.* ——To this *Octavio* would have replied, but ſhe aſſured him ſhe needed no Argument to convince her of the Falſhood of all. He Sighs, and

told her all she said, tho' Dear and Charming was not sufficient to ease his Heart, for he foresaw a World of hazzard to get her from thence, and mischiefs if she remained; insomuch that he caus'd the Tears to flow from the fair Eyes of *Silvia*, with the Reflections on her rigid fortune. And she cry'd, *Oh, my* Octavio! *what strange Fate or Stars rul'd my Birth, that I shou'd be born to the ruine of what I Love, or of those that Love me?* At this rate they past the Night, sometimes more soft, sometimes incouraging one another; but the last result was to contrive the means of escaping. He fancy'd she might easily do it by the Garden from that Window: But that he was not sure he could trust the Gardener so far, who in all things would serve him, in which his Lord and Master was not Injured; and he amongst the rest of the Servants, had Order not to suffer *Silvia* out of the Garden, for which reason he kept a strict Guard on that back-

back-Door. Some way muſt be found out which yet was not, and was left to time. He told her where he was, and that he wou'd not ſtir from thence, till he were ſecur'd of her flight: And Day coming on, tho' loath, yet for fear of Eyes and Ears that might Spy upon 'em, he retired to his little Lodging, and *Silvia* to Bed; after giving and receiving a Thouſand Vows and Farewels. The next Night he came to the ſame place, but inſtead of entertaining her——he only ſaw her ſoftly put up the Shaſh a little, and throw ſomething white out of the Window and retire. He was wondring at the meaning, but taking up what was thrown down, he found and ſmelt it was *Silvia*'s Handkerchief, in which was ty'd up a *Billet*: He went to his little Lodging and read it.

Silvia to Octavio.

GO from my Window my adorable Friend, and be not afflicted that I do not entertain you, as I had the joy to do last Night, for both our Voices were heard by some one that Lodges below, and tho' your Uncle could not tell me any part of our Conversation, yet he heard I talk'd to somebody: I have perswaded him the Fellow dream'd, who gave him this Intelligence, and he is almost satisfied he did so; however hazzard not thy dear self any more so, but let me lose for a while the greatest Happiness this Earth can afford me (in the Circumstances of our Fortunes) rather than expose what is dearer to me than Life or Honour: Pity the Fate I was born to, and expect all things from

Your Silvia.

I will wait at the Window for your Answer, and let you down a Ribband, by which I will draw it up: But as you love me do not speak.

He

He had no ſooner read this, but he went to write an Anſwer, which was this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

COmplain not, thou Goddeſs of my Vows, on the Fate thou wert born to procure to all Mankind; but thank Heaven for having received ten thouſand Charms that can recompence all the Injuries you ſo unwillingly do us: And who would not implore his Ruine from all the Angry Powers, if in return they would give him ſo glorious a Reward? Who would not be undone to all the trifling Honours of the miſtaken World, to find himſelf in lieu of all, poſſeſs'd of the Raviſhing Silvia? *But oh! where is that preſumptious Man, that can at the price of all, lay claim to ſo vaſt a Bleſſing? Alas my* Silvia, *even while I dare call you mine, I am not that hoping Slave, no not after all the valued*

dear

dear things you have ſaid and Vow'd to me laſt Night in the Garden, welcome to my Soul as Life after a Sentence of Death, or Heaven after Life is ended. But, oh Silvia! *all this, even all you uttered from your dear Mouth is not ſufficient to ſupport me: Alas, I die for* Silvia; *I am not able to bear the cruel Abſence longer, therefore without Delay aſſiſt me to contrive your Eſcape, or I ſhall die and leave you to the Ravage of his Love who holds thee from me; the very Thought of that is worſe than Death. I die, alas I die, for an intire poſſeſſion of thee: Oh let me graſp my Treaſure, let me ingroſs it all, here in my Longing Arms. I can no longer languiſh at this Diſtance from my cruel Joy, my Life, my Soul! But oh I Rave, and while I ſhould be ſpeaking a thouſand uſeful things, I am telling you my Pain, a Pain that you may gueſs; and confounding my ſelf between thoſe and their Remedies, am able to fix on nothing: Help me to think oh my dear*

charming

charming Creature, help me to think how I ſhall bear thee of! Take your own Meaſures, flatter him with Love; ſooth him to Faith and Confidence, and then——oh pardon me if there be Baſeneſs in the Action——then——Cozen him——Deceive him——any thing——for he deſerves it all, that thinks that lovely Body was form'd for his Imbraces, whom Age has rendered fitter for a Grave. Form any Plots, uſe every Stratagem to ſave the Life of

Your Octavio.

He writ this in haſt and Diſorder, as you may plainly ſee by the Stile, and went to the Window with it, where he found *Silvia* leaning expecting him: The Shaſhes were up, and he toſs'd it in the Handkerchief into her Window: She read it, and writ an Anſwer back as ſoft as Love could form, to ſend him

him pleaſed to Bed; wherein ſhe commanded him to hope all things from her Wit and induſtrious Love.

This had partly the Effects ſhe wiſhed, and after kiſſing his Hand, and throwing it up towards *Silvia*, they parted as ſilent as the Night from Day, which was now juſt dividing——ſo long they ſtay'd, tho' but to look at each other; ſo that all the Morning was paſs'd in Bed to make the Day ſeem ſhorter, which was too tedious to both: This pleaſure he had after Noon, towards the Evening, that when *Silvia* walked, as ſhe always did in the Gárden, he could ſee her throw the Glaſs of his Window, but durſt not open it; for the old Gentlemrn was ever with her. In this time *Octavio* fail'd not however to eſſay the good Nature of the Gardener in order to *Silvia*'s Flight, but found there was no dealing with him in this Affair; and therefore durſt not come right down to the Point:

Point: The next Night he came under the beloved Window again, and found the ſacred Object of his Wiſhes leaning in the Window expecting him: To whom, as ſoon as ſhe heard his Tread on the Gravel, ſhe threw down a Handkerchief again, which he took up, and toſs'd his own with a ſoft complaining Letter to entertain her till his Return; for he haſted to read hers, and ſwep'd the Garden as he paſs'd as ſwift as Wind; ſo impatient he was to ſee the inſide——which he found thus:

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I Beg, my charming Friend, you will be aſſur'd of all I have promiſed you; and to believe that, but for the Pleaſure of thoſe dear Billets I receive from you, I could as little ſupport this cruel Confinement as you my Abſence. I have but one Game to play, and I beſeech you not to be ſurpriz'd

priz'd at it; 'tis to promiſe to marry Sebaſtian: *He is eternally at my Feet, and either I muſt give him my Vow to become his Wife, or give him hope of other Favours. I am ſo intirely yours, that I will be guided by you which I ſhall Flatter him in, to gain my Liberty, for if I grant either he has propoſed to carry me to his Country-Houſe, two Leagues from the Town, and there Conſummate whatever I deſign to bleſs him with; and this is it that has wrought my Conſent, that we being to go alone, only my own Servants, you may eaſily take me thence by Force upon the Road, or after our Arrival, where he will not guard me perhaps ſo ſtrictly as he does here: For that, I leave it to your Conduct, and expect your Anſwer to*

Your Impatient

Silvia.

He

He immediately ſate down and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

HAVE a Care, my Charming Fair, how you play with Vows; and however you are forc'd for that Religious End of ſaving your Honour, to deceive the poor old Lover, whom, by Heaven, I pity; yet rather let me die than know you can be guilty of Vow-Breach, tho' made in jeſt. I am well pleaſed at the Glimpſe of Hope you give me, that I ſhall ſee you at his Villa; *and doubt not but to find a way to ſecure you to my ſelf: Say any thing, promiſe to ſacrifice all to his Deſire; but oh, do not give away thy dear, thy precious ſelf by Vow, to any but the Languiſhing*

Octavio.

After

After he had writ this, he haſted and throws it into her Window, and return'd to Bed without ſeeing her, which was no ſmall Affliction to his Soul: He had an ill Night of it, and fanſied a thouſand tormenting things; That the old Gentleman might then be with her; and if alone, what might he not perſuade by force of rich Preſents, of which his Uncle was well ſtored: And ſo he gueſs'd, and as he gueſs'd it proved, as by his next Nights Letter he was inform'd, that the old Lover no ſooner ſaw *Silvia* retire, but having a Mind to try his Fortune in ſome Critical Minute—— for ſuch a Minute he had heard there was that favoured Lovers; but he goes to his Cloſet, and taking out ſome Jewels of great value, to make himſelf the more welcome, he goes directly to *Silvia*'s Chamber, and entered juſt as ſhe had taken up *Octavio*'s Letter, and clap'd

clap'd it in her Boſom as ſhe heard ſomebody at the Door; but was not in a little Confuſion when ſhe ſaw who it was; which ſhe excuſed, by telling him ſhe was ſurpriz'd to find herſelf with a Man in her Chamber: That there he fell to pleading his cauſe of Love; and offered her again to ſettle his Eſtate upon her, and implor'd ſhe would be his Wife. After a thouſand faint Denials, ſhe told him ſhe could not poſſibly receive that Honour, but if ſhe could, ſhe would have look'd upon it as a great Favour from Heaven; at that he was Thunder-ſtruck, and look'd as gaſtly as if his Mothers Ghoſt had frighten'd him; and after much Debate, Love and Grief on his ſide, Deſign and Diſſimulation on hers, ſhe gave him Hopes that Aton'd for all ſhe had before ſaid; inſomuch that before they parted an abſolute Bargain was ſtruck up, and he was to ſettle part of his Eſtate upon her, as alſo that *Villa*,

to

to which he had reſolved in two days to carry her; in earneſt to this he preſents her a Necklace of Pearl of good Value, and other Jewels, which was the beſt Rhetorick he had yet ſpoke to her; and now ſhe appear'd the moſt Complaiſant Lady in the World, ſhe ſuffers him to talk wantonly to her, nay even to kiſs her, and rub his grizly Beard on her divine Face, graſp her Hands, and touch her Breaſt; a Bleſſing he had never before arriv'd to with any body above the Quality of his own Servant-Maid. To all which ſhe makes the beſt Reſiſtance ſhe can, under the Circumſtances of one who was to deceive well; and while ſhe loaths ſhe ſeems well pleaſed, while the gay Jewels ſparkled in her Eyes and *Octavio* in her Heart; ſo fond is Youth of Vanities, and to purchaſe an addition of Beauty at any Price. Thus with her pretty Flatteries ſhe wrought upon his Soul, and ſmil'd and look'd

him

him into Faith; loth to depart ſhe ſends him pleas'd away, and having her Herrt the more inclin'd to *Octavio* by being Perſecuted with his Uncle's Love (for by Compariſon ſhe finds the mighty difference) ſhe ſets her ſelf to write him the Account of what I have related; this Nights Adventure and Agreement between his Uncle and her ſelf. She tells him that to Morrow, for now 'twas almoſt Day, ſhe had promiſed him to go to his *Villa*: She tells him at what rate ſhe has purchaſed the Bleſſing expected; and laſtly, leaves the management of the reſt to him, who needs not to be inſtructed. This Letter he received the next Night, at the old place, and *Silvia* with it lets down a Velvet Night-Bag, which contain'd all the Jewels and things of Value ſhe had receiv'd of himſelf, his Uncle, or any other: After which he retired, and was pretty well at eaſe, with the imagination he ſhould ere long be made

Hap-

Happy in the Poſſeſſion of *Silvia*: In order to it the next Morning he was early up, and dreſſing himſelf in a great courſe Campagne-Coat of the Gardeners, putting up his Hair, as well as he could, under a Country-Hat, he got on a Horſe that ſuited his Habit, and rides to the *Villa*, whither they were to come, and which he knew perfectly well every Room of; for there our Hero was born. He went to a little *Caberet* in the Village, from whence he could ſurvey all the great Houſe, and ſee every Body that paſs'd in and out: He remain'd fix'd at the Window, fill'd with a thouſand Agitations; this he had reſolved, not to ſet upon the good old Man as a Thief or Robber; nor could he find in his Heart or Nature to injure him, tho' but in a little affrighting him, who had given him ſo many anxious Hours, and who had been ſo unjuſt to deſire that Bleſſing himſelf, he would not allow him; and

to

to believe that a Vertue in himself, which he exclaim'd against as so great a Vice in his Nephew; nevertheless he resolv'd to deceive him, to save his own Life. And he wanted that nice part of Generosity, as to satisfie a little unnecessary Lust in an old Man, to ruin the eternal Content of a young one, so nearly allied to his Soul, as was his own dear proper Person. While he was thus considering he saw his Uncle's Coach coming, and *Silvia* with that doting Lover in it, who was that day dressed in all the Fopperies of Youth, and every thing was young and gay about him but his Person, that was Winter it self, disguised in artificial Spring; and he was altogether a meer Contradiction: But who can guess the Disorders and Pantings of *Octavio*'s Heart at the Sight; and tho' he had resolved before he would not to save his Life lay violent Hands on his old Parent; yet at their Approach, at their presenting themselves

themſelves together before his Eyes as two Lovers going to betray him to all the Miſeries, Pangs, and Confuſions of Love, going to poſſeſs ——her, the dear Object and certain Life of his Soul, and ſhe the Parent of him, to whom ſhe had diſpoſed of her ſelf ſo intirely already, he was provoked to break from all his Reſolutions, and with one of thoſe two Piſtols he had in his Pockets, to have ſent unerring Death to his old amorous Heart: But that Thought was no ſooner born than ſtifled in his Soul, where it met with all the Sence of Gratitude that ever could preſent the tender Love and dear Care of a Parent there; and the Coach paſſing into the Gate put him upon new Deſigns, and before they were finiſhed he ſaw *Silvia*'s Page coming from the Houſe, after ſeeing his Lady to her Apartment, and being ſhow'd his own, where he laid his Vallice and Riding-things, and was now come out to look about

bout a Country where he had never been before. *Octavio* goes down and meets him, and ventures to make himſelf known to him: And ſo infinitely glad was the Youth to have an Opportunity to ſerve him, that he vow'd he would not only do it with his Life, on Occaſion, but believ'd he could do it effectually, ſince the old Gentleman had no ſort of Jealouſie now; eſpecially ſince they had ſo prudently managed Matters in this time of his Ladies remaining at *Sebaſtian*'s Houſe. *So that, Sir, it will not be difficult*, ſays the generous Boy, *for me to convey you to my Lodging when it is dark.* He told him his Lady caſt many a longing Look out towards the Road as ſhe paſs'd, *for you, I am ſure my Lord——for ſhe had told both my ſelf and* Antonett *of her Deſign before, leaſt our Surprize or Reſiſtance ſhould prevent any Force you might uſe on the Road, to take her from my Lord* Sebaſtian: *She ſigh'd and look'd on*

me as ſhe alighted, with Eyes, my Lord, that told me her Grief for your Diſappointment. You may eaſily imagine how tranſported the poor *Octavio* was; he kiſs'd and imbrac'd the Amiable Boy a thouſand times; and taking a Ring from his Finger of conſiderable Value, gave it the dear Reviver of his Hopes. *Octavio* already knew the Strength of the Houſe, which conſiſted but of a Gardener, whoſe Wife was Houſe-keeper, and their Son, who was his Father's Servant in the Garden, and their Daughter, who was a ſort of Maid-ſervant: And they had brought only the Coach-man, and one Foot-man, who were likely to be merrily imploy'd in the Kitchen at Night when all got to ſupper together. I ſay *Octavio* already knew this, and there was now nothing that oppoſed his Wiſhes: So that diſmiſſing the dear Boy, he remain'd the reſt of the tedious Day at the *Caberet*, the moſt impatient

impatient of Night of any Man on Earth: And when the Boy appear'd it was like the approach of an Angel. He told him his Lady was the moſt Melancholy Creature that ever Eyes beheld, and that to conceal the Cauſe, ſhe had feigned herſelf Ill, and had not ſtir'd from her Chamber all the Day: That the old Lover was perpetually with her, and the moſt concern'd Dotard that ever *Cupid* inſlav'd: That he had ſo wholly taken up his Lady with his diſagreeable Entertainment, that it was impoſſible either by a Look or Note to inform her of his being ſo near her, whom ſhe conſidered as her preſent Defender, and her future Happineſs. *But this Evening*, continued the Youth, *as I was waiting on her at Supper, ſhe ſpy'd the Ring on my Finger, which, my Lord, your Bounty made me Maſter of this Morning. She bluſh'd a Thouſand times and fix'd her Eyes upon it, for ſhe knew it, and was Impatient to*

have ask'd me ſome Queſtions, but contain'd her Words. And after that I ſaw a Joy dance in her lovely Eyes, that told me, She divin'd you were not far from thence. Therefore I beſeech your Lordſhip let us haſte. So both went out together, and the Page Conducted him into a Chamber he better knew than the Boy, while every Moment he receives Intelligence how Affairs went in that of *Silvia*'s, by the Page, who leaving *Octavio* there went out as a Spy for him. In fine, with much ado, *Silvia* perſwaded her old Lover to urge her for no Favours that Night, for ſhe was indiſpoſed and unfit for Love; yet ſhe perſwades with ſuch an Air, ſo Smiling and Inſinuating, that ſhe increaſes the Fire ſhe endeavour'd to allay: But he, who was all Obedience as well as New Deſire, reſolves to humour her, and ſhew the perfect Gallantry of his Love; he promiſes her ſhe ſhall command: And after that never was the old Gentleman ſeen in

ſo

ſo excellent a Humour before, in the whole Courſe of his Life; a certain Lightening againſt a Storm, that muſt be fatal to him. He was no ſooner gone from her, with a promiſe to go to Bed and Sleep, that he might be the earlier up, to ſhow her the fine Gardens which ſhe lov'd, but ſhe ſends *Antonett* to call the Page, from whom ſhe long'd to know ſomething of *Octavio*, and was ſure he cou'd inform her. But ſhe was undreſſing while ſhe ſpoke, and got into her Bed before ſhe left her: But *Antonett*, inſtead of bringing the Sighing Youth, brought the Tranſported and Raviſhed *Octavio*, who had by this time pulled off his Courſe Campaign and put down his Hair. He fell breathleſs with Joy on her Bed ſide; when *Antonett*, who knew that love deſired no Lookers on, retired, and left *Octavio* almoſt dead with Joy, in the Claſping Arms of the Trembling Maid, the lovely *Silvia*. Oh, who can gueſs their ſa-

tisfaction? Who can gueſs their Signs and Love, their tender Words half ſtifled in Kiſſes; Lovers! fond Lovers! only can imagine; to all beſides this Tale will be Inſipid. He now forgets where he is, that not far off lay his Amorous Uncle, that to be found there was Death and ſomething worſe; but wholly Raviſh'd with the Languiſhing Beauty, taking his Piſtols out of either Pocket, he lays them on a Dreſſing Table near the Bed-ſide, and in a Moment throws off his Cloths, and gives himſelf up to all the Heaven of Love that lay ready to receive him there, without thinking of any thing but the vaſt Power of eithers Charms. They lay and forgot the haſty Hours, but Old *Sebaſtian* did not. They were all counted by him, with the Impatience of a Lover: He Burnt, he Rag'd with fierce Deſire, and toſt from ſide to ſide and found no eaſe; *Silvia* was preſent in Imagination, and he like *Tantalus* reaches at the Food,

Food, which, tho' in view, is not within his reach: He wou'd have Pray'd, but he had no Devotion for any Deity but *Silvia*; he roſe and walk'd, and went to Bed again, and found himſelf uneaſie every way. A Thouſand times he was about to go, and try what Opportunity would do in the dark ſilent Night —— but fears her Rage —— he fears ſhe'll chide at leaſt; then he reſolves and unreſolves as faſt: Unhappy Lover ——— thus to blow the Fire when there were no Materials to ſupply it; at laſt overcome with fierce Deſire, too Violent to be withſtood, or rather Fate wou'd have it ſo ordained, he ventures all, and ſteals to *Silvia*'s Chamber, believing when ſhe found him in her Arms ſhe could not be diſpleaſed; or if ſhe were, that was the ſureſt place of Reconciliation: So that only putting his Night Gown about him, he went ſoftly to her Chamber for fear of waking her: The unthinking Lovers had left open

the Door, ſo that it was hardly put to. And the firſt Alarm was *Octavio*'s Hand being ſeiz'd, which was Claſping his Treaſure. He ſtarts from the frighted Arms of *Silvia*, and leaping from ths Bed wou'd have eſcaped, for he knew too well the touch of that old Hand; but *Sebaſtian* wholly ſurpriz'd at ſo robuſt a repulſe, took moſt unfortunately a ſtronger hold, and laying both his Hands roughly upon him, with a Reſolution to know who he was, for he felt his Hair; and *Octavio* ſtruggling at the ſame Minute to get from him, they both fell againſt the Dreſſing-Table, threw down the Piſtols; in their fall one of which going off, ſhot the unfortunate old Lover into the Head, ſo that he never ſpoke word more: At the going off of the Piſtol, *Silvia*, who had not minded thoſe *Octavio* laid on the Table, cry'd out——*Oh my* Octavio!——*My deareſt Charmer*, reply'd he, *I'm well*——And feeling on the Dead

Dead Body, which he wonder'd had no longer Motion, he felt Blood flowing round it, and Sighing cry'd ——*Ah*, Silvia! *I'm undone*——— *My Uncle*———*Oh my Parent*—— *Speak, Dear Sir! Oh! what unlucky Accident has done this fatal Deed?* *Silvia*, who was very ſoft by Nature, was extreamly ſurpriz'd, and frightned at the News of a Dead Man in her Chamber, ſo that ſhe was ready to run Mad with the Apprehenſion of it: She rav'd and tore her ſelf, and expreſt her Fright in Cries and Diſtraction; ſo that *Octavio* was compelled from one charitable Grief to another. He goes to her and Comforts her, and tells, ſince 'tis by no deſign of either of them, their Innocence will be their Guardian Angel. He tells her all their fault was Love, which made him ſo heedleſly fond of Joys with her, he ſtaid to reap thoſe when he ſhould have ſecur'd 'em by Flight. He tells her this is now no place to ſtay in, and

that he would put on her Clothes and fly with her to ſome ſecure part of the World; *For who*, ſaid he, *that finds this poor Unfortunate here, will not charge his Death on me or thee. ——Haſt then, my deareſt Maid, haſte, haſte, and let us fly*——So dreſſing her he led her into *Antonett's* Chamber, and conjured her to ſay nothing of the Accident, while he went to ſee which way they could get out. So locking the Chamber door where the dead Body lay, which by this time was ſtiff and cold, he lock'd that alſo of his Uncle's Chamber, and calling the Page they all got themſelves ready; and putting two Horſes in the Coach, they unſeen and unperceived got themſelves all out: The Servants having drunk hard at their meeting in the Country laſt Night, were all too ſound aſleep to underſtand any thing of what paſt. It being now about the Break of Day, *Octavio* was the Coach man, and the Page Riding by the Coach-

ſide,

ſide, while *Silvia* and *Antonett* were in it, they in an hours time reach'd the Town, where *Octavio* pack'd up all that was carriageable; took his own Coach and Six Horſes; left his Affairs to the Management of a Kinſman that dwelt with him; took Bills to the value of two thouſand Pounds, and immediately left the Town, after receiving ſome Letters that came laſt Night by the Poſt, one of which was from *Philander*; and indeed this new Grief upon *Octavio*'s Soul, made him the moſt Dejected and Melancholy Man in the World, inſomuch that he, who never wept for any thing but for love, was often found with Tears rowling down his Cheeks, at the remembrance of an Accident ſo deplorable, and of which he and his unhappy Paſſion was the Cauſe, tho' Innocently: Yet could not the dire Reflection of that, nor the loſs of ſo tender a Parent, as was *Sebaſtian*, leſſen one Spark of that Fire for *Silvia*, whoſe unfortunate

Flame

Flame had been ſo Fatal. While they were ſafe out of danger, the Servants of *Sebaſtian* admired when Ten, Eleven and Twelve a Clock was come, they ſaw neither the old Lord nor any of the new Gueſts. But when the Coachman miſt his Coach and Horſes he was in a greater maze, and thought ſome Body had ſtollen 'em, and accuſing himſelf of Sluggiſhneſs and Debauchery, that made him not able to hear when the Coach went out, he forſwore all Drinking. But when the Houſekeeper and he met and diſcourſed about the Lady and the reſt, they concluded that the old Gentleman and ſhe were agreed upon the matter; and being got to Bed together had quite forgot themſelves; and made a Thouſand Roguiſh remarks upon 'em. They believed the Maid and the Page too were as well imploy'd, ſince they ſaw neither. But when Dinner was ready ſhe went up to the Maids Chamber and found it empty,

empty, as alſo that of the Page; her Heart then preſaging ſomething, ſhe ventures to knock at her Lord's Chamber door, but finding it Lock'd and none Anſwer, they broke it open; and after doing the ſame by that of *Silvia*, they found the Poor *Sebaſtian* ſtretched on the Floor, and Shot in the Head, the *Toylet* pull'd almoſt down, and the Lock of the Piſtol hanging in the point of the *Toylet* intangled, and the Muzzle of it juſt againſt the Wound. At firſt when they ſaw him they fanſied *Silvia* might kill him, for either offering to come to Bed to her in the Night, or for ſome other Malicious end. But when they ſaw how the Piſtol lay they fanſied it Accident in the Dark; *For*, ſaid the Woman,——*I and my Daughter have been up ever ſince Day-break, and, I'm ſure no ſuch thing happened then, nor could they ſince eſcape:* And it being natural in *Holland* to cry, *Lope Schellum*, that is, Run Rogue, to him that

that is alive, and who has killed another; and for every Man to ſet a helping Hand to bear him out of Danger, thinking it too much that one's already dead: I ſay, this being the Nature of the People, they never purſu'd the Murderers or fled Perſons, but ſuffered *Sebaſtian* to lie till the Coroner ſat upon him, who found it, or at leaſt thought it, Accident; and there was all for that time. But this, with all the reaſonable Circumſtances, did not ſatisfie the *States*. Here is one of their High and Mighties killed, a fair Lady fled, and upon inquiry a fine Young Fellow too, the Nephew: All knew they were Rivals in this fair Lady; all knew there were Animoſities between 'em; all knew *Octavio* was abſconded ſome Days before; ſo that, upon Conſideration, they concluded he was Murdered by Compact; and the rather, becauſe they wiſh'd it ſo in ſpight to *Octavio*; and becauſe both he and *Silvia* were fled like

like Guilty Perſons. Upon this they make a Seizure of both his and his Uncle's Eſtate, to the uſe of the *States*. Thus the beſt and moſt glorious Man that ever grac'd that part of the World was undone by Love. While *Silvia* with Sighs and Tears would often ſay, *That ſure ſhe was born the Fate of all that Ador'd her, and no Man ever thriv'd that had a Deſign upon her, or a Pretenſion to her.*

Thus between exceſs of Grief and exceſs of Love, which indeed lay veil'd in the firſt, they arriv'd at *Bruxells*; where *Octavio*, having News of the proceedings of the *States* againſt him, reſolving rather to loſe his Life, than tamely to ſurrender his Right, he went forth in order to take ſome Care about it: And in theſe extreams of a troubled Mind he had forgot to read *Philander*'s Letters, but gave 'em to *Silvia* to peruſe, till he return'd, beſeeching and conjuring her, by all the

the Charms of Love, not to ſuffer her ſelf to be afflicted, but now to conſider ſhe was wholly his; and ſhe could not, and ought not to rob him of a Sigh or tear for any other Man. For they had concluded to marry as ſoon as *Silvia* ſhould be delivered from that Part of *Philander* of which ſhe was poſſeſs'd. Therefore beholding her intirely his own, of whom ſhe was ſo fondly tender, he could not indure the Wind ſhou'd blow on her, and kiſs her lovely Face: Jealous of even the Air ſhe breath'd, he was ever putting her in mind of whoſe and what ſhe was; and ſhe ever giving him new Aſſurances that ſhe was only *Octavio's*. The laſt part of his ill News he conceal'd from her; that of the Uſage of the *States*. He was ſo intirely careful of her Fame, that he had two Lodgings, one, moſt magnificent, for her, another for himſelf; and only viſited her all the live-long Day. And being now retired

tired from her, ſhe, whoſe Love and Curioſity grew leſs every day for the falſe *Philander*, open'd his Letter with a Sigh of departed Love, and read this.

Philander *to* Octaivo.

SURE of your Friendſhip, my dear Octavio, *I venture to lay before you the Hiſtory of my Misfortunes, as well as thoſe of my Joys; equally extream.*

In my laſt I gave you an Account how triumphing a Lover I was in the Poſſeſſion of the adorable Caliſta; *and how very near I was being ſurpriz'd in the Fountain, where I had hid my ſelf from the Rage of old* Clarinau; *and eſcaped wet and cold to my Lodging: And tho' indeed I eſcaped, it was not without giving the old Husband a Jealouſy, which put him upon an Inquiry after a ſtricter manner, as I heard the next day from* Caliſta; *but with as ill Succeſs as the Night before;*

fore; notwithstanding it appears by what after happened that he still retain'd his Jealousy, and that of me, from a thousand little Inquiries I had from time to time made, from my being now absent, and most of all from my being (as now he fansied) that Vision which Calista *saw in the Garden. All these Circumstances wrought a thousand* Canundrums *in his* Spanish *politick Noddle: And he resolves that* Calista's *Actions should be more narrowly watch'd. This I can only guess from what insu'd. I am not able to say by what good Fortune I escap'd several happy Nights after the first, but 'tis certain I did so; for the old Man carrying all things fair to the lovely Countess, she thought herself secure in her Joys hitherto, as to any Discovery: However I never went on this dear Adventure but I was well arm'd against any Mishaps of Poinard, Sword, and Pistol, that Garb of a right* Spainard. Calista *had been married above two years before I beheld her,*

her, and had never been with Child: But it ſo chanc'd, that ſhe conceived the very firſt Night of our Happineſs; ſince which time not all her Flatteries and Charms could prevail for one Night with the old Count: For, whether from her ſeeming Fondneſs he imagined the Cauſe, or what other Reaſon he had to withſtand her Deſire and Careſſes, I know not: But ſtill he found or feigned ſome Excuſes to put her off; ſo that Caliſta's Fears and Love increaſed with her growing Belly. And tho' almoſt every Night I had the fair young Charmer in Bed with me (without the leaſt Suſpicion on Dormina's ſide) or elſe in the Arbours, or on flowry Banks in the Garden: Till I am confident there was not a Walk, a Grove, an Arbour, or Bed of Sweets, that was not conſcious of our ſtollen Delights. Nay we grew ſo very bold in Love, that we often ſuffered the Day to break upon us; and ſtill eſcaped his Spyes, who by either watching at the wrong Door,

Door, or part of the vaſt Garden; or by Sleepineſs and Careleſneſs ſtill let us paſs their View. Four happy Months, thus bleſs'd and thus ſecur'd, we liv'd when Caliſta *could no longer conceal her growing Shame from the Jealous* Clarinau *or* Dormina. *She fear'd with too much reaſon that 'twas Jealouſy which made him refrain her Bed, tho' he diſſembled well all Day: and one Night, weeping in my Boſom, with all the tenderneſs of Love, ſhe ſaid,* That if I loved her, as ſhe hoped I did, I ſhould be ſhortly very miſerable: For oh, *cry'd ſhe,* I can no longer hide this —— dear Effect of my ſtollen Happineſs —— and *Clarinau* will no ſooner perceive my Condition, but he will uſe his utmoſt Rigour againſt me, I know his jealous Nature, and find I am undone——— *With that ſhe told me how he had killed his firſt Wife; for which he was obliged to fly from the Court and Country of* Spain: *And that ſhe found from all his Severity he was not*

not chang'd from his Nature. In fine, ſhe ſaid and lov'd ſo much, that I was wholly charm'd, and vow'd myſelf her Slave, or Sacrifice, either to follow what ſhe could propoſe, or fall a Victim with her to my Love. After which 'twas concluded (neither having a mind to leave the World, when we both knew ſo well how to make our ſelves happy in it) that the next Night I ſhould bring her a Suit of Man's Cloths; and ſhe would in that Diſguiſe fly with me to any part of the World. For ſhe vow'd if this unlucky Force of Flying had not happened to her, ſhe had not been longer able to have indured his Tyranny and Slavery: But had reſolved to break her Chain, and put her ſelf upon any Fortune. So that after the uſual Indearments on both ſides, I left her reſolved to follow my Fortune, and ſhe me, to ſacrifice all to her Repoſe. That Night, and all next Day, ſhe was not idle; but put up all her Jewels, of which ſhe had the richeſt of a-

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ny Lady in all thoſe Parts, for in that the old Count was over laviſh: And the next Night I brought her a Suit, which I had made that day on purpoſe; as gay as could be made in ſo ſhort a time; and ſcaling my Wall well arm'd, I found her ready at the Door to receive me; and going into an Arbour, by the aid of a Dark-Lanthorn I carried, ſhe dreſs'd her in a lace'd Shirt of mine, and this Suit I had brought her, of blew Velvet, trim'd with rich Loops and Buttons of Gold; a white Hat and white Feather; a fair Peruke, and ſcarlet Breeches, the reſt ſuitable. And I muſt confeſs to you, my dear Octavio, *that never any thing appear'd ſo Raviſhing, and yet I have ſeen* Silvia! *But even ſhe a Baby to this more noble Figure.* Caliſta *is tall, and faſhioned the moſt divinely——the moſt proper for that dreſs of any of her Sex: And I own I never ſaw any thing ſo Beautiful all over, from Head to Foot: And Viewing her thus (carrying my Lan-*

Lanthorn all about her,) but more e-ſpecially her Face, her wondrous Charming Face——(Pardon me if I ſay, what does but look like Flattery)——I never ſaw any thing more reſembling my dear Octavio, *than the lovely* Caliſta. *Your very Feature, your very Smile and Air; ſo that, if poſſible, that increas'd my Adoration and Eſteem for her: Thus compleated, I Armed her and buckled on her Sword, and ſhe would needs have one of my Piſtols too, that ſtuck in my Belt; and now ſhe appeared all lovely Man. 'Twas ſo late by that time we had done, that the Moon which began to ſhine very Bright, gave us a thouſand little Fears, and diſpoſing her Jewels all about us ſafe, we began our Adventure, with a Thouſand dreadful Apprehenſions on* Caliſta's *ſide. And going up the Walk towards the place where we were to mount the Wall; juſt at the end of it, turning a Corner we encountr'd Two Men, who were too near us to be prevented.* Oh, *cry'd* Caliſta *to me, who*

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ſaw 'em firſt,——My dear *Philander* we are undone! *I look'd and ſaw 'em and replied*, My Charmer, do not fear, they are but two to two who e'er they be; for Love, and I, ſhall be of force enough to Encounter 'em. No, my *Philander*, *replied ſhe briskly*, 'tis I will be your Second in this Rancounter. *At this approaching 'em more near (for they haſted to us, nor could we fly from them,) we ſoon found by his hobling, that old* Clarinau *was one, and the other a Tall Spaniard, his Nephew. I clapt my Hair under my Hat, and both of us making a ſtand, we reſolv'd if they durſt not venture on us to let 'em paſs——but* Clarinau, *who was on that ſide which faced* Caliſta, *cry'd*, Ah Villain, have I caught thee! *and at the ſame inſtant with a* Poniard *ſtabbed her into the Arm; for with a ſudden turn ſhe evaded it from her Heart, to which it was deſigned. At which repaying his Complement, ſhe ſhot of her Piſtol, and down he fell, crying out for a Prieſt; while I at the*

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ſame time laid my Tall Boy at his Feet. I caught my dear Virago in my Arms, and haſted through the Garden with her, and was very haſty in mounting my Ladder, putting my fair Second before me, without ſo much as daring yet to ask her if ſhe were wounded, leaſt it ſhould have hindred our flight if I had found her hurt: Nor knew I ſhe was ſo, till I felt her warm precious Blood ſtreaming on my Face, as I lifted her over the Wall; but I ſoon conveyed her into my new Lodgings; yet not ſoon enough to ſecure her from thoſe that purſu'd us. For with their bauling they alarm'd ſome of the Servants, who looking narrowly for the Murderers, track'd us by Caliſta's Blood, which they ſaw with their Flambeaus from the Place where Clarinau and his Nephew lay, to the very Wall; and thinking from our Wounds we could not eſcape far, they ſearching the Houſes, found me dreſſing Caliſta's Wound, which I kiſt a Thouſand times. But the matchleſs Courage of the fair Vira-

go! the Magnanimity of Caliſta's *Soul! nothing of fooliſh Woman harbour'd there, nothing but ſoftest Love; for while I was raving mad, tearing my Hair and curſing my Fate in vain, ſhe had no concern but for me; no pain but that of her fear of being taken from me and being delivered to old* Clarinau, *whom I fear'd was not dead; nor could the very ſeizing her daunt her Spirits, but with an unmatch'd Fortitude ſhe bore it all; ſhe only wiſh'd ſhe could have eſcaped without Bloodſhed. We were both led to Priſon, but none knew who we were, for thoſe that ſeized us had by chance never ſeen me, and* Caliſta's *Habit ſecured the diſcovery. While we both remained there, we had this Comfort of being well Lodg'd together; for they did not go about to part us, being in for one Crime. And all the ſatisfaction ſhe had, was, that ſhe ſhou'd, ſhe hop'd, die concealed, if ſhe muſt die for the Crime; and that was much a greater Joy than to think ſhe ſhould be ren-*

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der'd back to Clarinau, who in a few days we heard was upon his Recovery; this gave her new fears; but I confeſs to you I was not afflicted at it; nor did I think it hard for me to bribe Caliſta off; for the Maſter of the Priſon was very Civil and Poor, ſo that with the help of ſome few of Caliſta's Jewels, he was wrought upon to let her eſcape, I offering to remain and bear all the brunt of the Buſineſs, and to pay whatever he could be Fined for it. Theſe Reaſons, with the ready Jewels mollified the needy Raſcal; and tho' loath ſhe were to leave me; yet ſhe being aſſured that all they could do was but to fine me; and her ſtay ſhe knew was her inevitable Ruine, ſhe at laſt ſubmitted, leaving me ſufficient in Jewels to ſatisfie for all that could happen, which were the Value of a Hundred thouſand Crowns. She is fled to Bruxels, to a Nunnery of Auguſtin's, where the Lady Abbeſs is her Aunt, and where for a little time ſhe is ſecure, till I can follow her.

I beg of you, my dear Octavio, *write to me, and write me a Letter of Recommendation to the Magistrates here, who all being concern'd when any one of 'em is a Cuckold, are very severe upon Criminals in those Cases. I tire you with my Melancholy Adventure —— but 'tis some ease in the Extreams of Grief to receive the tender Pity of a Friend, and that I'm sure* Octavio *will afford his unhappy*

Philander.

As cold and as unconcern'd as *Silvia* imagin'd she had found her Heart to *Philander*'s Memory, at the reading of this Letter, in spight of all the Tenderness she had for *Octavio*, she was possest with all those pains of Love and Jealousie, which heretofore tormented her when Love was Young, and *Philander* appeared with all those Charms with which he first Conquered; she found the

the Fire was but hid under thoſe Embers, which every little blaſt blows of and makes it Flame anew. 'Twas now that ſhe forgetting all the paſt Obligations of *Octavio*, all his vaſt Preſents, his Vows, his Sufferings, his Paſſion and his Youth, abandon'd her ſelf wholly to her Tenderneſs for *Philander*, and drowns her fair Cheeks in a Shower of Tears: And having eas'd her Heart a little by this natural Relief of her Sex, ſhe opened the Letter that was deſign'd for her ſelf, and read this.

To Silvia.

I *Know, my lovely* Silvia, *I am accuſed of a Thouſand Barbarities, for unkindly detaining your Lover, who long ere this ought to have thrown himſelf at your Feet, imploring a thouſand Pardons for his tedious Six Months abſence, tho' the affliction of it is all my own, and I am afraid all*

the Punishment; but when, my dearest Silvia, *I reflect again, it is in order to our future Tranquility, I depend on your Love and Reason for my Excuse. I know my absence has procur'd me a Thousand Rivals, and you as many Adorers, and fear* Philander *appears grown old in Love, and worn out with Sorrow and Care, unfit for the soft Play of the Young and Delicate* Silvia; *new Lovers have new Vows and new Presents, and your fickle Sex stoop to the lavish Prostrate. Ill luck —— unkind Fate has rift'd me, and of a shining Fortune left me even to the Charity of the Stingie World; and I have now no Complement to maintain the esteem in so great a Soul as that of* Silvia, *but that old repeated one of telling her my dull, my trifling Heart is still her own: But, oh! I want the presenting Eloquence that so perswades and charms the Fair, and am reduced to that fatal Torment of a generous Mind, rather to ask and take than to bestow. Yet out of my contemp-*

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tible ſtock, I have ſent my Silvia *ſomething towards that dangerous unavoidable hour, which will declare me, however, a happy Father of what my* Silvia *bears about her; 'tis a Bill for a thouſand Pattacoons. I am at preſent under an eaſie reſtraint, about a little Diſpute between a Man of Quality here and my ſelf, I had alſo been at* Bruxels *to have provided all things for your coming Ilneſs, but every day expect my Liberty, and then without delay I will take Poſt, and bring* Philander *to your Arms.*

I have News that Cæſario *is arrived at* Bruxels. *I am at preſent a Stranger to all that paſſes, and having a double Obligation to haſte, you need not fear but I ſhall do ſo.*

This Letter raiſed in her a different Sentiment from that of the Story of his Misfortune; and that taught her to know that this he had writ to her was all falſe and diſſembl'd: Which made her in con-

cluding the Letter, cry out with a vehement Scorn and Indignation ——*Oh how I hate thee, Traytor! who haſt the Impudence to continue thus to impoſe upon me, as if I wanted common Senſe to ſee thy Baſeneſs: For what can be more Baſe and Cowardly than Lyes, that poor Plebeian Shift; contemn'd by Men of Honour or of Wit.* This ſhe ſpoke without reminding that this moſt contemptible Quality ſhe her ſelf was equally guilty of, tho' infinitely more excuſable in her Sex, there being a thouſand little Actions of their Lives liable to Cenſure and Reproach, which they would willingly excuſe and colour over with little Falſities; but in a Man, whoſe moſt inconſtant Actions paſs oftentimes for innocent Gallantries, and to whom 'tis no Infamy to own a thouſand Amours, but rather a Glory to his Fame and Merit: I ſay, in him (whom Cuſtom has favoured with an Allowance to commit any Vice

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and boaſt it) 'tis not ſo brave. And this Fault of *Philander*'s cur'd *Silvia* of her Diſeaſe of Love; and chaſed from her Heart all that Softneſs which once had ſo much favoured him. Nevertheleſs ſhe was fill'd with Thoughts that fail'd not to make her extreamly Melancholy: And 'twas in this Humour *Octavio* found her; who forgetting all his own Griefs to leſſen hers (for his Love was arrived to a degree of Madneſs) he careſſes her with all the Eloquence his Paſſion could pour out; he falls at her Feet, and pleads with ſuch a Look and Voice as could not be reſiſted; nor ceas'd he till he had talk'd her into Eaſe, till he had look'd and lov'd her into a perfect Calm: 'Twas then he urged her to a new Confirmation of her Heart to him, and took hold of every yielding Softneſs in her to improve his Advantage. He preſs'd her to all he wiſh'd, but by ſuch tender Degrees, by Arts ſo fond and indearing that

ſhe could deny nothing. In this Humour ſhe makes a thouſand Vows againſt *Philander*; to hate him as a Man that has firſt ruined her Honour, and then abandon'd her to all the Ills that attend ungoverned Youth, and unguarded Beauty: She makes *Octavio* ſwear as often to be reveng'd on him, for the Diſhonour of his Siſter: Which being performed, they re-aſſum'd all the Satisfactions, which had ſeem'd almoſt deſtroy'd by adverſe Fate, and for a little ſpace liv'd in great Tranquillity; or if *Octavio* had Sentiments that repreſented paſt Unhappineſſes and a future Proſpect of ill Conſequences, he ſtrove with all the Power of Love to hide 'em from *Silvia*. In this time they often ſent to the Nunnery of the *Auguſtins*, to inquire of the Counteſs of *Clarinau*; and at laſt hearing ſhe was arrived, no force of Perſwaſion or Reaſon could hinder *Silvia* from going to make her a Viſit: *Octavio* pleads in vain

vain the overthrow of all his Revenge, by his Sisters knowlege that her Intrigue was found out: But in an Undress——for her Condition permitted no other, she is carried to the Monastery, and asks for the Mother Prioress, who came to the Grate: Where after the first Complement's over, she tells her she is a Relation to that Lady who such a day came to the House. *Silvia* by her Habit and Equipage appearing of Quality; was answered, that tho' the Lady were very much indispos'd, and unfit to appear at the Grate, she would nevertheless indeavour to serve her, since she was so earnest; and commanding one of the Nuns to call down Madam the Countess, she immediately came; but tho' in a Dress all negligent, and Face where Languishment appear'd, she at first sight surpriz'd our Fair One; with a certain Majesty in her Mein and Motion, and an Air of Greatness in her Face, which resembled that of

Octavio:

Octavio: So that not being able to ſuſtain her ſelf on her trembling Supporters, ſhe was ready to faint at a Sight ſo charming, and a Form Angelick. She ſaw her all that *Philander* had deſcribed; nor could the Partiality of his Paſſion render her more lovely than ſhe appear'd this Inſtant to *Silvia*. She came to reproach her— -but ſhe found a Majeſty in her Looks above all Cenſure, that aw'd the jealous Upbraider, and almoſt put her out of Countenance; and with a riſing Bluſh ſhe ſeem'd aſham'd of her Errand. At this Silence the lovely *Caliſta*, a little ſurpriz'd, demanded of an attending Nun if that Lady would ſpeak with her? This awaked *Silvia* into an Addreſs, and ſhe reply'd; *Yes, Madam, I am the Unfortunate, who am compell'd by my hard Fate to complain of the moſt charming Woman that ever Nature made: I thought in coming hither I ſhould have had no other Buſineſs but to have told you how*

how falſe, how perjured a Lover I had had; but at a Sight ſo wondrous I blame him no more (whom I find now compell'd to Love) but you, who have taken from me, by your Charms, the only Bleſſing Heaven had lent me. This ſhe ended with a Sigh, and Madam the Counteſs, who from the beginning of her ſpeaking gueſs'd, from a certain trembling at her Heart, who it was ſhe ſpoke of, reſolv'd to ſhow no Signs of a womaniſh Fear or Jealouſy, but with an unalterable Air and Courage, reply'd, *Madam, if my Charms were ſo powerful, as you are pleaſed to tell me they are, they ſure have attracted too many Lovers for me to underſtand which of 'em it is I have been ſo unhappy to rob you of. If he be a gallant Man, I ſhall neither deny him, nor repent my Loving him the more, for his having been a Lover before.* To which, *Silvia*, who expected not ſo brisk an Anſwer, reply'd; *She that makes ſuch a Confeſſion with ſo much Generoſity.*

rosity, I know cannot be insensible of the Injuries she does, but will have a Consideration and Pity for those Wretches at least, who are undone to establish her Satisfaction. *Madam*, reply'd the Countess (a little touch'd with the Tenderness and Sadness with which she spoke) *you have so just a Character of my Soul, that I assure you, I would not, for any Pleasure in the World, do an Action should render it less worthy of your good Thoughts. Name me the Man—— and if I find him such as I may return you with Honour, he shall find my Friendship no more.* *Ah Madam*, *'tis impossible*, cry'd *Silvia*, *that he can ever be mine, that has once had the Glory of being conquered by you; and what's yet more, of having conquered you.* *Nay, Madam*, reply'd *Calista*, *If your Loss be irrecoverable, I have no more to do, but to sigh with you, and join our hard Fates; but I am not so vain of my own Beauty, nor have so little Admiration for*

that

that of yours, to imagine I can retain any thing you have a Claim to; for me, I am not fond of Admirers, if Heaven be pleaſed to give me one, I ask no more. I'll leave the World to you, ſo it allow me my Philander. This ſhe ſpoke with a little Malice, which call'd up all the Bluſhes in the fair Face of *Silvia*; who a little netled at the word *Philander*, reply'd. *Go, take the perjur'd Man, and ſee how long you can maintain your Empire over his fickle Heart, who has already betray'd you to all the Reproach an incenſed Rival and an injured Brother can load you with: See where he has expoſed you to* Octavio; *and after that tell me what you can hope from ſuch a perjured Villain*—— At theſe Words ſhe gave her the Letter *Philander* had writ to *Octavio*, with that he had writ to herſelf—— and without taking Leave or ſpeaking any more, ſhe left her thoughtful Rival: Who after pauſing a Moment on what ſhould be writ

there

there, and what the angry Lady meant, ſhe ſilently paſſed on to her Chamber. But if ſhe were ſurprized with her Viſiter, ſhe was much more when opening the Letters, ſhe found one to her Brother, filled with the Hiſtory of her Infamy, and what preſſed her Soul more ſenſibly, the other fill'd with Paſſion and Softneſs to a Miſtriſs. She had ſcarcely read them out but a young Nun, her Kinswoman, came into her Chamber; whom I have ſince heard proteſt ſhe ſcarce ſaw in that Moment any Alteration in her, but that ſhe roſe and received her with her wonted Grace and Sweetneſs; and but for ſome Anſwers that ſhe made *mal a propo*, and Sighs that againſt her Will broke from her Heart, ſhe ſhould not have found an Alteration; but this being unuſual made her Inquiſitive; and the faint Denial ſhe met with made her importune, and that ſo earneſtly and with ſo many Vows of Fidelity and Secrecy, that

that *Caliſta*'s Heart, even breaking within, poured it ſelf for eaſe into the faithful Boſom of this young Devotee; and having told her all the Story of her Misfortune, ſhe began with ſo much Courage and bravery of Mind, to make Vows againſt the charming Betrayer of her Fame, and with him all Mankind; and this with ſuch Conſideration and Repentance as left no room for Reproach or Perſwaſion; and from this Moment reſolved never to quit the Solitude of the Cloyſters. She had all her Life before her Marriage lived in one, and wiſhed now ſhe never had ſeen the World, or departed from a Life ſo pure and Innocent. She looked upon this fatal Accident now a Bleſſing, to bring her back to a Life of Devotion and Tranquility: And indeed is a Miracle of Piety. Sometime after this ſhe was brought to Bed, but commanded the Child ſhould be removed where ſhe might never ſee it, which accordingly was done:

done; after which, in due time, she took the Habit; and remains a rare Example of Repentance, and Holy-living. This new Penitent became the News of the whole Town; and it was not without some Pleasure that *Octavio* heard it, as the only Action she could do that could reconcile him to her; the Knowledge of which, and a few soft Days with *Silvia*, made him chase away all those Shiverings that had seized him upon several Occasions: But *Silvia* was all Sweetness, all Love and good Humour, and made his Days easy, and his Nights intirely Happy. While on the other side there was no Satisfaction, no Pleasure, that the fond lavish Lover did not at any Price purchase for her Repose; for it was the whole Business of his Life to study what would charm and please her: And being assured by so many Vows of her Heart, there was nothing rested to make him perfectly Happy, but her being delivered of what

what belong'd to his Rival, and in which he had no part, he was at perfect Eaſe. This ſhe wiſhes with an Impatience equal to his; whoſe Love and Fondneſs for *Octavio* appeared to be arrived to the higheſt Degree, and ſhe every Minute expected to be freed from the only thing that hindred her from giving herſelf intirely to her impatient Lover.

In the midſt of this Serenity of Affairs, *Silvia*'s Page one day brings 'em News his Lord was arrived, and that he ſaw him in the Park walking with ſome *French* Gentlemen, and undiſcovered to him came to give her Notice, that ſhe might take her meaſures accordingly, in ſpight of all her Love to *Octavio*: Her Bluſhes flew to her Cheeks at the News, and her Heart panted with unuſual Motion; ſhe wonders at her ſelf and Fears, and doubts her own Reſolution; ſhe till now believ'd him wholly indifferent to her,

but

but ſhe knows not what Conſtruction this new Diſorder will bear; and what confounded and perplext her more, was, That *Octavio* beheld all theſe Emotions, with unconceivable reſentment; he ſwells with Pride and Anger, and even burſts with Grief, and not able longer to contain his complaint, he reproaches her in the ſofteſt Language that ever Love and Grief invented; while ſhe weeps with Shame and divided Love, and demands of him a Thouſand Pardons; ſhe deals thus kindly at leaſt with him to confeſs this Truth; that 'twas impoſſible, but at the approach of a Man who taught her firſt to Love, and for which Knowledge ſhe had paid ſo infinitely dear, ſhe could not but feel unuſual Motions, that that Tenderneſs and Infant Flame he once inſpired could not but have left ſome warmth about her Heart, and that *Philander*, the once charming dear *Philander*, could never be abſolutely

to

to her as a common Man, and beg'd that he would give ſome grains of allowance to a Maid, ſo ſoft by Nature, and who had once lov'd ſo well to be undone for the dear Object; and tho' every kind word ſhe gave his Rival was a Dagger at his Heart, nevertheleſs, he found, or would think he found ſome reaſon in what ſhe ſaid; at leaſt he ſeemed more appeaſed, while ſhe on the other ſide diſſembled all the eaſe and repoſe of Mind, that could flatter him to Calmneſs.

You muſt know that for *Silvia*'s Honour, ſhe had Lodgings by her ſelf, and *Octavio* had his in another Houſe, at an Aunts of his, a Widow, and a Woman of great Quality; and *Silvia* being near her Lying-in, had provided all things with the greateſt Magnificence imaginable, and paſt for a Young Widow whoſe Huſband died at the Siege of——*Octavio* only viſited her daily, and all the Nights ſhe had to her ſelf. For he

treated

treated her as one whom he design'd to make his Wife, and one whose Honour was his own; but that Night the News of *Philander*'s Arrival was told her, she was more than ordinary impatient to have him gone, pretending Illness, and yet seem'd loth to let him go, and Lovers (the greatest Cullies in Nature, and the apteſt to be deceived, tho' the most quick-sighted)——do the sooneſt believe; and finding it the more neceſſary he should depart, the more ill she feign'd to be; he took his Leave, and left her to her Repose, after taking all care neceſſary for one in her Circumstances. But she, to make his Absence more sure, and fearing least he should suspect something of her Design, being her self Guilty, she orders him to be called back, and Careſſes him anew, tells him she was never more unwilling to part with him, and all the while is complaining and wishing to be in Bed: And says he must not stir

till

till he ſees her laid. This obliges and cajoles him anew, and he will not ſuffer her Women to undreſs her, but does the grateful Buſineſs himſelf, and reaps ſome dear Recompence by every Service, and pleaſes his Eyes and Lips with the raviſhing Beauties of the looſe unguarded ſuffering Fair one. She permits him any thing to have him gone, which was not till he ſaw her laid as if to her Reſt: But he was no ſooner got into his Coach, but ſhe roſe and ſlip'd on her Night-Gown and ſome other looſe things, and got into a Chair, commanding her Page to conduct the Chair-men to all the great *Cabarets*: Where ſhe believed it moſt likely to find *Philander*; which was accordingly done; and the Page entering, enquires for ſuch a *Cavalier*, deſcribing his Perſon and fine remarkable black Hair of his own: But the firſt he entred into, he ſaw *Brilljard* beſpeaking Supper: For you muſt know that that Husband-

Lover

Lover being left, as I have ſaid, in Priſon in *Holland*, for the Accuſation of *Octavio*; the unhappy young Noble Man was no ſooner fled upon the unlucky Death of his Uncle, but the States ſet *Brilljard* at Liberty; who took his Journy immediately to *Philander*, whom he found juſt releaſed from his troubleſome Affair, and deſigned for *Bruxels*, where they arriv'd that very Morning. Where the firſt thing he did was to go to the Nunnery of St. *Auſtin*, to inquire for the fair *Caliſta*; but inſtead of encountring the kind, the impatient, the brave *Caliſta*, he was addreſſed to by the old Lady Abbeſs in ſo rough a manner, that he no longer doubted upon what Terms he ſtood there, tho' he wondered how they ſhould know his Story with *Caliſta*: When to put him out of Doubt, ſhe aſſured him he ſhould never more behold the Face of her injured Neece; for whoſe Revenge ſhe left him to Heaven. It was in

vain

vain he kneel'd and implored; he was confirm'd again and again ſhe ſhould never come from out the Confines of thoſe Walls; and that her whole remaining Life ſpent in Penitence was too little to waſh away her Sins with him: And giving him the Letter he ſent to *Octavio* (which *Silvia* had given *Caliſta*, and ſhe the Lady Abbeſs, with a full Confeſſion of her Fault) ſhe cry'd; *See there, Sir, the Treachery you have committed againſt a Woman of Quality—— whom your Criminal Love has rendred the moſt Miſerable of her Sex.* At the ending of which, ſhe drew the Curtain over the Grate and left him, wholly amazed and confounded, finding it to be the ſame he had writ to *Octavio*, and in it that he had writ to *Silvia*: By the ſight of which he no longer doubted but that Confident had betrayed him every way. He rails on his falſe Friendſhip, curſes the Lady Abbeſs, himſelf, his Fortune and his Birth;

but finds it all in vain: Nor was he ſo infinitely afflicted with the thought of the eternal loſs of *Caliſta* (becauſe he had poſſeſſed her) as he was to find himſelf betray'd to her, and doubtleſs to *Silvia* by *Octavio*; and nothing but *Caliſta*'s being confin'd from him (tho' ſhe were very dear and charming to his Thoughts) could have made him rave ſo extreamly for a Sight of her: He loves her the more by how much more it was impoſſible for him to ſee her; and that Difficulty and his Deſpair increaſed his Flame. In this Humour he went to his Lodging, the moſt undone extravagant that ever rag'd with Love. He conſiders her in a place where no Art or force of Love, or humane Wit can retrieve her; no nor ſo much as ſend her a Letter. This added to his Fury, and in his firſt wild Imaginations he reſolves nothing leſs than firing the Monaſtery, that in that Confuſion he might Seize his right

of

of Love; and do a Deed that would render his Name as famous as the *Athenian* Youth, who to get a Fame, tho' an Inglorious one, fired the Temple of their Gods. But his Rage abating by Conſideration, that Impiety dwelt not long with him: And he ran over a number more, till from one to another he reduced himſelf to a degree of Moderation, which preſented him with ſome flattering Hope, that gave him a little Eaſe: 'Twas then that *Chivalier Tomaſo*, and another *French* Gentleman of *Ceſario*'s Faction (who were newly arrived in *Bruxells*) came to pay him their Reſpects: And after a while carried him into the Park to walk, where *Silvia*'s Page had ſeen him; and from whence they ſent *Brilljard* to beſpeak Supper at this *Cabaret*, where *Silvia*'s Chair and herſelf waited, and where the Page found *Brilljard*, of whom he asked for his Lord; but underſtanding he would not poſſibly come in

ſome Hours, being deſign'd for Court that Evening, whither he was obliged to go and kiſs the Governours Hands, he went to the Lady, who was almoſt dead with Impatience, and told her what he had learn'd: Upon which ſhe ordered her Chairmen to carry her back to her Lodgings, for ſhe would not be perſwaded to ask any Queſtions of *Brilljard*, for whom ſhe had a mortal Hate: However ſhe reſolved to ſend the Page back with a Billet to wait *Philander*'s coming; which was not long; for having ſooner diſpatched their Complement at Court than they believed they ſhould, they went all to Supper together, where *Brilljard* had beſpoke it: where being impatient to learn all the Adventures of *Ceſario* ſince his Departure from him, and of which no Perſon could give ſo good an Account as *Chevalier Tomaſo*, *Philander* gave order that no body whomſoever ſhould diſturb them, and

and ſate himſelf down to liſten to the Fortune of the Prince.

You know, my Lord, ſaid *Tomaſo*, the ſtate of Things at your Departure; and that all our glorious Deſigns for the Liberty of all *France* were diſcover'd and betray'd by ſome of thoſe little Raſcals, that great Men are obliged to make uſe of in the greateſt Deſigns: Upon whoſe Confeſſion you were proſcrib'd, my ſelf, this Gentleman, and ſeveral others: It was our good Fortunes to eſcape untaken, and yours to fall firſt into the Meſſenger's Hands, and carried to the *Baſtile*, even from whence you had the Luck to eſcape: But it was not ſo with *Ceſario*. *Heavens*, cry'd *Philander*, *the Prince I hope is not taken?* No ſo neither, reply'd *Tomaſo*, nor ſhould you wonder you have receiv'd no News of him in a long time, ſince forty thouſand Crowns being offered for his Head, or to any that could diſcover him, it would have expoſed

him to have written to any body, he being beſet on all ſides with Spies from the King; ſo that it was impoſſible to venture a Letter without very great Hazzard of his Life. Beſides all theſe Hindrances, *Ceſario*, who, you know, was ever a great admirer of the fair Sex, happen'd in this his Retreat to fall moſt deſperately in Love: Nor could the fears of Death, which alarm'd him on all ſides, deterr him from this new Amour: Which becauſe it has Relation to ſome part of his Adventures, I cannot omit, eſpecially to your Lordſhip, his Friend, to whom every Circumſtance of that Princes Fate and Fortune will be of Concern.

You muſt imagin, my Lord, that your Seizure and Eſcape was enough to alarm the whole Party; and there was not a Man of the League who did not think it high time to look about him, when one, ſo conſiderable as your Lordſhip, was ſurpriz'd.

Nor

Nor did the Prince himſelf any longer believe himſelf ſafe; but retired himſelf under the darkneſs of the following Night: He went only accompanied with his Page, to a Ladies Houſe, a Widow of Quality in *Paris*, that populous City; being as he conceived; the ſecureſt Place to conceal himſelf in. This Lady was Madam the Counteſs of—— who had, as you know, my Lord, one only Daughter, *Madamioſell Hermione*, the Heireſs of her Family. The Prince knew this young Lady had a Tenderneſs for him ever ſince they were both very young, which firſt took beginning in a Mask at Court, where ſhe then acted *Mercury*, and danced ſo exceeding finely, that ſhe gave our young Hero new Deſire, if not abſolute Love; and charm'd him at leaſt into Wiſhes. She was then old enough to perceive ſhe conquered, as well as to make a Conqueſt: And ſhe was capable of receiving Impreſſions, as well

as to give 'em: And it was believed by ſome who were very near the Prince, and knew all his Secrets then, that this young Lady pitied the Sighs of the Royal Lover, and even then rewarded 'em: And tho' this were moſt credibly whiſpered, yet methinks it ſeems impoſſible he ſhould then have been happy, and after ſo many Years, after the Poſſeſſion of ſo many other Beauties, ſhould return to her again, and find all the Paſſions and Pains of a beginning Flame. But there is nothing to be wondered at in the Contradictions and Humours of Man's humane Nature. But however inconſtant and wavering he had been, *Hermione* retain'd her firſt Paſſion for him; and that I leſs wonder at, ſince you know the Prince has the moſt charming Perſon in the World, and is the moſt perfectly Beautiful of all his Sex: To this his Youth and Quality adds no little Luſtre; and I ſhould not wonder if all the ſofter Sex ſhould languiſh

languiſh for him, not that any one ſhould love on—— who hath once been touch'd with Love for him. 'Twas this laſt Aſſurance the Prince ſo abſolutely depended on, that (notwithſtanding ſhe was far from the Opinion of his Party) made him reſolve to take Sanctuary in thoſe Arms he was ſure would receive him in any Condition and Circumſtances. But now he makes her new Vows, which poſſibly at firſt his Safety obliged him to, while ſhe return'd 'em with all the Paſſion of Love. He made a thouſand Submiſſions to Madam the Counteſs, who he knew was fond of her Daughter to that degree, that for her Repoſe ſhe was even willing to behold the Sacrifice of her Honour to this Prince, whom ſhe knew *Hermione* loved even to Death; ſo fond, ſo blindly fond is Nature: And indeed after a little time that he lay there conceal'd, he reap'd all the Satisfaction that Love could give him, or his Youth could wiſh, with

all the Freedom imaginable. He only made Vows of renouncing all other Women, what Ties or Obligations ſoever he had upon him; and to reſign himſelf intirely up to *Hermione*. I know not what new Charms he had found by frequent Converſation with her, and being uninterrupted by the ſight of any other Ladies; but 'tis moſt certain, my Lord, he grew to that exceſs of Love, or rather Doatage (if Love in one ſo young, can be call'd ſo) that he languiſhes for her, even while he poſſeſſed her all: He dy'd, if oblig'd by Company to retire from her an Hour, at the end of which, being again brought to her; he would fall at her Feet, and ſigh, and weep, and make the moſt pitious Moan that ever Love inſpir'd. He would complain upon the Cruelty of a Moment's Abſence, and vow he could not live where ſhe was not. All that diſturbed his Happineſs, he reproach'd as Enemies to his Repoſe, and at laſt made

made her feign an Illneſs, that no Viſits might be made her, and that he might poſſeſs all her Hours. Nor did *Hermione* perceive all this without making her Advantages of ſo glorious an Opportunity; but with the uſual Cunning of her Sex, improved every Minute ſhe gave him: She now found herſelf ſure of the Heart of the fineſt Man in the World; and of one ſhe believed would prove the greateſt, being the Head of a moſt powerful Faction, who were reſolved the firſt Opportunity to order Affairs ſo as to come to an open Rebellion, and to make him a King. All theſe things, how unlikely ſoever in Reaſon, her Love and Ambition ſuggeſted to her; ſo that ſhe believed ſhe had but one Game more to play to eſtabliſh herſelf the greateſt and moſt happy Woman in the World. She conſults in this weighty Affair with her Mother, who had a ſhare of Cunning that could carry on a Deſign

as

as well as any of her Sex. They found but one Obſtacle to all *Hermione's* riſing Greatneſs; and that was the Prince's being married; and that to a Lady of ſo conſiderable Birth and Fortune, ſo eminent for her Vertue, and all Perfections of Woman-kind; and withal ſo excellent for Wit and Beauty, that 'twas impoſſible to find any Cauſe of a Separation between 'em. So that finding it improbable to remove that Lett to her Glories, ſhe grew very Melancholy; which was ſoon perceived by the too Amorous Prince, who pleads, and ſighs, and weeps on her Boſom Day and Night to find the Cauſe: But ſhe, who found ſhe had a difficult Game to play, and that ſhe had need of all her little Aids, pretends a thouſand little frivolous Reaſons before ſhe diſcovers the true one; which ſerv'd but to oblige him to ask anew, as ſhe deſign'd he ſhould ——At laſt, one Morning, finding him in the ſofteſt fit in the World, and

and ready to give her whatever ſhe could ask in return for the Secret of her Diſquiet, ſhe told him with a Sigh, how Unhappy ſhe was in loving ſo violently a Man who could never be any thing to her more than the Robber of her Honour: And at laſt with abundance of Sighs and Tears bewail'd his Marriage——— He taking her with all the Joy imaginable in his Arms, thank'd her for ſpeaking of the only thing he had a thouſand times been going to offer to her, but durſt not for fear ſhe ſhould Reproach him. He told her he look'd upon himſelf as married to no Woman but herſelf, to whom, by a thouſand ſolemn Vows he had contracted himſelf, and that he would never own any other while he liv'd, let Fortune do what ſhe pleas'd with him. *Hermione* thriving hitherto ſo well, urged his eaſy Heart yet farther, and told him, Tho' ſhe had left no Doubt remaining in her of his Love and Vertue, no ſuſpicion of his.

his Vows, yet the World would ſtill eſteem the Princeſs his Wife, and her ſelf only as a Proſtitute to his Youthful Pleaſure; and as ſhe conceiv'd her Birth and Fortune not to be much inferior to that of the Princeſs, ſhe ſhould die with Indignation and Shame, to bear all the Reproach of his Wantonneſs, while his now Wife would live eſteem'd and pitied as an injured Innocent. To all which he reply'd, as mad in Love, That the Princeſs, he confeſs'd, was a Lady to whom he had Obligations, but that he eſteem'd her no more his Wife, ſince he was married to her at the Age of twelve Years; an Age wherein he was not capacitated to chuſe Good or Evil, or to anſwer for himſelf, or his Inclinations: And tho' ſhe were a Lady of abſolute Vertue, of Youth, Wit and Beauty; yet Fate had ſo ordain'd it, that he had reſerv'd his Heart to this Moment intirely for herſelf; and that he renounc'd all Pretenders to him except

cept her ſelf; that he had now poſſeſs'd the Princeſs for the ſpace of twenty Years; that Youth had a long Race to run, and could not take up at thoſe Years with one ſingle Beauty: That hitherto Ravage and Deſtruction of Hearts had been his Province and Glory, and that he thought he had never loſt time but when he was a little while Conſtant: But now he was fix'd to all he would ever poſſeſs whilſt he had Breath; and that ſhe was both his Miſtreſs and his Wife; his eternal Happineſs, and the end of all his Loving. 'Tis there he ſaid he would remain as in his firſt ſtate of Innocence: That hitherto his Ambition had been above his Paſſion, but that now his Heart was ſo intirely ſubdu'd to this fair Charmer (for ſo he call'd and thought her) that he could be content to live and die in the Glory of being hers alone, without wiſhing for Liberty or Empire, but to render her more Glorious. A thouſand

ſand things tender and fond he ſaid to this purpoſe, and the reſult of all ended in moſt ſolemn Vows, That if ever Fortune favoured him with a Crown, he would fix it on her Head, and make her in ſpight of all former Ties and Obligations Queen of *France*. This was ſufficient to appeaſe her Sighs and Tears, and ſhe remain'd intirely ſatisfied of his Vows, which were exchanged before Madam the Counteſs, and confirm'd by all the binding Obligations Love on his ſide could invent, and Ambition and Subtilty on hers. When I came at any time to viſit him, which by ſtealth a-nights I ſometimes did, to take Orders from him how I ſhould act in all things (tho' I lay conceal'd like himſelf) he would tell me all that had paſſed between him and *Hermione*. I ſuppoſe, not ſo much for the repoſing the Secret in my Breaſt, as out of a fond Pleaſure to be relating Paſſages of his Doatage, and repeating her Name, which

was

was ever in his Mouth: I ſaw ſhe had reduc'd him to a great degree of Slavery, and could not look tamely on, while a Hero ſo young, ſo gay, ſo great, and ſo hopeful, lay idling away his precious Time, without doing any thing, either in order for his own Safety or Ambition. 'Twas, my Lord, a great pity to ſee how his noble Reſolution was changed, and how he was perfectly effeminated into ſoft Woman. I indeavoured at laſt to rouſe him from this Lethargy of Love; and argued with him the little Reaſon, that in my Opinion he had to be ſo charm'd. I told him *Hermione*, of all the Beauties of *France*, was eſteemed one of the meaneſt, and that if ever ſhe had gain'd a Conqueſt (as many ſhe was infamouſly fam'd for) it was purely the force of her Youth and Quality; but that now that Bloom was paſt, and ſhe was one of thoſe, which in leſs quality, we call'd Old. At theſe Reproaches of his Judgment, I often

ten perceiv'd him to bluſh, but more with Anger than Shame. Yet becauſe, according to the Vogue of the Town, he found there was Reaſon in what I ſaid, and which he could only contradict by ſaying however ſhe was, ſhe appeared all otherwiſe to him: He blam'd me a little kindly for my hard Words againſt her, and began to ſwear to me he thought her all over Charm. He vow'd there was abſolute Faſcination in her Eyes and Tongue. *'Tis confeſs'd*, ſaid he, *ſhe has not much of Youth, nor of that which we agree to call Beauty: but ſhe has a Grace ſo Maſculine, an Air ſo Raviſhing, a Wit and Humour ſo abſolutely made to charm, that they all together ſufficiently recompenſe for her want of Delicacy in Complexion and Feature: And in a word, my* Tomaſo, crys he, imbracing me; *ſhe is, tho' I know not what, or how, a Maid that compels me to adore her; ſhe has a natural Power to pleaſe above the reſt of her dull Sex; and I*

can

can abate her a Face and Shape, and yet vie her for Beauty with any of the celebrated ones of France.

I found by the manner of his ſaying this, that he was really charm'd, and paſt all Retrieve, bewitch'd to this Lady. I found it vain therefore to preſs him to a Separation, or to leſſen his Paſſion; but on the contrary told him there was a time for all things; if Fate had ſo ordain'd it that he muſt love. But I beſought him with all the Eloquence of perfect Duty and Friendſhip not to ſuffer his Paſſion to ſurmount his Ambition and his Reaſon, ſo far as to neglect his Intereſt and Safety; and for a little Pleaſure with a Woman, ſuffer all his Friends to periſh that had woven their Fortunes with his, and muſt ſtand or fall as he thriv'd: I implor'd him not to caſt away the *Good Cauſe* which was ſo far advanc'd, and that yet, notwithſtanding this Diſcourſe, might all be retrieved by his Conduct and good

Manage-

Management. That I knew, however the King appeared in outward ſhew to be offended, that it was yet in his Power to calm the greateſt Tempeſt this Diſcovery had raiſed: That 'twas but caſting himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, and begging his Mercy, by a Confeſſion of the Truth of ſome part of the Matter; and that it was impoſſible he could fail of a Pardon from ſo indulgent a Monarch as he had offended: That there was no Action could wholly raze out of the King's Heart that Tenderneſs and Paſſion he had ever expreſſed towards him; and his Peace might be made with all the Facility imaginable. To this he urged a very great Reluctancy, and cry'd he would ſooner die, than by a Confeſſion expoſe the Lives of his Friends, and let the World ſee their whole Deſign before they had power to effect it: And not only ſo, but put it paſt all their Induſtry ever to bring ſo hopeful a Plot about again.

At

At this I ſmil'd, and asking his Highneſs, Pardon, told him I was of another Opinion, as moſt of the Heads of the *Hugonots* were, That what he ſaid to his Majeſty in Private could never poſſibly be made Publick: That his Majeſty would content himſelf with the Knowledge of the Truth, without caring to ſatisfy the World, ſo greatly to the Prejudice of a Prince of the Blood, and a Man ſo very dear to him as himſelf: He urg'd the Fears this would give thoſe of the Reformed Religion, and alarm 'em with a thouſand Apprehenſions, that it would diſcover every Man of 'em, by unraveling the Intrigue. To this I reply'd, That their Fears would be very ſhort liv'd; for as ſoon as he had by his Submiſſion and Confeſſion gained his Pardon, he had no more to do but to renounce all he had ſaid, leave the Court, and put himſelf into the Protection of his Friends, who were ready to receive him.

him. That he need but appear abroad a little time, and he would ſee himſelf addreſs'd to again by all of the *Hugonot* Party, who would quickly put him into a Condition of fearing nothing.

My Councel, with the ſame Perſwaſion from all of Quality of the Party, who came to ſee him, was at laſt approved of by him, and he began to ſay a thouſand things to aſſure me of his Fidelity to his Friends and the Faction, which he vow'd never to forſake for any other Intereſt, but to ſtand or fall in its Defence; and that he was reſolved to be a King or Nothing; and that he would put in Practice all the Arts and Stratagems of Cunning, as well as Force, to attain to this Glorious End, however crooked and indirect they might appear to Fools. However he conceived the firſt neceſſary Step to this, was the getting his Pardon, to gain a little time to manage things anew, to the beſt Advantage:

That

That at preſent all things were at a ſtand without Life or Motion, wanting the ſight of himſelf who was the very Life and Soul of Motion; the Axle-tree that could turn the Wheel of Fortune round again.

And now he had talk'd himſelf into Senſe again; he cry'd——*Oh my* Tomaſo! *I long to be in Action, my Soul is on the Wing, and ready to take its Flight through any Hazzard.* ——But ſighing, on a ſuddain again he cry'd: *But oh my Friend, my Wings are impt by Love, I cannot mount the Regions of the Air and thence ſurvey the World; but ſtill as I would riſe to mightier Glory, they flag to humble Love, and fix me there. Here I am charm'd to lazy ſoft Repoſe, here 'tis I ſmile and play, and love away my Hours: But I will ronſe, I will, my dear* Tomaſo; *nor ſhall the winged Boy hold me inſlav'd: Believe me Friend he ſhall not*—— He ſent me away pleaſed with this, and I left him to his Repoſe.

Supper

Supper being ready to come upon the Table, tho' *Philander* were impatient to hear the Story out, yet he would not preſs *Tomaſo*, till after Supper; in which time they diſcourſed of nothing but the Miracle of *Ceſario*'s Love to *Hermione*. He could not but wonder a Prince ſo young, ſo amorous, and ſo gay, ſhould return again, after almoſt fifteen Years, to an old Miſtreſs; and who had never been in her Youth a celebrated Beauty: One, whom it was imagined, the King, and ſeveral after him at Court, had made a Gallantry with—— On this he pauſed for ſome time, and reflected on his Paſſion for *Silvia*; and this fantaſtick Intrigue of the Prince's inſpired him with a kind of Curioſity to try, whether fleeting Love would carry him back again to this abandoned Maid. In theſe Thoughts, and ſuch Diſcourſe, they paſſed away the time during Supper; which ended, and a freſh Bottle brought to the Table,

Table, with a new Command that none ſhould interrupt 'em: The impatient *Philander* obliged *Tomaſo* to give him a farther Account of the Prince's Proceedings; which he did in this manner:

My Lord, having left my Prince, as I imagined, very well reſolved, I ſpoke of it to as many of our Party as I could conveniently meet with, to prepare 'em for the Diſcovery I believed the Prince would pretend to make, that they ſhould not by being alarm'd at the firſt News of it, put themſelves into Fears that might indeed diſcover 'em: Nor would I ſuffer *Ceſario* to reſt, but daily ſaw him, or rather nightly ſtole to him, to keep up his Reſolution: And indeed, in ſpight of Love, to which he had made himſelf ſo intire a Slave, I brought him to his own Houſe, to viſit Madam his Wife, who was very well at Court, maugre her Huſband's ill Conduct, as they call'd it. The King being, as

you know, my Lord, extreamly kind to that deſerving Lady, often made her Viſits, and would without very great Impatiency hear her plead for her Husband, the Prince; and poſſibly it was not ungrateful to him: All this we daily learn'd from a Page, who ſecretly brought Intelligence from Madam the Princeſs: So that we conceived it wholly neceſſary for the Intereſt of the Prince, that he ſhould live in a good Underſtanding with this prudent Lady. To this end he feigned more Reſpect than uſual to her, and as ſoon as it was dark, every Evening made her his Viſits. One Evening among the reſt, he happened to be there, juſt as the Proclamation came forth of four thouſand Crowns to any that could diſcover him; and within half an Hour after came the King to viſit the Princeſs, as every Night he did; her Lodging being in the Court: The King came without giving any Notice, and with a very ſlender

ſlender Train that Night; ſo that he was almoſt in the Princeſs's Bed-chamber before any body inform'd her he was there; ſo that the Prince had no time to retire but into Madam the Princeſs's *Cabaret*, the Door of which, ſhe immediately locking, made ſuch a Noiſe and Buſtle that it was heard by his Majeſty, who nevertheleſs had paſſed it by, if her Confuſion and Bluſhes had not farther betray'd her, with the unuſual Addreſs ſhe made to the King: Who therefore asked her who ſhe had conceal'd in her Cloſet. She endeavoured to put him off with ſome feign'd Replies, but 'twould not do; the more her Confuſion, the more the King was inquiſitive, and urged her to give him the Key of her *Caberet*: But ſhe, who knew the Life of the Prince would be in very great Danger, ſhould he be taken ſo, and knew on the other ſide, that to deny it would betray the Truth as much as his Diſcovery would, and cauſe him ei-

ther to force the Key or the Door, fell down at his Feet, and wetting his Shooes with her Tears, and graſping his Knees in her trembling Arms, implor'd that Mercy and Pity for the Prince her Huſband, whom her Vertue had rendered dear to her, however Criminal he appear'd to his Majeſty: She told him his Majeſty had more peculiarly the Attributes of a God than any other Monarch upon Earth, and never heard the Wretched or the Innocent plead in vain. She told him that her ſelf and her Children, who were dearer to her than Life, ſhould all be as Hoſtages for the good Conduct and Duty of the Prince's future Life and Actions: And they would all be obliged to ſuffer any Death, tho' never ſo ignominious, upon the leaſt breaking out of her Lord: That he ſhould utterly abandon thoſe of the *Reformed Religion*, and yield to what Articles his Majeſty would graciouſly be pleaſed to impoſe, quitting all his falſe

falſe and unreaſonable Pretenſions to the Crown, which was only the Effects of the Flattery of the *Hugonot Party*, and the *Male Contents*. Thus with the Vertue and Goodneſs of an Angel, ſhe pleaded with ſuch moving Eloquence, mix'd with Tears, from beautiful Eyes, that ſhe fail'd not to ſoften the Royal Heart, who knew not how to be deaf when Beauty pleaded: Yet he would not ſeem to yield ſo ſuddenly, leaſt it ſhould be imagined he had too light a Senſe of his Treaſons, which, in any other great Man, would have been puniſhed with no leſs than Death: Yet, as ſhe pleaded, he grew calmer, and ſuffered it without Interruption, till ſhe waited for his Reply; and obliged him by her Silence to ſpeak. He numbers up the Obligations he had heaped on her Huſband; how he had, by putting all Places of great Command and Intereſt into his Hands, made him the greateſt Prince and Favourite, of

a Subject, in the World; and infinitely happier than a Monarch: That he had all the Glory and Power of one, and wanted but the Care: All the Sweets of Empire, while all that was disagreeable and toilsom, remain'd with the Title alone. He therefore upbraided him with infinite Ingratitude, and want of Honour; with all the Folly of ambitious Youth: And left nothing unsaid that might make the Princess sensible it was too late to hide any of his Treasons from him, since they were all but too apparent to his Majesty. 'Twas therefore that she urged nothing but his Royal Mercy and Forgiveness, without indeavouring to lessen his Guilt, or inlarge on his Innocency. In fine, my Lord, so well she spoke, that at last she had the Joy to perceive the happy Effects of her Wit and Goodness, which had mov'd Tears of Pity and Compassion from his Majesty's Eyes; which was *Cesario*'s Cue to come forth,

forth, as immediately he did (having heard all that had paſs'd) and threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet: And this was the critical Minute he was to ſnatch for the gaining his Point, and of which he made a moſt admirable uſe. He call'd up all the Force of neceſſary Diſſimulation, Tenderneſs to his Voice, Tears to his Eyes, and Trembling to his Hands, that ſtay'd the too willing and melting Monarch by his Robe, till he had heard him implore, and granted him his Pity: Nor did he quit his hold, till the King cry'd with a ſoft Voice ——Riſe———at which he was aſſured of what he asked. He refuſed however to riſe, till the Pardon was pronounced. He own'd himſelf the greateſt Criminal in Nature; that he was drawn from his Allegiance by the moſt ſubtile Artifices of his Enemies, who under falſe Friendſhips had allur'd his Hopes with gilded Promiſes; and which he now too plainly ſaw were

Deſigns to propagate their own private Intereſts, and not his Glory. He humbly beſought his Majeſty to make ſome gracious Allowances for his Vanities of Youth, and to believe now he had ſo dearly bought Diſcretion, at almoſt the price of his Majeſty's eternal Diſpleaſure, that he would reform, and lead ſo good a Life, ſo abſolutely from any appearance of Ambition, that his Majeſty ſhould ſee he had not a more faithful Subject than himſelf. In fine, he found himſelf, by this Acknowledgment he had begun with, to advance yet farther: Nor would his Majeſty be ſatisfied without the whole Scene of the Matter; and how they were to have ſurprized and ſeized him; where, and by what Numbers. All which he was forc'd to give an Account of; ſince now to have fallen back, when he was in their Hands, had been his infallible Ruine. All which he perform'd with as much

Tender-

Tenderneſs and Reſpect to his Friends concern'd, as if his own Life had been depending: And tho' he were extreamly preſt to diſcover ſome of the great ones of the Party, he would never give his conſent to an Action ſo mean, as to be an Evidence. All that could be got from him farther, was, to promiſe his Majeſty to give under his Hand, what he had in private confeſs'd to him; with which the King remained very well ſatisfy'd, and order'd him to come to Court the next day. Thus for that Night they parted, with infinite Careſſes on the King's part, and no little Joy on his. His Majeſty was no ſooner gone, but he gave immediate order to the Secretaries of State, to draw up his Pardon, which was done, with ſo good Speed, that he had it in his own Hands the next day. When he came to Court 'tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize it was to all to behold the Man, in the greateſt State imagi-

nable, who but Yeſterday was to have been Crucified at any Price: And thoſe, who moſt exclaim'd againſt him, were the firſt that paid him Homage, and careſs'd him at the higheſt rate; only the moſt Wiſe and Judicious, propheſied his Glories were not of a long Continuation. The King made no Viſits where the Prince did not publickly appear: He told all People, with infinite Joy, that the Prince had confeſſed the whole Plot, and that he would give it under his Hand and Seal, in order to having it publiſhed thro'out all *France*, for the Satisfaction of all thoſe who had been deluded and deceived by our ſpecious Pretences; and for the Terror of thoſe, who had any ways adhered to ſo pernicious a Villainy: So that he met with nothing but Reproaches from thoſe of our own Party at Court: For there were many, who, hitherto were unſuſpected, and who now, out of fear of being betray'd

betray'd by the Prince, were ready to fall at the King's Feet and confeſs all: Others there were, that left the Court and Town upon it. In fine, the face of things ſeem'd extreamly altered, while the Prince bore himſelf like a Perſon who had the Misfortune juſtly to lie beneath the Exclamations of a diſobliged Multitude, as they at leaſt imagined, and bore all, as if their Fears had been true, without ſo much as offering at his Juſtification, to confirm his Majeſty's good Opinion of him: He added to his Pardon a Preſent of twenty thouſand Crowns; half of it being paid the next day after his coming to Court. And in ſhort, my Lord, his Majeſty grew ſo fond of the Prince, he could not indure to ſuffer him out of his Preſence; and was never ſatisfied with ſeeing him: He carried him the next day to the publick *Theatre* with him, to ſhow the World he was reconcil'd. But by this time he had

all

all confirm'd, and grew impatient to declare himſelf to his Friends, whom he would not have remain long in their ill Opinion of him. It happened, the third day of his coming to Court (in returning ſome of thoſe Viſits he had received from all the great Perſons) he went to wait upon the Dutcheſs of—— a Lady who had ever had a tender Reſpect for the Prince: In the time of this Viſit, a young Lady of Quality happen'd to come in; one whom your Lordſhip knows a great Wit, and much eſteemed at Court, *Madamoiſel Mariana*: By this Lady he found himſelf welcom'd to Court with all the Demonſtrations of Joy; as alſo by the old Dutcheſs, who had divers times heretofore perſwaded the Prince to leave the *Hugonots*, and return to the King and Court: She uſed to tell him he was a handſome Youth, and ſhe loved his Mother well; that he danced finely, and ſhe had rather ſee him

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in a Ball at Court, than in Rebellion in the Field; and often to this purpoſe her Love would rally him; and now ſhew'd no leſs concern of Joy for his Reconciliation; and looking on him, as a true Convert, fell a-railing, with all the Malice and Wit ſhe could invent, at thoſe publick ſpirited Knaves who had ſeduced him. She rail'd on, and curſed thoſe Politicks which had betrayed him, to almoſt Ruine it ſelf. The Prince heard her with all the Patience he could, for ſome time, but when he found her touch him ſo tenderly, and name his Friends, as if he had own'd any ſuch ill Councellors, his Colour came into his Face, and he could not forbear defending us with all the Force of Friendſhip. He told her he knew of no ſuch Seducers, no Villains of the Party, nor of any trayterous Deſign, that either himſelf, or any Man in *France*, had ever harboured: At which, ſhe growing to upbraid him,

in,

in a manner too paſſionate, he thought it decent to end his Viſit, and left her very abruptly. At his going out he met with the Duke of—— Brother to the Dutcheſs, going to viſit her: *En paſſant* a very indifferent Ceremony paſs'd on both ſides, for this Duke never had entertain'd a Friendſhip, or ſcarce Reſpect for *Ceſario*; but going into his Siſter's, the Dutcheſs her Chamber, he found her all in a Rage at the Prince's ſo publick Defence of the *Hugonots*, and their Allies; and the Duke entring, they told him what had paſs'd. This was a very great Pleaſure to him, who had a mortal Hate at this time to the Prince. He made his Viſit very ſhort, haſtens to Court, and went directly to the King, and told him how infinitely he found his Majeſty miſtaken in the imagined Penitence of the Prince; and then told him what he had ſaid at the Dutcheſs of—— Lodgings, and had diſown'd he ever confeſs'd any treaſonable

ſonable Deſign againſt his Majeſty, and gave 'em the Lye, who durſt charge him with any ſuch Villainy. The King, who was unwilling to credit what he wiſh'd not true, plainly told the Duke, he could not believe it, but that it was the Malice of his Enemies who had forg'd this; the Duke reply'd, he would bring thoſe to his Majeſty, that heard the Words: Immediately thereupon diſpatched away his Page, to beg the Dutcheſs would come to Court, with *Madamoiſel Mariana*. The Dutcheſs ſuſpecting the truth of the Buſineſs, and unwilling to do the Prince an ill Office, excuſed her ſelf, by ſending word ſhe was ill of the Cholick. But *Mariana*, who lov'd the King's Intereſt, and found the Ingratitude, as ſhe call'd it, of the Prince, haſted in her Chair to Court, and juſtified all the Duke had ſaid; who being a Woman of great Wit and Honour, found that Credit which the Duke fail'd of, as an open Enemy to the Prince.

Prince. About an hour after the Prince appeared at Court, and found the face of Things changed extreamly; and thoſe, who before had kiſs'd his Hand, and were proud of every ſmile from him: Now beheld him with coldneſs, and ſcarce made way as he paſt. However, he went on to the Preſence and found the King, whoſe looks were alſo very much changed; who taking him into the Bed-Chamber, ſhow'd him his whole Confeſſion, drawn up ready for him to Sign, as he had promis'd, tho' he never intended any ſuch thing; and now reſolv'd to die rather than do it: He took it in his Hand, while the King cry'd——— *Here keep your Word, and Sign your Narrative.*——— *Stay, Sir,* replied the Prince, *I have the Council of my Friends to ask firſt, in ſo weighty an Affair.* The King confirm'd in all he had heard, no longer doubted but he had been too cunning for him; and going out in a very great diſ-

con-

content, he only cry'd,—— *Sir, if you have any better Friends than my ſelf, I leave you to 'em*;—— and with this left him. The Prince was very glad he had got the Confeſſion-Paper, hoping it would never come to light again; the King was the only perſon to whom he had made the Confeſſion, and he was but one Accuſer; and him he thought the Party could at any time be too powerful to oppoſe, all being eaſily believed on their ſide, and nothing on that of the Court. After this, in the Evening, the King going to viſit Madam the Dutcheſs of—— for whom he had a very great Eſteem, and whither every Day the whole Court followed him: The Prince, with all the aſſurance imaginable, made his Court there alſo; but he was no ſooner come into the Preſence, but he perceived Anger in the Eyes of that Monarch, who had indeed a peculiar greatneſs and fierceneſs there when Angry: A Minute after he

ſent

ſent Monſieur——to the Prince, with a command to leave the Court; and without much Ceremony he accordingly departed, and went directly to *Hermione*, who with all the impatience of Love expected him; nor was much ſurprized to find him Baniſht the Court: For he made her acquainted with his moſt Secret Deſigns; who having made all his Intereſts her own, eſpouſed whatever related to him, and was capable of retaining all with great Fidelity: Nor had he quitted her one Night, ſince his coming to Court; and he hath often, with rapture, told me, *Hermione* was a Friend as well as a Miſtreſs, and one with whom, when the firſt Play was ended, he could Diſcourſe with of uſeful things of State, as well as Love; and improve in both the Noble Myſteries, by her Charming Converſation. The Night of this ſecond Diſgrace, I went to *Hermione*'s to viſit him, where we Diſcours'd what

was

was next to be done. He did not think his Pardon was ſufficient to ſecure him, and he was not willing to truſt a King who might be convinced, that that Tenderneſs he had for him, was abſolutely againſt the Peace and Quiet of all *France*. I was of this Opinion, ſo that upon farther debate, we thought it abſolutely neceſſary to quit *France*, till the Courts heat ſhould be a little abated, and that the King might imagine himſelf, by his abſence, in more Tranquility than he really is. In order to this, he made me take my Flight into *Flanders*, here to provide all things neceſſary againſt his coming, and I received his command to ſeek you out, and beg you would attend his coming hither. I expect him every Day. He told me at parting he long'd to conſult with you how next to play this mighty Game, on which ſo many Kingdoms are ſtaked, and which he is reſolv'd to win or be nothing. An im-

per-

perfect Relation, replied *Philander*, we had of this affair, but I never could learn by what Artifice the Prince brought about his good Fortune at Court; but of your own Escape, I have heard nothing, pray oblige me with the Relation of it: *Sir*, said *Thomaso*, *there is so little worthy the trouble you will take in hearing it, that you may spare your self the Curiosity. Sir*, reply'd *Philander*, *I alway had too great a share in what concern'd you not to be Curious of the Story. In which*, reply'd *Thomaso*, *tho' there be nothing Novel, I will satisfie you.*

Be pleas'd to know, my Lord, that about a Week before our design was fully discovered by some of our own under-Rogues, I had taken a great House in *Fabour St. Jermins*, for my Mistress, whom you know, my Lord, I had liv'd with for the space of a Year. She was gone to drink the Waters of *Bourbon*, for some indisposition, and I had promised her all

all things ſhould be fitted againſt her return, agreeable to her Humour and Deſire; and indeed I ſpared no coſt to make her Apartment Magnificent: And I believe few Women of Quality could purchaſe one ſo rich; for I lov'd the Young Woman, who had Beauty and Diſcretion enough to charm, tho' the *Pariſians* of the Royal Party call'd her *Nicky Nacky*, which was given her in deriſion to me, not to her, for whom every Body, for her own ſake, had a conſiderable Eſteem. Beſides, my Lord, I had taken up Money out of the Orphans and Widows Bank from the Chamber of *Paris*, and could very well afford to be Laviſh when I ſpent upon the publick Stock. While I was thus ordering all things, my *Vallet* came running out of Breath to tell me that being at the *Loovre*, he ſaw ſeveral perſons carried to the Secretaries Office, with Meſſengers; and that inquiring who they might be, he found they

they were two *Pariſians*, who had offered themſelves to the Meſſengers, to be carryed to be Examined about a Plot, the Prince *Ceſario* and thoſe of the *Reformed Religion* had to ſurprize his Majeſty, kill Monſieur his Brother, and ſet all *Paris* in a Flame: And as to what particularly related to my ſelf; he ſaid, That I was named as the perſon deſign'd to ſeize upon the King's Guards, and diſpatch Monſieur. This my own Conſcience told me was too true for me to make any doubt, but I was diſcovered; I therefore left a Servant in the Houſe, and in an Hackney-Coach took my Flight. I drove a little out of *Paris* till Night and then returned again, as the ſureſt part of the World where I could conceal my ſelf: I was not long in ſtudying who I ſhould truſt with my Life and ſafety, but went directly to the Palace of Madam the Counteſs of —— who you know, my Lord, was a Widow, and a Woman who had had,

had, for a year past, a most violent Passion for me; but she being a Lady who had made many such Gallantries, and past her Youth, I had had only a very great Respect and Acknowledgment for her and her Quality, and being obliged to her for the Effects of her Tenderness, shown upon several Occasions, I could not but acquit my self like a *Cavalier* to her, whenever I could possible; and which, tho' I have a thousand times feigned great Business to prevent, yet I could not always be ungrateful; and when I paid her my Services, 'twas ever extreamly well received; and because of her Quality, and seting up for a second Marriage, she always took care to make my Approaches to her in as conceal'd a manner as possible; and only her Porter, one Page, and one Woman, knew this secret Amour; and for the better carrying it on, I ever went in a Hackney-Coach, lest my Livery should be seen at her Gate: And as

it

it was my Cuſtom at other times, ſo I now ſent the Porter (whom, by my Bounty and his Ladies, was intirely my own Creature) for the Page, to come to me, who immediately did, and I deſired him to let his Lady know, I waited her Commands; That was the Word: He immediately brought me Anſwer, That by good Fortune his Lady was all alone, and infinitely wiſhing ſhe knew where to ſend him for me: And I immediately, at that good News, ran up to her Chamber; where I was no ſooner come, but deſiring me to ſit, ſhe ordered her Porter to be call'd, and gave him Orders, upon pain of Life, not to tell of my being in the Houſe, whatever Enquiry ſhould be made after me; and having given the ſame Command to her Page, ſhe diſmiſs'd 'em, and came to me, with all the Fear and Trembling imaginable. *Ah Monſieur*, cry'd ſhe, falling on my Neck, *we are undone.*—— I not imagining ſhe had

had heard the News already; cry'd, *Why, is my Paſſion diſcovered? Ah*, reply'd ſhe in Tears, *I would to Heaven it were no worſe! would all the Earth had diſcovered that, which I ſhould eſteem my Glory—— But 'tis, my charming Monſieur*, continued ſhe, *Your Treaſons and not Amour, whoſe diſcovery will be ſo fatal to me.* At this I ſeemed amazed, and beg'd her to let me underſtand her: She told me what I have ſaid before; and moreover, That the Council had that very Evening iſſued out Warrants for me, and ſhe admired how I eſcaped. After a little Diſcourſe of this kind, I asked her what ſhe would adviſe me to do? for I was very well aſſured the violent hate the King had particularly for me, would make him never conſent I ſhould live on any terms: And therefore 'twas determined I ſhould not ſurrender my ſelf; and ſhe reſolved to run the risk of concealing me; which in fine ſhe did Three Days,

furniſhing me with Money and Neceſſaries for my Flight. In this time a Proclamation came forth and offered five hundred Crowns for my Head, or to Seize me alive or dead. This Sum ſo wrought with the ſlaviſh Minds of Men, that no Art was left uneſſay'd to take me: They ſearcht all houſes, all Hackney-Coaches that paſs'd by Night; and did all that Avarice could inſpire to take me, but all in vain: At laſt this glorious Sum ſo dazled the Mind of Madam the Counteſs's Porter, that he went to a Captain of the Muſquetiers, and aſſured him, if the King would give him the aforeſaid Sum, he would betray me, and bring him the following Night to ſurprize me without any Reſiſtance: The Captain, who thought, if the Porter ſhould have all the Sum, he ſhould get none; and every one hoping to be the happy Man that ſhould take me and win the Prize, could not indure another ſhould have the Glo-

ry

ry of both, and ſo never told the King of the Offer the Porter had made. But however ſecret, one may imagine an Amour to be kept, yet in ſo buſie a place as *Paris*, and the Apartments of the Court Coquets, this of ours had been diſcourſed, and the Intrigue more than ſuſpected: Whether this, or the Captain before nam'd, imagined to find me at the Houſe of the Counteſs, becauſe her Porter had made ſuch an Offer; I ſay, however it was, the next Morning, upon a *Sunday*, the Guards broke into ſeveral Chambers, and miſſing me, had the Inſolence to come to the Door of that of the Counteſs; and ſhe had only time to ſlip on her Night-Gown, and running to the Door, beſought them to have Reſpect to her Sex and Quality, while I ſtarted from my Bed, which was the ſame from whence the Counteſs roſe; and not knowing where to hide, or what to do, concealing my Clothes between

the Sheets, I mounted from the Table to a great Silver Sconce that was faſtened to the Wall by the Bed-ſide, and from thence made but one Spring up to the Teſter of the Bed; which being one of thoſe, raiſed with ſtrong Wood-work, and Japan, I could eaſily do; or rather it was by Miracle I did it; and laid my ſelf along on the top, while my Back touched the Ceiling of the Chamber; by this time, when no intreaties could prevail, they had burſt open the Chamber Door, and running directly to the Bed, they could not believe their Eyes: They ſaw no Perſon there, but the plain print of two, with the Pillows for two Perſons. This gave them the Curioſity to ſearch farther, which they did, with their Swords, under the Bed, in every Corner, behind every Curtain, up the Chimney, felt all about the Wainſcot and Hangings for falſe Doors, or Cloſets; ſurveyed the Floor for a Trap-Door; At laſt,

they

they found my fringed Gloves in the Window, and the Shash a little up, and then they concluded I had made my Escape out at that Window: This Thought they seem'd confirm'd in, and therefore ran to the Garden, where they thought I had descended, and with my Gloves, which they bore away, as the Trophies of their almost gained Victory, they searched every Hedge and Bush, Arbour, Grotto, and Tree; but not being able to find what they sought, they concluded me gone, and told all the Town how very near they were to seizing me. After this, the very Porter and Page believed me escaped out at that Window, and there was no farther Search made after me: But the Countess was amazed, as much as any of the Souldiers, to find which way I had convey'd my self, when I came down and undeceiv'd her; but when she saw from whence I came, she wondered more than before, how I

could get up ſo high; when trying the trick again, I could not do it, if I might have won never ſo conſiderable a Wager upon it, without pulling down the Sconce and the Teaſter alſo.

After this, I remain'd there undiſcovered the whole time the Prince was at *Hermione*'s, till his coming to Court, when I verily believed he would have gained me my Pardon, with his own; but the King had ſworn my final Deſtruction, if he ever got me in his Power; and proclaiming me a Traytor, ſeiz'd all they could find of mine. 'Twas then that I believed it high time to take my Flight; which, as ſoon as I heard the Prince again in Diſgrace, I did, and got ſafely into *Holland*, where I have remained about ſix Weeks. But, oh! what is Woman? The firſt News I heard, and that was while I remain'd at the Counteſs's, that my Miſtriſs, for whom I had taken ſuch Care, and who had pro-

profeſſed to love me above all things, no ſooner heard I was fled and proſcrib'd, but retiring to a Friends Houſe (for her own was ſeized for mine) and the Officers imagining me there too, they came to ſearch; and a young *Cavalier*, of a noble Aſpect, great Wit and Courage, and indeed a very fine Gentleman, was the Officer that entred her Chamber to ſearch for me; who, being at firſt ſight, ſurprized with her Beauty, and melted with her Tears fell moſt deſperately in Love with her, and after hearing how ſhe had loſt all her Money, Plate, and Jewels, and rich Furniture, offered her his Service to retrieve 'em, and did do it; and from one Favour to another, continued ſo to oblige the fair fickle Creature, that he won, with that and his handſome Mein, a Poſſeſſion of her Heart, and ſhe yielded in a weeks time to my moſt mortal Enemy. And the Counteſs, who, at my going from her, ſwound-

ed, and bathed me all in Tears, making a Thouſand Vows of Fidelity, and never to favour Mankind more: This very Woman, Sir, as ſoon as my Back was turn'd, made new Advances to a young Lord, who, believing her to be none of the moſt Faithful, would not truſt her under Matrimony: He being a Man of no great Fortune, and ſhe a Miſtriſs of a very conſiderable one, his ſtanding off on theſe Terms, inflames her the more; and I have Advice that ſhe is very much in Love with him, and 'tis believed will do what he deſires of her: So that I was no ſooner abandoned by Fortune, but fickle Woman followed her Example, and fled me too. Thus, my Lord, you have the Hiſtory of my double Unhappineſs: And I am waiting here a Fate which no Human Wit can gueſs at: The Arrival of the Prince will give a little Life to our Affair; and I yet have Hope to ſee him in *Paris*, at the

Head

Head of Forty thouſand *Hugonots*, to revenge all the inſolencies we have ſuffered.

After diſcourſing of ſeveral things, and of the Fate of ſeveral Perſons, it was Bed-time, and they taking Leave, each Man departed to his Chamber.

Philander, while he was undreſſing, being alone with *Brilljard*, began to diſcourſe of *Silvia*, and to take ſome care of letting her know he was arrived at *Bruxels*; and for her Convoy thither, *Brilljard*, who even yet retained ſome unaccountable Hope, as Lovers do, of one day being happy with that fair one; and believing he could not be ſo, with ſo much Facility, while ſhe was in the Hands of *Octavio*, as thoſe of *Philander*, would never tell his Lord his Sentiments of her Conduct, nor of her Love to *Octavio*, and thoſe other Paſſages that had occur'd in *Holland*: He only cry'd, he believ'd ſhe might be overcome, being left

to herſelf, and by the Merits and good Faſhion of *Octavio*; but would not give his Maſter an abſolute Fear, or any account of Truth; that he might live with her again if poſſible, as before; and that ſhe might hold her ſelf ſo obliged to him for his Silence in theſe Affairs, as might one day render him happy. Theſe were the unweighed Reaſons he gave for deluding his Lord into a kind Opinion of the fickle Maid: But ever when he named *Silvia*, *Philander* could perceive his Bluſhes riſe, and from 'em, believ'd there was ſomething behind in his Thought, which he had a mind to know: He therefore preſſed him to the laſt degree, ——and cry'd——*Come*——*confeſs to me*, Brilljard, *the reaſon of your Bluſhes: I know you are a Lover, and I was content to ſuffer you my Rival, knowing your Reſpect to me.* This, tho' he ſpoke ſmiling, raiſed a greater Confuſion in *Brilljard*'s Heart. *I own, my Lord*, ſaid he, *that I have*,

in ſpight of that Reſpect, and all the force of my Soul, had the daring to love her whom you lov'd; but ſtill the conſideration of my Obligations to your Lordſhip ſurmounted that ſawcy Flame, notwithſtanding all the Incouragement of your Inconſtancy, and the Advantage of the Rage it put Silvia *in againſt you. How,* cry'd *Philander, does* Silvia *know then of my Falſneſs, and is it certain that* Octavio *has betray'd me to her?* With that *Brilliard* was forc'd to advance, and with a deſign of ſome Revenge upon *Octavio* (whom, he hoped, would be challenged by his Lord, where one or both might fall in the Rancounter, and leave him Maſter of his Hopes) he told him all that had paſſed between 'em, all but real Poſſeſſion, which he only imagined, but laid the whole Weight on *Octavio*, making *Silvia* act but as an incenſed Woman, purely out of high Revenge and Reſentment of ſo great an Injury as was done her Love. He farther

ther told him, how in the Extravagancy of her Rage ſhe had reſolv'd to marry *Octavio*, and how he prevented it by making a publick Declaration ſhe was his Wife already; and for which *Octavio* procured the *States* to put him in Priſon; but by an Accident that happened to the Uncle of *Octavio*, for which he was forced to fly, the *States* releaſed him, when he came to his Lord: *How*, cry'd *Philander*, *and is the Traytor*, Octavio, *fled from* Holland, *and from the reach of my Chaſtiſement? Yes*, reply'd *Brilljard*; *and not to hold you longer from the Truth, has forced* Silvia *away with him.* At this *Philander* grew into a violent Rage, ſometimes againſt *Octavio*, for his Treaſons againſt Friendſhip; ſometimes he felt the old Flame revive, rais'd and blown by Jealouſy, and was raving to imagine any other ſhould poſſeſs the lovely *Silvia.* He now beholds her with all thoſe Charms that firſt fired him, and thinks,

thinks, if ſhe be Criminal, 'twas only the effects of the greateſt Love, which always hurries Women on to the higheſt Revenges. In vain he ſeeks to extinguiſh his returning Flame by the thought of *Caliſta*; yet at that Thought he ſtarts like one awakened from a Dream of Honour, to fall aſleep again, and dream of Love. Before 'twas Rage and Pride, but now it was Tenderneſs and Grief, ſofter Paſſions, and more inſupportable. New Wounds ſmart moſt, but old ones are moſt dangerous. While he was thus raging, walking, pauſing, and loving, one knock'd at his Chamber-Door. It was *Silvia*'s Page, who had waited all the Evening to ſpeak to him, and could not till now be admitted. *Brilljard* was juſt going to tell him he was there before, when he arrived now again: *Philander* was all unbutton'd, his Stockings down, and his Hair under his Cap, when the Page, being let in by *Brilljard*, ran

to

to his Lord, who knew him and imbraced him: And 'twas a pretty while they thus careſſed each other, without the Power of ſpeaking; he of asking a Queſtion, and the Boy of delivering his Meſſage; at laſt he gave him *Silvia*'s Billet; which was thus——

To Philander.

FAlſe and perjured as you are, I languiſh for a Sight of you, and conjure you to give it me as ſoon as this comes to your Hands. Imagine not that I have prepared thoſe Inſtruments of Revenge that are ſo juſtly due to your Perfidy; but rather, that I have yet too tender Sentiments for you, in ſpight of the Outrages you have done my Heart; and that for all the Ruine you have made, I ſtill adore you: And tho' I know you now another's Slave, yet I beg you would vouchſafe to behold the Spoils you have made, and allow me this Recom-

pence

pence for all, to ſay——Here was the Beauty I once eſteem'd tho' now ſhe is no more Philander's

Silvia.

How! cry'd he out, *No more* Philander's Silvia? *By Heaven, I had rather be no more* Philander! And at that word, without conſidering whether he were in order for a Viſit or not, he advancing his joyful Voice, cry'd out to the Page; Lead on, my faithful Boy, lead on to *Silvia*. In vain *Brilljard* beſeeches him to put himſelf into a better Equipage; in vain he urges to him the indecency of making a Viſit in that Poſture; he thought of nothing but *Silvia*; however he ran after him with his Hat, Cloak, and Comb, and as he was in the Chair dreſs'd his Hair, and ſuffered the Page to conduct him where he pleas'd: Which being to *Silvia*'s Lodgings,

he

he ran up Stairs, and into his Chamber, as by Inſtinct of Love, and found her laid on her Bed, to which he made but one ſtep from the Door; and catching her in his Arms, as he kneeled upon the Carpet, they both remain'd unable to utter any thing but Sighs: And ſurely *Silvia* never appear'd more charming; ſhe had for a Month or two liv'd at her Eaſe, and had beſides all the Advantage of fine Dreſſing, which ſhe had purpoſely put on, in the moſt tempting Faſhion, on purpoſe to ingage him, or rather, to make him ſee how fine a Creature his Perfidy had loſt him: She firſt broke Silence, and with a thouſand violent Reproaches, ſeem'd as if ſhe would fain break from thoſe Arms, which ſhe wiſh'd might be too ſtrong for her Force; while he endeavours to appeaſe her by ſwearing and lying, as Lovers do, proteſting a thouſand times that there was nothing in that Hiſtory of his Amour with *Caliſta*, but Revenge

on

on *Octavio*, who he knew was making an Intereſt in her Heart, contrary to all the Laws of Honour and Friendſhip (for he had learned by the Reproaches of the Lady Abbeſs, that *Caliſta* was Siſter to *Octavio*) he has had the daring to confeſs to me his Paſſion, ſaid he, for you, and could I do leſs in Revenge than tell him I had one for his Siſter? I knew by the violent Reproaches I ever met with in your Letters, tho' they were not plainly confeſs'd, that he had play'd me foul, and diſcover'd my feign'd Intrigue to you; and even this I ſuffered, to ſee how far you could be prevail'd with againſt me. I knew *Octavio* had Charms of Youth and Wit, and that you had too much the Aſcendant over him, to be denied any Secret you had a mind to draw from him; I knew your Nature too curious, and your Love too inquiſitive, not to preſs him to a ſight of my Letters, which ſeen, muſt incenſe you; and

this

this Tryal I designedly made of your Faith, and as a Return to *Octavio*. Thus he flatters, and she believes, because she has a Mind to believe; and thus by degrees he softens the listening *Silvia*: Swears his Faith with Sighs, and confirms it with his Tears, which bedew'd her fair Bosom, as they fell from his bright dissembling Eyes; and yet so well he dissembled, that he scarce knew himself that he did so: And such Effects it wrought on *Silvia*, that in spight of all her Honour and Vows engaged to *Octavio*, and horrid Protestations, never to receive again the Fugitive to her Arms, she suffers all he asks, gives her self up again to Love, and is a second time undone. She regards him as one to whom she had a peculiar Right as the first Lover: She was married to his Love, to his Heart, and *Octavio* appeared the intruding Gallant, that would, and ought to be content with the Gleanings of the Harvest

Harveſt, *Philander* ſhould give him the opportunity to take up: And tho', if ſhe had at this very time been put to her ſober Choice, which ſhe would have abandoned, it would have been *Philander*, as not in ſo good Circumſtances at that time to gratify all her Extravagancies of Expence; but ſhe could not indure to think of loſing either: She was for two Reaſons covetous of both, and ſwore Fidelity to both, proteſting each the only Man; and ſhe was now contriving in her Thoughts how to play the Jilt moſt Artificially; a Help meet, tho' natural enough to her Sex, ſhe had not yet much eſſayed, and never to this purpoſe: She knew well ſhe ſhould have need of all her Cunning in this Affair, for ſhe had to do with Men of Quality and Honour, and too much Wit to be groſly impoſed upon. She knew *Octavio* lov'd ſo well, it would either make her loſe him by Death or reſenting Pride, if ſhe

ſhould

ſhould ever be diſcovered to him to be untrue; and ſhe knew ſhe ſhould loſe *Philander* to ſome new Miſtriſs, if he once perceived her falſe. He asked her a thouſand Queſtions concerning *Octavio*, and ſhe ſeem'd to laviſh every Secret of her Soul to her Lover; but like a right Woman, ſo ordered her Diſcourſe, as all that made for her Advantage; ſhe declared, and all the reſt ſhe conceal'd. She told him that thoſe Hopes which her Revenge had made her give *Octavio*, had obliged him to preſent her with ſuch and ſuch fine Jewels, ſuch Plate, ſuch Summs; and in fine, made him underſtand that all her Trophies from the believing Lover, ſhould be laid at his Feet, who had conquered her Heart: And that now, having inriched herſelf, ſhe would abandon him wholly to deſpair. This did not ſo well ſatisfy *Philander*, but that he needed ſome greater Proofs of her Fidelity, fearing all theſe

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rich Preſents were not for a little Hope alone; and ſhe fail'd not giving what Proteſtations he deſired.

Thus the Night paſs'd away, and in the Morning, ſhe knowing he was not very well furniſhed with Money, gave him the Key of her Cabinet, where ſhe bid him furniſh himſelf with all he wanted; which he did, and left her, to go take Orders about his Horſes and other Affairs, not ſo abſolutely ſatisfied of her Vertue, but he fear'd himſelf put upon, which the Advantage he was likely to reap by the Deceit, made him leſs conſider than he would perhaps otherwiſe have done. He had all the Night a full Poſſeſſion of *Silvia*, and found in the Morning he was not ſo violently concern'd as he was overnight: It was but a Repetition of what he had been feaſted with before; 'twas no new Treat, but like Matrimony, went dully down: And now he found his Heart warm a little

little more for *Caliſta*, with which little impatience he left *Silvia*.

That Morning a Lady having ſent to *Octavio*, to give her an Aſſignation in the Park; tho' he were not curious after Beauty; yet believing there might be ſomething more in it than meerly a Lady, he dreſſed himſelf and went, which was the reaſon he made not his Viſit that Morning, as he uſed to do, to *Silvia*, and ſo was yet ignorant of her Ingratitude: While ſhe, on the other ſide, finding her ſelf more poſſeſs'd with Vanity than Love; for having gain'd her end as imagined, and got a ſecond Victory over his Heart, in ſpight of all *Caliſta*'s Charms, ſhe did not ſo much conſider him as before; nor was he ſo dear to her as ſhe fancied he would have been, before ſhe believed it poſſible to get him any more to her Arms; and ſhe found it was Pride and Revenge to *Caliſta*, that made her ſo fond of indearing him, and that ſhe ſhould thereby

thereby triumph over that haughty Rival, who pretended to be ſo ſure of the Heart of her Hero: And having ſatisfied her Ambition in that Point, ſhe was more pleaſed than ſhe imagined ſhe ſhould be, and could now return her Thoughts again to *Octavio*, whoſe Charms, whoſe Indearments, and laviſh Obligations, came anew to her Memory, and made him appear the moſt agreeable to her Genius and Humour, which now lean'd to Intereſt more than Love; and now ſhe fancies ſhe found *Philander* duller in her Arms than *Octavio*, that he taſted of *Caliſta*, while *Octavio* was all her own intirely, adoring and ever preſenting; two Excellencies, of which *Philander* now had but part of one. She found *Philander*, now in a Condition to be ever taking from her, while *Octavio*'s was ſtill to be giving; which was a great Weight in the Scale of Love, when a fair vain Woman guides the Balance:

lance: And now ſhe begins to diſtruſt all that *Philander* had ſaid of his Innocence, from what ſhe now remembers ſhe heard from *Calliſta* her ſelf, and reproaches her own Weakneſs for believing: While her penitent Thoughts were thus wandering in favour of *Octavio*, that Lover arriv'd, and approach'd her with all the Joy in his Soul and Eyes that either could expreſs. *'Tis now, my fair Charmer*, ſaid he, *that I am come to offer you, what alone can make me more worthy of you*—— And pulling from his Pocket the Writings and Inventories of all his own and his Uncle's Eſtate—— *See here*, ſaid he, *what thoſe mighty Powers that favour Love, have done for* Silvia? *It is not*, continued he, *the Triſle of a Million of Money (which theſe amount to) that has pleaſed me, but becauſe I am now able to lay it without Controul at your Feet.* If ſhe were before inclined to receive him well, what was ſhe now, when a million

million of Money rendered him ſo charming: She imbrac'd his Neck with her ſnowy Arms, lays her Cheek to his raviſh'd Face, and kiſs'd him a thouſand Welcomes; ſo well ſhe knew how to make herſelf Miſtriſs of all this vaſt Fortune: And I ſuppoſe he never appear'd ſo fine as at this Moment. While ſhe thus careſſed him, he could not forbear ſighing, as if there were yet ſomething behind to compleat his Happineſs: For though *Octavio* were extreamly blinded with Love, he had abundance of Wit, and a great many Doubts (which were augmented by the Arrival of *Philander*) and he was too wiſe and to haughty to be impoſed upon, at leaſt as he believed: And yet he had ſo very good an Opinion of *Silvia*'s Honour and Vows, which ſhe had engaged to him, that he durſt hardly name his Fears, when by his Sighs ſhe found them: And willing to leave no Obſtacle unremov'd, that might hinder

her poſſeſſing this Fortune, ſhe told him; *My dear* Octavio—— *I am ſenſible theſe Sighs proceed from ſome Fears you have of* Philander's *being in* Bruxels, *and conſequently that I will ſee him, as heretofore; but be aſſured that that falſe Man ſhall no more dare to pretend to me; but on the contrary, I will behold him as my mortal Enemy, the Murderer of my Fame and Innocence, and as the moſt ungrateful and perfidious Man that ever liv'd.* This ſhe confirm'd with Oaths and Tears, and a thouſand indearing expreſſions. So that eſtabliſhing his Heart in a perfect Tranquility, and he leaving his Writings and Accounts with her, he told her he was obliged to dine with the *Advocates*, who had acted for him in *Holland*, and could not ſtay to dine with her.

You muſt know, that as ſoon as the Noiſe of old *Sebaſtian*, *Octavio*'s Uncle's Death was noiſed about, and that he was thereupon fled, they ſeized

ſeized all the Eſtates, both that of the Uncle, and that of *Octavio*, as belonging to him by right of Law; but looking upon him as his Uncle's Murderer, they were forfeited to the *States*. This part of ill News *Octavio* kept from *Silvia*, but took order that there ſhould be ſuch a Proceſs began in his Name with the *States*, that might retrieve it; and ſent word, if it could not be carried on by Attornies (for he was not, he ſaid, in Health) that nevertheleſs he would come into *Holland* himſelf. But they being not able to prove by the Witneſs of any of *Octavio*'s or *Sebaſtian*'s Servants, that *Octavio* had any hand in his Death; but, on the contrary, all Circumſtances, and the Coroner's Verdict, brought it in as a thing done by Accident, and through his own Fault, they were obliged to releaſe to *Octavio* all his Fortune, with that of his Uncle, which was this day brought to him, by thoſe he was

obliged to dine and make up ſome Accompts withal: He therefore told her he fear'd he ſhould be abſent all that afternoon; which ſhe was the more pleaſed at; becauſe if *Philander* ſhould return before ſhe had ordered the Method of their Viſit, ſo as not to meet with each other, (which was her only Contrivance now) ſhe ſhould be ſure he would not ſee or be ſeen by *Octavio*; who had no ſooner taken his Leave, but *Philander* returns; who being now fully bent upon ſome Adventure to ſee *Caliſta* if poſſible, and which Intrigue would take up his whole Time, to excuſe his Abſence to the jealous *Silvia*, he feign'd that he was ſent to by *Ceſario*, to meet him upon the Frontiers of *France*, and conduct him into *Flanders*, and that he ſhould be abſent ſome Days. This was as *Silvia* could have wiſhed; and after forcing herſelf to take as kind a Leave of him as ſhe could, whoſe head was wholly poſſeſs'd with

with a Million of Gold, ſhe ſent him away, both Parties being very well pleaſed with the Artifices with which they guilted each other. At *Philander*'s going into his Chair, he was ſeen by the old Count of *Clarinau*, who cur'd perfectly of his Wound, was come thither to ſeek *Philander*, in order to take the Revenge of a Man of Honour, as he call'd it; which in *Spaniſh*, is the private Stab, for private Injuries; and indeed more reaſonable than baſe *French* Duelling, where the Injured is as likely to ſuffer as the Injurer: But *Clarinau* durſt not attack him by Day-light in the open Street, nor durſt he indeed appear in his own Figure in the King of *Spain*'s Dominions, ſtanding already there convicted of the Murder of his firſt Wife; but in a Diſguiſe came to *Bruxells*. The Chair with *Philander* was no ſooner gone from the Lodgings, but he inquired of ſome of the Houſe who lodged

there, that that Gentleman came to viſit? and they told him, A great Bellied Lady, who was a Woman of Quality, and a Stranger: This was ſufficient, you may believe, for him to think it Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau.* With this Aſſurance he repairs to his Lodging, which was but hard by, and ſets a Foot-man that attended him, to watch the Return of *Philander* to thoſe Lodgings, which he believed would not be long: The Foot-man, who had not ſeen *Philander*, only asked a Diſcription of him; he told him he was a prety tall Man, in black Clothes (for the Court was then in Mourning) with long black Hair, fine black Eyes, very handſome, and well made: This was enough for the Lad; he thought he ſhould know him from a thouſand by theſe Marks and Tokens. Away goes the Footman, and waited till the ſhutting in of the Evening, and then, running to his Lord, told him *Philander* was come to thoſe Lodgings,

Lodgings; that he ſaw him alight out of the Chair, and took perfect Notice of him; that he was ſure it was that *Philander* he look'd for: *Clarinau*, overjoy'd that his Revenge was at hand, took his Dagger, Sword, and Piſtol, and haſted to *Silvia*'s Lodgings, where he found the Chair ſtill waiting, and the Doors all open; he made no more ado, but goes in and aſcends the Stairs, and paſſes on, without any Oppoſition, to the very Chamber where they ſat, *Silvia* in the Arms of her Lover, not *Philander*, but *Octavio*, who being alſo in black, tall, long brown Hair, and handſom, and by a Sight that might very well deceive; he made no more to do, not doubting but it was *Philander* and *Caliſta*, but ſteps to him, and offering to ſtab him, was prevented by his ſtarting at the ſuddeneſs of his Approach; however the Dagger did not abſolutely miſs him, but wounded him in the left Arm; but *Octavio*'s Youth,

too nimble for *Clarinau*'s Age, ſnatching at the Dagger as it wounded him, at once prevented the Hurt being much, and return'd a home Blow at *Clarinau*, ſo that he fell at *Silvia*'s Feet, whoſe Shreeks alarm'd the Houſe to their Aid, where they found by the light of a Candle that was brought, that the Man was not dead, but lay gazing on *Octavio*, who ſaid to him; *Tell me thou unfortunate Wretch, what miſerable Fate brought thee to this place, to diſturb the Repoſe of thoſe who neither know thee, nor had done the Injury?* *Ah, Sir*, reply'd *Clarinau*, *you have Reaſon for what you ſay and I ask Heaven, that unknown Lady, and your ſelf, a thouſand Paraons for my Miſtake and Crime: Too late I ſee my Error, pity and forgive me; and let me have a Prieſt for I believe I am a dead Man.* *Octavio* was extreamly mov'd with Compaſſion at theſe Words, and immediately ſent his Page, who was alarm'd up in the Crowd, for

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a Father and a Surgeon; and he declar'd before the reſt that he forgave that Stranger, meaning *Octavio*, ſince he had, by a Miſtake of his Footman, pull'd on his own Death, and had deſerved it: And thereupon, as well as he could, he told them for whom he had miſtaken *Octavio*, who having injured his Honour, he had vow'd Revenge upon; and that he took the fair Lady, meaning *Silvia*, for a faithleſs Wife of his, who had been the Authoreſs of all this. *Octavio* ſoon divin'd this to be his Brother-in-Law *Clarinau*, whom yet he had never ſeen; and ſtooping down to him, he cry'd, *'Tis I, Sir, that ought to demand a thouſand Pardons of you, for letting the Revenge of* Caliſta's *Honour alone ſo long.* *Clarinau* wondered who he ſhould be that named *Caliſta*, and asking him his Name, he told him he was the unhappy Brother to that fair Wanton, whoſe Story was but too well known to him. This while *Cla-*

rinau viewing his Face, found him the very Picture of that falſe Charmer; while *Octavio* went on and aſſured him, if it were his Unhappineſs to die, that he would revenge the Honour of him and his Siſter on the betrayer of both. By this time the Surgeon came, who found not his Wound to be mortal, as was feared, and ventured to remove him to his own Lodgings, whether *Octavio* would accompany him; and leaving *Silvia* inclin'd, after her Fright, to be repos'd, he took his Leave of her for that Evening, not daring, out of Reſpect to her, to viſit her any more that Night: He was no ſooner gone, but *Philander*, who never us'd to go without two very good pocket Piſtols about him, having left 'em under his Pillow laſt Night at *Silvia's* Lodgings; and being upon Love Adventures, he knew not what Occaſion he might have for 'em, return'd back to her Lodgings; When he came ſhe was a little

tle ſurprized at firſt to ſee him, but after reflecting on what Revenge was threatened him, ſhe expoſed *Octavio*'s Secret to him, and told him the whole Adventure, and how ſhe had got his Writings, which would be all her own, if ſhe might be ſuffered to manage the fond Believer. But he, whoſe thought ran on the Revenge was threaten'd him, cry'd out—— *He has kindly awakn'd me to my Duty by what he threatens; 'tis I that ought to be reveng'd on his Perfidy of ſhewing you my Letters; and to that end, by Heaven, I will defer all the Buſineſs in the World to meet him, and pay his Courteſy—— If I had injoy'd his Siſter, he might ſuppoſe I knew her not to be ſo; and what Man of Wit or Youth would refuſe a lovely Woman, that preſents a Heart laden with Love, and a Perſon all over Charms, to his Boſom: I were to be eſteem'd unworthy the Friendſhip of a Man of Honour, if I ſhould: But he has baſely betray'd me every way,*

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makes Love to my celebrated Miſtreſs, whom he knows I love, and getting Secrets, unravels 'em to make his Court and his Acceſs the eaſier. She foreſaw the dangerous Conſequence of a Quarrel of this nature, and had no ſooner blown the Fire (which ſhe did, to the end that *Philander* ſhould avoid her Lodgings, and all places where he might meet *Octavio*) but ſhe hinders all her Deſigns; and fixing him there, he was reſolv'd to expect him at the firſt place he thought moſt likely to find him in: She indeavoured, by a thouſand Intreaties, to get him gone, urging it all for his Safety; but that made him but the more reſolv'd; and all ſhe could do could not hinder him from ſtaying Supper, and after that, from going to Bed: So that ſhe was forced to hide a thouſand Terrors and Fears by feigned Careſſes, the ſooner to get him to meet *Ceſario* in the Morning, as he ſaid he was to do: And tho' ſhe could

not

not help flattering both while by, yet ſhe ever lov'd the abſent beſt; and now repented a thouſand times that ſhe had told him any thing.

Early the next morning, as was his Cuſtom, *Octavio* came to inquire of *Silvia*'s Health; and tho' he had oftentimes only inquired and no more (taking Excuſe of ill Nights, or Commands that none ſhould come to her till ſhe call'd) and had departed ſatisfied, and came again: Yet now, when he went into *Antonett*'s Chamber, he found ſhe was in a great Conſternation, and her Looks, and flattering Excuſes made him know, there was more than uſual in his being to day deny'd; he therefore preſſed it the more, and ſhe grew to greater Confuſion by his preſſing her: At laſt he demanded the Key of her Lady's Chamber, he having, he ſaid, Buſineſs of great Importance to communicate to her; ſhe told him ſhe had as great a Reaſon not to deliver it, ——— *That is*, ſaid

ſaid ſhe (fearing ſhe had ſaid too much) *my Lady's Commands*; and finding no Perſwaſion would prevail, and rather venturing *Silvia's* eternal Diſpleaſure, than not to be ſatisfied in the Jealouſies ſhe had raiſed; eſpecially reflecting on *Philander's* being in Town, he took *Antonett* in his Arms and forced they Key from her, who was willing to be forced; for ſhe admired *Octavio's* Bounty, and car'd not for *Philander*. *Octavio* being Maſter of they Key, flies to *Silvia's* Door like Lightening, or a Jealous Lover, mad to diſcover, what ſeen, would kill him: He opens the Chamber-door, and goes ſoftly to the Bed-ſide, as if he now fear'd to find what he ſought, and wiſhed to Heaven he might be miſtaken; he opened the Curtains, and found *Silvia* ſleeping with *Philander* in her Arms. I need make no Diſcription of his Confuſion and Surprize; the Character I have given of that gallant,

gallant, honeſt and generous Lover, is ſufficient to make you imagine his Heart, when indeed he could believe his Eyes: Before he thought ———-he was about to draw his Sword, and run 'em both through, and revenge at once his injured Honour, his Love, and that of his Siſter; but that little Reaſon he had left, check'd that Barbarity, and he was readier, from his own natural ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition to run himſelf upon his own Sword: And there the *Chriſtian* pleaded———and yet he found his Heart breaking, his whole Body trembling, his Mind all Agony, his Cheeks cold and pale, his Eyes languiſhing, his Tongue refuſing to give Utterance to his Preſſure, and his Leggs to ſupport his Body; and much ado he had to reel into *Antonett*'s Chamber, where he found the Maid dying with Grief for her concern for him. He was no ſooner got to her Bed-ſide, but he fell dead upon it; while ſhe, who

was

was afraid to alarm her Lady and *Philander*, leſt *Octavio* being found there, had accuſed her with betraying 'em; but ſhuting the Door cloſe (for yet no body had ſeen him but her ſelf) ſhe indeavoured all ſhe could to bring him to life again, and it was a great while before ſhe could do ſo: As ſoon as he was recovered he lay a good while without ſpeaking, reflecting on his Fate; but after appearing as if he had aſſum'd all his manly Spirits together, he roſe up, and conjured *Antonett* to ſay nothing of what had happen'd, and that ſhe ſhould not repent the Service ſhe would do him by it. *Antonett*, who was his abſolute devouted Slave, promiſed him all he deſired; and he had the Courage to go once again, to confirm himſelf in the Lewdneſs of this undone fair one, whoſe Perjuries had rendered her even odious now to him, and he beheld her with Scorn and Diſdain: And that ſhe might know how

how indifferently he did ſo (when ſhe ſhould come to know it) he took *Philander*'s Sword, that lay on her *Toylet*, and left his own in the place, and went out pleaſed; at leaſt in this, that he had commanded his Paſſion in the midſt of the moſt powerful Occaſion for Madneſs and Revenge that ever was.

They lay, thus ſecur'd in each others Arms, till nine a-Clock in the Morning, when *Philander* received a Note from *Brilljard*, who was managing his Lords Deſign of getting a Billet delivered to *Caliſta* by the way of a Nun, whom *Brilljard* had made ſome Addreſs to to that end, and ſent to beg, his Lord would come to the Grate and ſpeak to the young Nun, who had undertaken for any innocent Meſſage. This Note made him riſe and haſte to go out, when he received another from an unknown Hand; which was thus:

To Philander

MY Lord, I have important Buſineſs with you, and beg I may ſpeak with you at three of the Clock; I will wait you by the Fountain in the Park:

Yours

Silvia who was impatient to have him gone, never asked to ſee either of theſe Notes, leſt it ſhould have deterr'd him; and ſhe knew *Octavio* would viſit her early, tho' ſhe knew withal ſhe could refuſe him Enterance with any ſlight Excuſe, ſo good an Opinion he had of her Vertue, and ſo abſolute an Aſcendant ſhe had over him.——She had given Orders, if he came, to be refuſed her Chamber; and ſhe was glad to know he had not yet been at her Lodgings. A hundred times ſhe was about to make uſe of the leſ-

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ſen'd Love *Philander* had for her, and to have propoſed to him the ſuffering *Octavio* to ſhare her Embraces for ſo good an Intereſt, ſince no Returns could be had from *France*, nor any Signs of an Amendment of their Fortunes any other way: But ſtill ſhe fear'd he he had too much Honour to permit ſuch a Cheat in Love, to be put even upon an Enemy. This Fear deferred her ſpeaking of it, or offering to ſacrifice *Octavio* as a Cully to their Intereſt, though ſhe wiſhed it; nor knew ſhe long how to deceive both; the Buſineſs was to put *Philander* off handſomely, if poſſible, ſince ſhe fail'd of all other Hopes. Theſe were her Thoughts while *Philander* was dreſſing, and rais'd by his asking for ſome more Piſtols from her Cabinet, which ſhe found would quickly be at an end, if one Lover diminiſhed daily, and the other was hindered from increaſing: But *Philander* was no ſooner dreſs'd but he left her to

her

her Repoſe; and *Octavio* (who had a *Griſon* attending the Motions of *Philander* all that Morning, and had brought him word he was gone from *Silvia*) went to viſit her, and entered her Chamber, all changed from what he was before, and Death ſat in his Face and Eyes, maugre all his Reſolves and art of Diſſembling. She not at firſt perceiving it as ſhe lay, ſhe ſtretch'd out her Arms to receive him with her wonted Careſſes, but he gently put her off, and ſighing cry'd —— *No* Silvia, *I leave thoſe Joys for happier Lovers.* She was a little ſurpriz'd at that ——— but not imagining he had known her Guilt, reply'd; *Then thoſe Careſſes were only meant for him; for if* Silvia *could make him happy, he was ſure of being the Man*; and by force compel'd him to ſuffer her kiſſes and Imbraces, while his Heart was burſting, without any ſenſe of the Pleaſure of her Touches. *Ah* Silvia, ſays he, —— *I can never think*

think my ſelf Secure or Happy while Philander *is ſo near you; every abſent Moment alarms me with ten thouſand Fears; in Sleep I dream thou art Falſe, and gives thy Honour up all my abſent Nights, and all Day thy Vows:* And that he was ſure, ſhould ſhe again ſuffer herſelf to ſee *Philander*, he ſhould be abandoned; and perhaps ſhe again undone. *For ſince I parted with you*, continued he, *I heard from* Clarinau, *that he ſaw* Philander *yeſterday come out of your Lodgings. How can I bear this, when you have vow'd, not to ſee him, with Imprecations that muſt damn thee*, Silvia, *without ſevere Repentance?*——. At this ſhe offered to ſwear again, ——but he ſtop'd her, and begg'd her not to ſwear till ſhe had well conſidered; then ſhe confeſs'd he made her a Viſit, but that ſhe us'd him with that Pride and Scorn, that if he were a Man of Honour, he could never bear; and ſhe was ſure he would trouble her no more: In fine,

fine, ſhe flattered, fawn'd, and gilted ſo, as no Woman common in the Trade of ſinful Love, could be ſo great a Miſtriſs of the Art. He ſuffered her to go on in all that could confirm him ſhe thought him an errant Coxcomb; and all that could render her the moſt contemptible of her Sex. He was pleas'd becauſe it made him diſpiſe her; and that was eaſier than adoring her; yet though he heard her with Scorn, he heard her with too much Love. When ſhe was even Breathleſs with eager Proteſtation —— he cry'd, *Ah, Indiſcreet and Unadviſed* Silvia, *how I pitty thee.* *Ah*, ſaid ſhe ——— obſerving him ſpeak this with a ſcornful Smile ——*-is it poſſible you ſhould indeed be offended for a ſimple Viſit ! which neither was by my Invitation or Wiſh : Can you be angry if I treat* Philander *with the Civility of a Brother ? Or rather, that I ſuffer him to ſee me to receive my Reproaches ?* —— *Stop here*, ſaid he,

thou

thou fair deluding Flatterer, or thou art for ever ruin'd. Do not charge thy Soul yet farther; ——— do not delude me on——all yet I can forgive, as I am dying, but ſhould I live, I could not promiſe thee. Add not new Crimes by cozening me a new, for I ſhall find out Truth, though it lie hid even in the bottom of Philander's *Heart.* This he ſpoke with an Air of Fierceneſs —— which ſeeing her grow pale upon, he ſunk again to Compaſſion, and in a ſoft Voice cry'd——*Whatever Injuries thou haſt done thy Honour, thy Word, and Faith to me, and my poor Heart, I can perhaps forgive when you dare utter Truth: There is ſome Honeſty in that.*———She once more embracing him, fell a new to proteſting her ill Treatment of *Phylander*, how ſhe gave him back his Vows, and aſſured him ſhe would never be reconcil'd to him. *And did you part ſo* Silvia? reply'd the dying *Octavio. Upon my Honour, ſaid* ſhe, *juſt ſo.*

Did

——*Did you not kiſs at parting?* ſaid he faintly,——*Juſt kiſs'd, as Friends, no more, by all thy Love.* At this he burſts into Tears, and cry'd——*Oh! why, when I repos'd my Heart with thee, and laviſhed out my very Soul in Love, could I not merit this poor Recompence, of being fairly dealt with? Behold this Sword—I took it from your* Toylet; *view it, it is* Philander's; *my ſelf this Morning took it from your Table: No more——ſince you may gueſs the fatal reſt: I am undon, and I am ſatisfied.——I had a thouſand Warnings of my Fate, but ſtill the Beauty charmed, and too good Nature yielded: Oft you have cozen'd me, and oft I ſaw it, and ſtill Love made me willing to forgive; the fooliſh Paſſion hung upon my Soul, and ſooth'd me into Peace.* *Silvia*, quite confounded, (not ſo much with the Knowledge he had of the unlucky Adventure, as at her ſo earneſtly denying and forſwearing any Love had paſs'd between

tween 'em) lay ſtill to conſider how to retrieve this loſt Game, and gave him leiſure to go on. ——— *Now*, ſaid he, *thou art ſilent* ——— *would thou had'ſt ſtill been ſo: Ah hapleſs Maid, who haſt this Fate attending thee, To ruine all that Love thee! Be dumb, be dumb for ever; let the falſe Charm that dwells upon thy Tongue be ended with my Life: Let it no more undo believing Man, leaſt amongſt the Number ſome one may conquer thee, and deaf to all thy Wit, and blind to Beauty, in ſome mad Paſſion think of all thy Coznings, ſhould fall upon thee and forget thy Sex, and by thy Death revenge the loſt* Octavio. At theſe Words he would have roſe from her Arms, but ſhe detain'd him, and with a pitious Voice implor'd his Pardon; but he calmly reply'd; *Yes*, Silvia, *I will pardon thee, and wiſh that Heaven may do ſo; to whom apply thy early Rhetorick and Penitence, for it can never, never, charm me more: My Fortune,*

if thou ever want'ſt Support, to keep thee Chaſt and Virtuous, ſhall ſtill be commanded by thee, with that uſual Frankneſs it has hither to ſerved thee; but for Octavio, *he is reſolved to go where he will never more be ſeen by Woman—— or hear the name of Love to ought but Heaven.——Farewel— one parting kiſs and then a long Farewel.———* As he bow'd to kiſs her ſhe caught him faſt in her Arms, while a Flood of Tears bath'd his Face, nor could he prevent his from mixing with hers: While thus they lay, *Philander* came into the Room, and finding them ſo cloſely intwin'd, he was as much ſurpriz'd almoſt as *Octavio* was before; and drawing his Sword, was about to have kill'd him; but his Honour overcome his Paſſion; and he would not take him at ſuch Diſadvantage, but with the Flat of his Sword ſtriking him on the Back as he lay, he cry'd, *Riſe Traytor, and turn to thy mortal Enemy. Octavio*, not at all ſurpriz'd, turn'd

turn'd his Head, and his Eyes bedew'd in Tears, towards his Rival. *If thou beſt an Enemy*, ſaid he, *thou never could'ſt have taken me in a better Humour of dying. Finiſh*, Philander, *that Life then, which if you ſpare, it will poſſibly never leave thine in Repoſe; the Injuries you have done me, being too great to be forgiven. And is it thus*, reply'd *Philander*, ——*thus with my Miſtriſs, that you would revenge 'em? Is it in the Arms of* Silvia *that you would repay me the Favours I did your Siſter* Caliſta? *You have by that Word*, ſaid *Octavio, handſomely reproach'd my Sloath.* And leaping briskly from the Bed, he took out his Sword and cry'd: *Come then,——let us go where we may repair both our Loſſes, ſince Ladies Chambers are not fit places to adjuſt Debts of this nature in.* At theſe Words they both went down Stairs; and 'twas in vain *Silvia* call'd and cry'd out to conjure them to come back; her Power of commanding

ſhe had in one unlucky Day loſt over both thoſe gallant Lovers: And both left her with Pity; to ſay no worſe of the Effect of her ill Conduct.

Octavio went directly to the Park, to the Place whither he before had challenged *Philander*, who loſt no time but followed him: As ſoon as he was come to the Fountain he drew, and told *Philander* that was the place whither he invited him in his Billet that Morning; however, if he liked not the Ground, he was ready to remove to any other: *Philander* was a little ſurpriz'd to find that invitation was a Challenge, and that *Octavio* ſhould be beforehand with him upon the Score of Revenge; and reply'd; *Sir, if the Billet came from you, it was a Favour I thank you for, ſince it kindly put me in mind of that Revenge I ought ſo juſtly to take of you for betraying the Secrets of Friendſhip I repoſed in you, and making baſe Advantages*

vantages of 'em, to recommend your ſelf to a Woman, you knew I lov'd, and who hates you, in ſpight of all the ungenerous ways you have taken to gain her. *Sir*, reply'd Octavio, *I confeſs with a Bluſh and infinite Shame the Error with which you accuſe me, and have nothing to defend ſo great a Perfidy. To tell you I was wrought out of it by the greateſt Cunning imaginable, and that I muſt have ſeen* Silvia *die at my Feet if I had refuſed 'em, is not Excuſe enough for the Breach of that Friendſhip. No tho' I were exaſperated with the Relation there of my Siſters Diſhonour; I muſt therefore adjuſt that Debt with you as well as I can; and if I die in the juſter Quarrel of my Siſter's Honour, I ſhall believe it the Vengeance of Heaven upon me for that one Breach of Friendſhip.* *Sir*, reply'd Philander, *you have given me ſo great a Satisfaction in this Confeſſion; and have made ſo good and gallant an Atonement by this Acknowledgement, that 'tis with Re-*

luctancy I go to punish you for other Injuries, of which I am assured you cannot so well acquit your self. Tho' I would not justify a Baseness, reply'd *Octavio, for which there ought to be no Excuse; yet I will not accuse my self, or acknowledge other Injuries, but leave you something to maintain the Quarrel on—and render it a little just on your side; nor go to wipe off the Outrage you pretend I have done your Love, by adoring the fair Person who at least has been dear to you, by the Wrongs you have done my Sister. Come, Sir, we shall not by disputing quit Scores*, cry'd *Philander* a little impatiently, *what I have so lately seen, has made my Rage too brisk for long Parly.* At that they both advanc'd, and made above twenty Passes before either received any Wound; the first that bled was *Octavio*, who received a Wound in his Breast, which he returned on *Philander*; and after that many were given and taken; so that the Track

their

their Feet made in following and advancing as they fought, was marked out by their Blood: In this Condition (ſtill fighting) *Silvia* (who had call'd 'em back in vain, and only in her Night-Gown in a Chair purſued 'em that Minute they quitted her Chamber) found 'em thus imployed, and without any fear ſhe threw her ſelf between them: *Octavio*, out of reſpect to her, ceaſed; but *Philander*, as if he had not regarded her, would ſtill have been ſtriving for Victory, when ſhe ſtay'd his Hand, and beg'd him to hear her; he then ſet the Point of his Sword to the Ground, and breathleſs and fainting almoſt, attended what ſhe had to ſay: She conjur'd him to ceaſe the Quarrel, and told him if *Octavio* had injured him in her Heart, he ought to remember he had injured *Octavio* as much in that of his Siſter: She conjured him by all the Friendſhip both ſhe and himſelf had received at *Octavio*'s hands;

and concluded with saying so many fine things of that *Cavalier*, that in lieu of appeasing, it but the more exasperated the jealous *Philander*, who took new Courage with new Breath, and passed at *Octavio*. She then addressed to *Octavio*, and cry'd: *Hold, oh hold, or make your way through me, for here I will defend Virtue and Honour!* and put herself before *Octavio*: She spoke with so pitious a Voice, and pleaded with so much Tenderness, that *Octavio* laying his Sword at her Feet, bid her dispose —— false as she was, of his Honour. *For oh*, said he, *my life is already fallen a Victim to your Perjuries!* He could say no more, but falling where he had laid his Sword, left *Philander* master of the Field. By this time some Gentlemen that had been walking came up to 'em, and found a Man lie dead, and a Lady imploring another to fly: They look'd on *Octavio*, and found he had yet Life; and immediately sent

ſent for Surgeons, who carried him to his Lodgings, with very little Hope: *Philander*, as well as his Wounds would give him leave, got into a Chair, telling the Gentlemen that looked on him, he would be reſponſible for *Octavio*'s Life, if he had had the ill Fortune to take it; that his Quarrel was too juſt to ſuffer him to fly,——So being carried to the *Cabarett*, with an abſolute Command to *Silvia* not to follow him, or viſit him: For fear of hurting him by diſobeying, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be carried to her Lodgings, where ſhe threw herſelf on her Bed, and drowned her fair Eyes in a Showre of Tears: She adviſes with *Antonett* and her Page what to do in this Extremity; ſhe fears ſhe has by her ill Management loſt both of her Lovers, and ſhe was in a Condition of needing every Aid. They who knew the excellent Temper of *Octavio*, and knew him to be the moſt conſiderable Lover of

the two, beſought her, as the beſt Expedient ſhe could have Recourſe to, to viſit *Octavio*, who could not but take it kindly; and they did not doubt but ſhe had ſo abſolute a Power over him, that with a very little Complaiſance towards him, ſhe would retrieve that Heart her ill Luck had this Morning forfeited; and which, they proteſted, they knew nothing of, nor how he got into her Chamber. This Advice ſhe took, but becauſe *Octavio* was carried away dead, ſhe feared (and ſwounded with the Fear) that he was no longer in the World, or at leaſt, that he would not long be ſo: However ſhe aſſum'd her Courage again at the Thought, that, if he did die, ſhe had an abſolute Poſſeſſion of all his Fortune, which was to her the moſt conſiderable part of the Man, or at leaſt, what rendered him ſo very agreeable to her: However ſhe thought fit to ſend her Page, which ſhe did in an hour after he

was

was carried home, to ſee how he did, who brought her word that he was reviv'd to Life, and had commanded his Gentleman to receive no Meſſages from her. This was all ſhe could learn, and what put her into the greateſt extremity of Grief. She after ſent to *Philander*, and found him much the better of the two, but moſt infinitely incenſed againſt *Silvia*: This alſo added to her Deſpair; yet ſince ſhe found ſhe had not a Heart that any Love or loſs of Honour, or Fortune could break; but on the contrary, a Reſt of Youth and Beauty, that might oblige her, with ſome Reaſon, to look forward on new Lovers, if the old muſt depart: The next thing ſhe reſolv'd was, to do her utmoſt Indeavour to retrive *Octavio*, which if unattainable, ſhe would make the beſt of her Youth. She ſent therefore (notwithſtanding his Commands to ſuffer none of her People to come and ſee him) to enquire of his Health; and

and in four Days (finding he received other Visits) she dress't herself, with all the Advantages of her Sex, and in a Chair was carried to his Aunt's, where he lay. The good Lady not knowing but she might be that Person of Quality whom she knew to be extreamly in Love with her Nephew, and who liv'd at the Court of *Bruxells*, and was Neece to the Governour, carried her to his Chamber, where she left her, as not willing to be a Witness of a Visit, she knew must be supposed *Incognito*: It was Evening, and *Octavio* was in Bed, and at the first sight of her his Blood grew disordered in his Veins, flush'd in his pale Face, and burnt all over his Body, and he was near to swouning as he lay: She approach'd his Bed with a Face all set for Languishment, Love and Shame in her Eyes, and Sighs, that without speaking seem'd to tell her Grief at his Disaster; she sat, or rather, fell on his Bed, as unable to support the

the ſight of him in that Condition; ſhe in a ſoft manner ſeiz'd his burning Hand, graſp'd it and ſigh'd, then put it to her Mouth, and ſuffered a Tear or two to fall upon it; and when ſhe would have ſpoke ſhe made her Sobs reſiſt her Words; and left nothing unacted that might move the tender-hearted *Octavio* to that degree of Paſſion ſhe wiſhed. A hundred times fain he would have ſpoke, but ſtill his riſing Paſſion choak'd his Words; and ſtill he fear'd they would prove either too ſoft and kind for the Injuries he had received, or too rough and cold for ſo delicate and charming a Creature, and one who, in ſpight of all thoſe Injuries, he ſtill adored: She appear'd before him with thoſe Attractions that never fail'd to conquer him, with that Submiſſion and Pleading in her modeſt baſhful Eyes, that even gave his the Lye, who had ſeen her Perfidy. Oh! what ſhould he do to keep that Fire from breaking forth with

with Violence, which ſhe had ſo throughly kindled in his Heart; how ſhould that excellent good Nature aſſume an unwonted Sullenneſs, only to appear what it could not by Nature by? He was all Soft and Sweet, and if he had Pride, he knew alſo how to make his Pleaſure; and his Youth lov'd Love above all the other little Vanities that attend it, and was the moſt proper to it. Fain he would palliate her Crime, and conſiders in the Condition ſhe was, ſhe could not but have ſome Tenderneſs for *Philander*; that it was no more than what before paſt; 'twas no new Lover that came to kindle new Paſſions, or to approach her with a new Flame; but a Decliner, who came and was received with the Dregs of Love, with all the cold Indifference imaginable: This he would have perſwaded himſelf, but dares not till he hear her ſpeak; and yet fears ſhe ſhould not ſpeak his Senſe; and this Fear makes him

ſighing

ſighing break ſilence, and he cry'd in a ſoft Tone; *Ah! why, too lovely Fair, why do you come to trouble the Repoſe of my dying Hours? Will you, cruel Maid, purſue me to my Grave, ſhall I not have one lone Hour to ask Forgiveneſs of Heaven, for my Sin of loving thee? The greateſt that ever loaded my Youth —— and yet alas, —— the leaſt repented yet. Be kind, and trouble not my Solitude; depart with all the Trophies of my Ruine, and if they can add any Glory to thy future Life, boaſt 'em all over the Univerſe, and tell, what a deluded Youth thou haſt undone. Take, take fair Deceiver all my Induſtry, my right of my Birth, my thriving Parents have been ſo long agetting to make me happy with; take the uſeleſs Trifle, and laviſh it on pleaſure to make thee gay and fit for luckier Lovers: Take that beſt part of me, and let this worſt alone; 'twas that firſt won the dear Confeſſion from thee, that drew my Ruine on —— for which I hate, it*

——*and wiſh my ſelf born a poor Cottage Boor, where I might never have ſeen thy tempting Beauty, but liv'd for ever bleſs'd in Ignorance.* At this the Tears ran from his Eyes, with which the ſoften'd *Silvia* mixed her welcome Stream, and as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe reply'd (with half Cunning and half Love, for ſtill there was too much of the firſt mingled with the laſt) *Oh my* Octavio, *to what Extremities are you reſolv'd to drive a poor Unfortunate, who, even in the height of Youth, and ſome ſmall ſtock of Beauty, am reduced to all the Miſeries of the Wretched? Far from my noble Parents, loſt to Honour, and abandoned by my Friends; a helpleſs Wanderer in a ſtrange Land, expoſed to Want, and periſhing, and had no Sanctuary but thy ſelf, thy dear, thy precious ſelf, whom Heaven had ſent, in Mercy, to my Aid; and thou at laſt, by a miſtaken turn of miſerable Fate, haſt taken that dear Aid away.* At this

ſhe

ſhe fell weeping on his panting Boſom: nevertheleſs he got the Courage to reply once again, before he yielded himſelf a ſhameful Victim to her Flattery, and ſaid; *Ah cruel* Silvia, *is it poſſible that you can charge the Levity on me! Is it I have taken this poor Aid, as you are pleaſed to call it, from you? Oh! rather blame your own unhappy Eaſineſs, that after having ſworn me Faith and Love, could violate 'em both, both where there was no need. 'Twould better have become thy Pride and Quality, to have reſented Injuries receiv'd, than brought again that ſcorn'd abandon'd Perſon (fine as it was, and ſhining ſtill with Youth) to his forgetful Arms. Alas,* ſaid ſhe, *I will not juſtify my hateful Crime; a Crime I loath to think of, it was a Fault beyond a Proſtitution; there might have poſſibly been new Joy in ſuch a Sin, but here 'twas pall'd and gone —— fled to Eternity away: —— And but for the dear Cauſe I did commit it, there were no*

Expia-

Expiation for my Fault; no penitent Tears, could wish away my Crime. Alas, said he,——*if there were any Cause, if there be any possible Excuse for such a breach of Love, give it my Heart; make me believe it, and I yet may live; and tho' I cannot think thee Innocent, to be compell'd by any frivolous Reason, 'twould greatly satisfy my longing Soul. But have a care, do not delude me on——for if thou dost perswade me into Pardon, and to return to all my native Fondness, and then again should'st play me fast and loose; by Heaven——by all my sacred passion to thee, by all that Men call Holy, I will pursue thee with my utmost Hate; forsake thee with my Fortune and my Heart, and leave thee wretched to the scorning Crowd. Pardon these rude Expressions of a Love that can hardly forgive the Words it utters: I blush with Shame while I pronounce 'em true.* When she repli'd; *May all you have pronounced, and all your injured Love can yet invent, fall*

on me, when I ever more deceive you: believe me now, and but forgive what is past, and trust my Love and Honour for the future. At this she told him, that in the first Visit *Philander* made her, she using him so reproachfully, and upbraiding him with his Inconstancy, made him understand that he was betray'd by *Octavio*, and that the whole Intrigue with *Calista*, confessed by him, was discovered to *Silvia*; Which, he said, put him into so violent a Rage against *Octavio*, that he vow'd that Minute to find him out and kill him. Nor could all the Perswasions of Reason serve to hinder him; so that she (who as she said) lov'd *Octavio* to death, finding so powerful an Enemy, as her Fears made her fancy *Philander* was, ready to have snatch'd from her, in one furious Moment, all she addor'd; she had recourse to all the Flattery of Love to withhold him from an Attempt so dangerous: And 'twas with much

ado,

ado, with all those Aids, that he was obliged to stay; which she had forced him to do, to get time to give him Notice in the Morning for his approaching Danger: Not that she feared *Octavio*'s Life, had *Philander* attacked it fairly; but he look'd on himself as a Person injuried by close private ways, and would take a like Revenge, and have hurt him when he as little dream'd of it, as *Philander* did of the Discovery he made of his Letter to her. To this she swore, she weep'd, she imbraced, and still protested it true; adding withal a thousand Protestations of her future Detestation of him; and that since the worst was past, and that they had fought, and he was come off, tho' with so many Wounds, yet with Life, she was resolv'd utterly to defy *Philander*, as the most perfidious of his Sex; and assured him that nothing in the World was so indifferent as she in his Arms. In fine, after having omitted

mitted nothing that might gain a Credit, and assure him of her Love and Heart, and possess him with a Belief, for the future, of her lasting Vows: He wholly convinc'd and overcome, snatches her in his Arms, and bursting into a Shower of Tears, cry'd——*Take*——*take all my Soul, thou Lovely Charmer of it, and dispose of the Destiny of* Octavio. And smothering her with Kisses and Imbraces, made a perfect Reconciliation. When the Surgeons, who came to visit him, finding him in the disorder of a Fever, tho' more Joy was triumphing in his Face than before, they imagined this Lady, the fair Person for whom this Quarrel was; for it had made a great Noise, you may believe; and finding it hurtful for his Wounds, either to be transported with too much Rage, Grief, or Love, besought him he would not talk too much, or suffer any Visits that might prejudice his Health: And indeed, with what

had

had been past, he found himself after his Transport very ill and feverish, so that *Silvia* promised the Doctors she would Visit him no more in a day or two, tho' she knew not well how to be from him so long; but would content her self with sending her Page to inquire of his Health. To this *Octavio* made very great Oppofition, but his Aunt, and the rest of the Learned, were of Opinion it ought for his Health to be so, and he was obliged to be satisfied with her Absence: At parting she came to him, and again besought him to believe her Vows to be well, and that she would depart somewhere with him far from *Philander*, who she knew was obliged to attend the Motions of *Cesario* at *Bruxels*, whom again she imprecated never to see more. This satisfied our impatient Lover, and he suffered her to go and leave him to what Rest he could get. She was no sooner got home, and retired to her

her Chamber, but finding her ſelf alone, which now ſhe did not care to be, and being aſſured ſhe ſhould not ſee *Octavio*; inſtead of triumphing for her new gain'd Victory, ſhe ſent her Page to inquire again of *Philander*'s Health, and to intreat that ſhe might Viſit him: At firſt before ſhe ſent, ſhe check'd this Thought as baſe, as againſt all Honour, and all her Vows and Promiſes to the brave *Octavio*; but finding an Inclination to it, and propoſing a Pleaſure and ſatisfaction in it; ſhe was of a Nature not to loſe a Pleaſure for a little Punctilio of Honour; and without conſidering what would be the event of ſuch a Folly, ſhe ſent her Page, tho' he had been repulſed before, and forbid coming with any Meſſages from his Lady. The Page found no better Succeſs, than hitherto he had done; but being with much Intreaty brought to *Philander's* Chamber, he found him ſitting in his

Night

Night-Gown, to whom addreſſing himſelf—he had no ſooner named his Lady——but *Philander* bid him be gone, for he would hear nothing from that falſe Woman: The Boy would have reply'd, but he grew more inraged; and reviling her with all the Railings of incenſed Lovers, he put himſelf into his Cloſet without ſpeaking any more, or ſuffering any Anſwer. This Meſſage being deliver'd to the expecting Lady, put her into a very great Rage——which ended in as deep a Concern: Her great pride fortified by her Looking-Glaſs, made her highly reſent the Affront; and ſhe believed it more to the Glory of her Beauty to have quitted a hundred Lovers than to be abandoned by one. 'Twas this that made her rave and tear, and talk high; and after all, to uſe her Cunning to retrieve, what it had been moſt happy for her, ſhould have been for ever loſt; and ſhe ought to have bleſſed the Occaſion. But her malicious

malicious Star had design'd other Fortune for her: She writ to him several Letters, that were sent back sealed: She railed, she upbraided, and then fell to Submission. At last he was perswaded to open one, but returned such Answers as gave her no Satisfaction, but incouraged her with a little hope that she should draw him on to a Reconciliation: Between whiles she fail'd not to send *Octavio* the kindest impatient Letters in the World, and received the softest Replies that the Tongue of Man could utter, for he could not write yet. At last, *Philander* having reduced *Silvia* to the very brink of Despair, and finding by her passionate Importunity, that he could make his Peace with her on any term of Advantage to himself; resolved to draw such Articles of Agreement, as should wholly subdue her to him, or to stand it out to the last: The Conditions were, That he being a Person, by no means, of

a Humour to be impoſed upon; if he were dear to her, ſhe ſhould give herſelf intirely to his Poſſeſſion, and quit the very Converſation of all thoſe he had but an Apprehenſion would diſturb his Repoſe; That ſhe ſhould remove out of the way of his troubleſome Raivals, and ſuffer her ſelf to be conducted whither he thought good to carry her. Theſe Conditions ſhe liked, all but the going away; ſhe could not tell to what ſort of Confinement that might amount. He flies off wholly, and denies all Treaty upon her leaſt Scruple, and will not be ask'd the Explanation of what he has propoſed, ſo that ſhe bends like a Slave for a little Empire over him; and to purchaſe the Vanity of retaining him, ſuffers her ſelf to be abſolutely undone. She ſubmits; and that very Day ſhe had leave from the Doctors to viſit *Octavio*, and that all-raviſh'd Lover lay panting in expectation of the bleſſed Sight, believing

every

every Minute an Age; his Apartment dreſſed and perfum'd, and all things ready to receive the Darling of his Soul, *Philander* came in a Coach and ſix Horſes (and making her pack up all her Jewels and fine Things, and what they could not carry in the Coach, put up to come after them) and hurries her to a little Town in *Luke-Land*, a place between *Flanders* and *Germany*, without giving her time to write, or letting her know whither ſhe was going. While ſhe was putting up her things (I know ſhe has ſince confeſſed) her Heart trembled, and foreboaded the Ill that was to come; that is, that ſhe was haſting to Ruin: But ſhe had chang'd to ſay ſo much to him of her Paſſion, to retrieve him, that ſhe was aſhamed to own the Contrary ſo ſoon; but ſuffered that Force upon her Inclinations to do the moſt diſhonourable and diſintereſſed thing in the World. She had not been there a Week, and her Trunks of Plate and

fine Things were arrived, but she fell in Labour, and was brought to Bed, tho' she show'd very little of her Condition all the time she went. This great Affair being well over, she considers herself a new Woman, and began, or rather continued, to consider the Advantage she had lost in *Octavio*: She regrets extreamly her Conduct, and from one Degree to another she looks on herself as lost to him; she every day saw what she had decay'd, her Jewels sold one by one, and at last her Necessaries. *Philander*, whose Head was running on *Calista*, grudg'd every Moment he was not about that Affair, grew as peevish as she; she recovers to new Beauty, but he grows colder and colder by Possession; Love decay'd, and ill Humour increased: They grew uneasy on both sides, and not a Day passed wherein they did not break into open and violent Quarrels, upbraiding each other with those Faults, which both wished that

that either would again commit, that they might be fairly rid of one another: It grew at laſt to that height, that they were never well but when they were abſent from one another; he making a hundred little Intrigues and Gallantries with all the pretty Women, and thoſe of any Quality in the Town or neighbouring *Villa's*. She ſaw this with Grief, Shame, and Diſdain, and could not tell which way to relieve her ſelf: She was not permitted the Privilege of Viſits, unleſs to ſome grave Ladies, or to Monaſteries; a Man was a Rarety ſhe had hardly ſeen in two Months, which was the time ſhe had been there; ſo that ſhe had leaſure to think of her Folly, bemoan the Effects of her Injuſtice, and contrive, if ſhe could, to remedy her diſagreeable Life, which now was reduced, not only to ſcurrilous Quarrels, and hard Words; but often in her Fury, ſhe flying upon him, and with the Cou-

rage, or Indiſcretion of her Sex, would provoke him to Indecencies, that render Life inſupportable on both ſides. While they liv'd at this rate, both contriving how handſomly to get quit of each other, *Brilljard*, who was left in *Bruxels*, to take care of his Lord's Affairs there, and that as ſoon as he had heard of *Ceſario*'s Arrival, he ſhould come with all ſpeed, and give him notice, thought every Minute an Hour till he could ſee again the Charmer of his Soul, for whom he ſuffered continual Fevers of Love. He ſtudies nothing but how firſt to get her Pardon, and then to compaſs his Deſigns of poſſeſſing her: He had not ſeen her, nor durſt pretend to it, ſince ſhe left *Holland*. He believed ſhe would have the Diſcretion to conceal ſome of his Faults, leſt he ſhould diſcover in Revenge, ſome of her's; and fancied ſhe would imagine ſo of his Conduct: He had met with no Reproaches

yet

yet from his Lord, and believ'd himſelf Safe. With this imagination he omitted nothing that might render him acceptable to her, nor to gain any Secret he believed might be of uſe to him: Knowing therefore that ſhe had not dealt very generouſly with *Octavio*, by this Flight with *Philander*, and believing that that exaſperated Lover, would in Revenge declare any thing to the prejudice of the fair Fugitive, he (under pretence of throwing himſelf at his Feet, and asking his Pardon for his ill treating him in *Holland*) deſign'd before he went into *Luke-Land* to pay *Octavio* a Viſit, and accordingly went; he met firſt with his Page, who being very well acquainted with *Brilliard*, diſcourſed with him before he carried him to his Lord: He told him, That his Lord that day that *Silvia* departed, being in impatient Expectation of her, and that ſhe came not according to Appointment, ſent him to her Lodg-

ings, to know if any Accident had prevented her coming; but that when he came, tho' he had been with her but an Hour before, she was gone away with *Philander*, never more to return. The Youth, not being able to carry this sad news to his Lord, when he came home, offered at a hundred things to conceal the right; but the impatient Lover would not be so answered, but all inraged, commanded him to tell that Truth which he found already but too apparently in his Eyes. The Lad, so commanded, could no longer defer telling him *Silvia* was gone, and being asked again and again, what he meant, with a Face and Voice, that every Moment alter'd to dying; the Page assured him she was gone out of *Bruxells* with *Philander*, never more to return; which was no sooner told him, but he sunk on the Couch where he lay, and fainted: He farther told him how long it was, and with what Difficulty

culty he was recovered to Life; and that after he was ſo, he refuſed to ſpeak or ſee any Viſitors; could for a long time be neither perſwaded to eat nor ſleep, but that he had ſpoke to no body ever ſince, and did now believe he could not procure him the Favour he beg'd: That nevertheleſs he would go and ſee what the very Name of any that had but a relation to the Family of *Silvia* would produce in him, whether a ſtorm of Paſſion, or a calm of Grief: Either would be better than a Dulneſs, all ſilent and ſad, in which there was no underſtanding what he meant by it: Whoever ſpoke, he only made a ſhort ſign, and turn'd away, as much as to ſay, Speak no more to me: But now, reſolv'd to try his Temper, haſted to his Lord, and told him that *Brilliard*, full of Penitence for his paſt Fault, and Grief, for the ill Condition he heard he was in, was come to pay his humble Reſpects to him, and gain his Pardon,

before he went to his Lord and *Silvia*; without which he had, nor could have any Peace of Mind, he being too sensible of the baseness of the injury he had done him. At the Name of *Philander* and *Silvia*, *Octavio* show'd some signs of listening, but to the rest no regard; and starting from the Bed where he was laid: *Ah: what hast thou said*, cry'd he? The Page then repeated the Message, and was commanded to bring him up; who, accordingly, with all the signs of Submission, cast himself at his Feet and Mercy; and tho' he were an Enemy, the very thought that he belonged to *Silvia* made *Octavio* caress him, as the dearest of Friends: He kept him with him two or three days, and would not suffer him to stir from him; but all their Discourse was of the faithless *Silvia*; of whom, the deceived Lover spoke the softest unheard tender things, that ever Passion utter'd. He made the Amorous *Brilliard*

weep a hundred times a-day; and ever when he would have ſooth'd his Heart with hopes of ſeeing her, and one day injoying her intirely to himſelf, he would with ſo much peace of Mind renounce her, as *Brilljard* no longer doubted but he would indeed no more truſt her fickle Sex. At laſt the News arrived that *Ceſario* was in *Bruxels*, and *Brilljard* was obliged the next Morning to take Horſe, and to go to his Lords And to make himſelf the more acceptable to *Silvia*, he humbly beſought *Octavio* to write ſome part of his Reſentment to her, that he might oblige her to a reaſon for what ſhe had ſo inhumanly done: This flattered him a little, and he was not long before he was overcome by *Brilljard*'s intreaties; who, having his Ends in every thing, believed this Letter might contain at leaſt ſomething to aſſiſt in his Deſign, by giving him Authority over her by ſo great a Secret: The

next Morning, before he took Horſe, he waited on *Octavio* for his Letter, and promiſed him an Anſwer at his Return, which would be in a few days. The Letter was open, and *Octavio* ſuffered *Brilljard* to read it, making him an abſolute Confident in his Amour; which having done, he beſought him to add one thing more to it; and that was, to beg her to forgive *Brilljard*, which for his ſake he knew ſhe would do: He told him, he was obliged as a good Chriſtian, and a dying Man, one reſolved for Heaven, to do that good Office, and accordingly did. *Brilljard*, taking Poſt immediately, arrived to *Philander*, where he found every thing as he wiſhed, all out of Humour, ſtill on the Fret, and ever peeviſh. He had not ſeen *Silvia*, as I ſaid, ſince ſhe went from *Holland*, and now knew not which way to approach her: *Philander* was abroad on ſome of his uſual Gallantries, when *Brilljard* arrived; and having diſ-

courſed

courſed a while of the Affairs of his Lord and *Silvia*, he told *Antonett* he had a great deſire to ſpeak with that diſſatisfied fair one, aſſuring her he believed his Viſit would be welcome, from what he had to ſay to her concerning *Octavio*: She told him (with infinite Joy) that ſhe did not doubt of his Pardon from her Lady if he brought any News from that gallant injured Man; and in all haſt, tho' her Lady ſaw no body, but refuſed to riſe from her Couch, ſhe ran to her, and beſought her to ſee *Brilljard*, for he came with a Meſſage from *Octavio*, the Perſon who was the Subject of their Diſcourſe Night and Day, when alone. She immediately ſent for *Brilljard*, who approach'd his Goddeſs with a trembling Devotion; he kneel'd before her, and humbly beſought her Pardon for all that was paſt: But ſhe, who with the very thought that he had ſomething to ſay from *Octavio*, forgot all but that, and haſtily bid

him

him rise, and take all he ask'd, and hope for what he wished: In this Transport she embraced his Head, and kiss'd his Cheek, and took him up. *That, Madam,* said *Brilljard, which your divine Bounty alone has given me, without any Merit in me, I durst not have had the Confidence to have hop'd without my Credential from a nobler Hand*—— *This, Madam,* said he,——And gives her a Letter from *Octavio*: The dear hand she knew and kiss'd a hundred times as she opened it; and having intreated *Brilljard* to withdraw for a Moment, that he might not see her Concern at the reading it, she sat her down and found it this:

Octavio *to* Silvia.

I Confess, oh faithless Silvia, *that I shall appear in writing to you, to show a Weakness even below that of your Infidelity; nor durst I have trusted my self to have spoken so many*

ſad ſoft things as I ſhall do in this Letter, had I not try'd the Strength of my Heart, and found I could upbraid you without talking my ſelf out of that Reſolution I have taken—— but becauſe I would die in perfect Charity with thee as with all the World, I ſhould be glad to know I could forgive thee, for yet thy Sins appear too black for Mercy. Ah! why charming Ingrate, have you left me no one Excuſe for all your Ills to me? Why have you injured me to that degree, that I, with all the mighty ſtock of Love I had hoarded up together in my Heart, muſt die reproaching thee to my laſt Gaſp of Life; which had'ſt thou been ſo merciful to have ended, by all the Love that's breaking off my Heart, that yet, even yet is ſoft and charming to me, I ſwear with my laſt Breath, I had bleſs'd thee, Silvia: But thus to uſe me; thus to leave my Love, diſtracted raving Love, and no one Hope or Proſpect of Relief, either from Reaſon, Time or faithleſs Sil-

via

via, *was but to ſtretch the Wretch upon the Rack, and ſcrew him up to all degrees of Pain; yet ſuch, as do not end in kinder Death. Oh thou unhappy Ruiner of my Repoſe! Oh fair Unfortunate! if yet my Agony would give me leave to argue, I am ſo miſerably loſt, to ask thee yet this woful Satisfaction; to tell me why thou haſt unaone me thus? Why thou ſhouldeſt chuſe out me from all the Crowd of fond admiring Fools, to make the World's Reproach, and turn to redicule? How couldſt thou uſe that ſoft good Nature ſo, that had not one ungrateful ſullen Humour in it, for thy Revenge and Pride to work upon? No Baſeneſs in my Love, no dull Severity for Malice to be buſie with; but all was gay and kind, all lavish Fondneſs, and all that Woman vain, with Youth and Beauty, could wiſh in her Adorer: What couldſt thou ask but Empire, which I gave not? My Love, my Soul, my Life, my very Honour, all was reſign'd to thee; that*

Youth

Youth that might have gain'd me Fame abroad was dedicated to thy eternal Service, laid at thy Feet, and idly paſt in Love. Oh charming Maid, whom Heaven has form'd for the Puniſhment of all, whoſe Flames are Criminal! why could'ſt not thou have made ſome kind diſtinction between thoſe common Paſſions and my Flame? I gave thee all my Vows, my honeſt Vows, before I asked a Recompence for Love. I made thee mine before the ſacred Powers, that witneſs every ſecret ſolemn Vow, and ſix 'em in the eternal Book of Fate; if thou hadſt given thy Faith to any other, as, oh, too ſure thou haſt, what Fault was this in me, who knew it not, why ſhould I bear that ſin? I took thee to me as a Virgin Treaſure, ſent from the Gods to charm the Ills of Life, to make the tedious Journey ſhort and joyful; I came to make atonement for thy Sin, and to redeem thy Fame; not add to the deteſted Number. I came to gild thy Stains of Honour over;

over; and set so high a Price upon thy Name, that all reproaches for thy past offences, should have been lost in future Crowds of Glory: I came to lead thee from a world of Shame, approaching Ills, and future Miseries; from noisy Flatterers that would sacrifice thee, first to dull Lust, and more unthinking Wit; possess thee, then traduce thee. By Heaven, I swear it was not for my self alone, I took such pains to gain thee, and set thee free from all those Circumstances that might perhaps debauch thy worthier Nature, and I believed it was with pain you yielded to every buying Lover: No, 'twas for thy Sake, in pity to thy Youth, Heaven had inspired me with Religious Flame; and when I aim'd at Silvia 'twas alone I might attain to Heaven the surest way, by such a pious Conquest: Why hast thou ruin'd a Design so glorious, as saving both our Souls? Perhaps thou vainly thinkest that while I am pleading thus —— I am arguing still

for

for Love; or think this way to move thee into Pity; No, by my hopes of Death to eaſe my Pain, Love is a Paſſion not to be compell'd by any force of Reaſon's Arguments: 'Tis an unthinking Motion of the Soul, that comes and goes as unaccountably as changing Moons, or Ebbs and Flows of Rivers, only with far leſs certainty. It is not that my Soul is all over Love, that can beget its Likeneſs in your Heart: Had Heaven and Nature added to that Love all the Perfections that adorn our Sex, it had avail'd me nothing in your Soul: There is a Chance in Love as well as Life, and oft the moſt unworthy are preferred; and from a Lottery I might win the Prize from all the venturing Throng with as much Reaſon, as think my Chance ſhould favour me with Silvia; *it might perhaps have been, but 'twas a wonderous Odds againſt me. Beauty is more uncertain than the Dice; and tho' I ventured like a forward Gameſter, I was not yet ſo vain to hope to win,*

nor

nor had I once complain'd upon my Fate, if I had never hop'd; but when I had fairly won, to have it basely snatch'd from my Possession, and like a baffled Cully, see it seiz'd by a false Gamester, and look tamely on, has shown me such a Picture of my self; has given me such Idea's *of the Fool, I scorn to look into my easy Heart, and loath the Figure you have made me there. Oh* Silvia! *what an Angel thou hadst been, hadst thou not sooth'd me thus to my Undoing. Alas, it had been no Crime in thee to hate me, it was not thy Fault I was not Amiable; if thy soft Eyes could meet no Charms to please 'em, those soft, those charming Eyes were not in Fault; nor that thy Sense, too delicate and nice, could meet no proper Subject for thy Wit, thy Heart, thy tender Heart, was not in fault, because it took not in my tale of Love, and sent soft Wishes back: Oh! no, my* Silvia, *this, tho' I had dy'd, had caused you no Reproach; but first, to fan my Fyre by all the*

Arts

Arts that ever Subtle Beauty could invent; to give me Hope; nay, to diſſemble Love; yes, and ſo very well diſſemble too, that not one tender Sigh was breath'd in vain: All that my love ſick Soul was panting for, the ſubtle Charmer gave; ſo well, ſo very well, ſhe could diſſemble: Oh! what more Proofs could I expect from Love, what greater Earneſt of eternal Victory? Oh! thou hadſt raiſed me to the height of Heaven, to make my Fall to Hell the more precipitate. Like a fallen Angel now I howl and roar, and curſe that Pride that taught me firſt Ambition; 'tis a poor Satisfaction now, to know (if thou couldſt yet tell Truth) what Motive firſt ſeduced thee to my Ruin? Had it been Intereſt—— by Heaven, I would have bought my wanton Pleaſures at as high Rates as I would gratify my real Paſſions; at leaſt when Silvia *ſet a price on Pleaſure; nay, higher yet, for Love when 'tis repaid with equal Love, it ſaves the Chafferer a great Expence: Or*

were

were it wantonness of Youth in thee, alass you might have made me understood it, and I had met you with an equal Ardour, and never thought of loving, but quench'd the short liv'd Blaze as soon as kindled; and hoping for no more, had never let my hasty Flame arrive any higher than that powerful Minutes Cure. But oh! in vain I seek for Reasons from thee; perhaps thy own fantastick fickle Humour cannot inform thee why thou hast betray'd me; but thou hast done it Silvia, and may it never rise in Judgment on thee, nor fix a Brand upon thy Name for ever, greater than all thy other Guilts can load thee with: Live fair Deceiver, live, and charm Philander, to all the Heights of his beginning Flame; maist thou be gaining Power upon his Heart, and bring it to Repentance for Inconstancy; may all thy Beauty still maintain its Lustre, and all thy Charms of Wit be new and gay; maist thou be chast and true; and since it was thy Fate to

be

be undone, let this at least excuse the hapless Maid; 'twas Love alone betray'd her to that ruine, and it was Philander *only had that Power. If thou had'st sinn'd with me, as Heaven's my Witness, after I had plighted thee my sacred Vows, I do not think thou did'st; may all the Powers above forgive thee,* Silvia; *and those thou hast committed since those Vows, will need a world of Tears to wash away: 'Tis I will weep for both, 'tis I will go and be a Sacrifice to atone for all our Sins; 'Tis I will be the pressing Penitent, and watch, and pray, and weep, till Heaven have Mercy; and may my Penance be accepted for thee;* ——— *Farewell.* ——— *I have but one Request to make thee, which is, that thou wilt for* Octavio's *Sake forgive the faithful Slave that brings thee this from thy*

Octavio.

Silvia, whose Absence and ill Treatment of *Octavio*, had but served to raise her Flame to a much greater

greater degree, had no ſooner read this Letter, but ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be diſtracted, with all the different Paſſions that poſſeſs deſpairing Lovers; ſometimes raving, and ſometimes ſighing and weeping: 'Twas a good while ſhe continued in theſe Diſorders, ſtill thinking on what ſhe had to do next, that might redeem all: Being a little come to her ſelf, ſhe thought good to conſult with *Brilljard* in this Affair, between whom and *Octavio* ſhe found there was a very good Underſtanding: And reſolving abſolutely to quit *Philander*, ſhe no longer had any Scruples or Doubt what Courſe to take, nor car'd ſhe what Price ſhe paid for a Reconciliation with *Octavio*, if any Price would purchaſe it: In order to this Reſolve, fix'd in her Heart, ſhe ſends for *Brilljard*, whom ſhe careſſes anew, with all the Fondneſs and Familiarity of a Woman, who was reſolv'd to make him her Confident, or rather indeed her next

Gallant.

Gallant. I have already ſaid he was very handſome, and very well made, and you may believe he took all the care he could in dreſſing, which he underſtood very well: He had a good deal of Wit, and was very well faſhion'd and bred: ——With all theſe Accompliſhments, and the addition of Love and Youth, he could not be imagined to appear wholly indifferent in the Eyes of any body, tho' hitherto he had in thoſe of *Silvia*, whoſe heart was doating on *Philander*; but now, that that Paſſion was wholly extinguiſhed, and that their eternal Quarrels had made almoſt a perpetual Separation, ſhe being alone, without the Converſation of Men, which ſhe lov'd, and was uſed to, and in her Inclination naturally addicted to love, ſhe found *Brilljard* more agreeable than he uſed to be; which together with the deſigns ſhe had upon him, made her take ſuch a Freedom with him, as wholly tranſported this almoſt

hopeleſs Lover: She diſcourſes with him concerning *Octavio* and his Condition, and he failed not to anſwer, ſo as to pleaſe her, right or wrong; ſhe tells him how uneaſie ſhe was with *Philander*, who every day grew more and more inſupportable to her; ſhe tells him ſhe had a very great Inclination for *Octavio*, and more for his Fortune, that was able to ſupport her, than his perſon; ſhe knew ſhe had a great Power over him, and however it might ſeem now to be diminiſhed by her unlucky Flight with *Philander*, ſhe doubted not but to reduce him to all that Love he once profeſs'd to her, by telling him ſhe was forc'd away, and without her Knowledge, being carried only to take the Air, was compell'd to the fatal Place where ſhe now was. *Brilljard* ſooths and flatters her in all her Hope, and offers her his Service in her Flight, which he might eaſily aſſiſt, unknown to *Philander*. It was now about ſix

a

a Clock at Night, and ſhe commanded a Supper to be provided and brought to her Chamber, where *Brilljard* and ſhe ſupp'd together, and talk'd of nothing but the new Deſign; the hope of effecting which put her into ſo good Humour, that ſhe frankly drank her Bottle, and ſhow'd more ſigns of Mirth than ſhe had done in many Months befor: In this good Humour *Brilljard* look'd more Amiable than ever, ſhe ſmiles upon him, ſhe careſſes him with all the aſſurance of Friendſhip imaginable; ſhe tells him ſhe ſhall behold him as her deareſt Friend, and ſpake ſo many kind things, that he was imbolden'd, and approach'd her by degrees more near; he makes Advances; and the greateſt Incouragement was, the Secret he had of her intended Flight: He tells her, He hop'd ſhe would be pleaſed to conſider (that while he was ſerving her in a new Amour, and aſſiſting to render her into the Arms of ano-

ther, he was wounding his own Heart which languiſhed for her; that he ſhould not have taken the Preſumption to have told her this at ſuch a time as he offered his Life to ſerve her, but that it was already no Secret to her, and that a Man who lov'd at his rate, and yet would contrive to make his Miſtriſs happy with another, ought in Juſtice to receive ſome Recompence of a Flame ſo conſtant and ſo ſubmiſſive. While he ſpake he found he was not regarded with the Looks of Scorn or Diſdain; he knew her haughty Temper, and finding it calm he preſſed on to new ſubmiſſions; he fell at her Feet, and pleaded ſo well, where no Oppoſers were, that *Silvia* no longer reſiſted, or if ſhe did, it was very feebly, and with a ſort of Wiſh, that he would purſue his Boldneſs yet farther; which at laſt he did, from one degree of Softneſs and gentle Force to another, and made himſelf

ſelf the happieſt Man in the World; tho' ſhe was very much diſordered at the Apprehenſion of what ſhe had ſuffered from a Man of his Character, as ſhe imagined ſo infinitely below her; but he redoubled his ſubmiſſions in ſo cunning a manner, that he ſoon brought her to her good Humour; and after that he uſed the kind Authority of a Husband whenever he had an Opportunity, and found her not diſpleaſed at his Services She conſidered he had a Secret from her, which if reveal'd, would not only prevent her Deſign, but ruin her for ever; ſhe found too late ſhe had diſcovered too much to him to keep him at the Diſtance of a Servant, and that ſhe had no other way to attach him eternally to her Intereſt, but by this means. He now every day appear'd more fine, and well dreſſed, and omitted nothing that might make him, if poſſible, an abſolute Maſter of her Heart, which he

vow'd he would defend with his Life, from even *Philander* himſelf; and that he would pretend to no other Empire over her, nor preſume or pretend to ingroſs that fair and charming Perſon which ought to be univerſally adored. In fine, he fail'd not to pleaſe both her Deſire and her Vanity, and every day ſhe loved *Philander* leſs, who ſometimes in two or three together came not home to viſit her. At this time it ſo happened, he being in Love with the young Daughter of an Advocate, about a League from his own Lodgings, and he is always eager on the firſt Addreſs, till he has compleated the Conqueſt; ſo that ſhe had not only time to pleaſe and revenge herſelf with *Brilljard*, but fully to reſolve their Affairs, and to provide all things againſt their Flight, which they had abſolutely done before *Philander*'s Return; who coming home, received *Brilljard* very kindly, and the News

which

which ſhe brought, and which made him underſtand, he ſhould not have any long time to finiſh his new Amour in; but as he was very Conquering both in Wit and Beauty, he left not the Village without leaving ſome Ruins behind of Beauty, which ever after bewail'd his Charms; and ſince his departure was ſo neceſſary, and that in four or five days he was oblig'd to go, they deferr'd their flight till he was gone; which time they had wholly to themſelves, and made as good uſe of it as they could; at leaſt ſhe thought ſo, and you may be ſure, he alſo, whoſe Love increas'd with his poſſeſſion. But *Silvia* longs for Liberty, and thoſe neceſſary Gallantries, which every day diminiſh'd; ſhe lov'd rich Clothes, gay Coaches, and to be laviſh; and now ſhe was ſtinted to good Houſewifery, a Penury ſhe hated.

The time of *Philander*'s departure being come, he took a very careleſs leave of *Silvia*, telling her he would

ſee what Commands the Prince had for him, and return in Ten or Twelve Days. *Brilljard* pretended ſome little Indiſpoſition, and beg'd he might be permitted to follow him, which was granted, and the next day, tho' *Brilljard* pleaded infinitely for a continuation of his hapineſs two or three days more, ſhe would not grant it, but oblig'd him, by a thouſand kind promiſes of it for the future to get Horſes ready for her Page, and Woman, and her Coach for her ſelf; which accordingly was done, and they left the Village, whoſe Name I cannot now call to mind, taking with her what of value ſhe had left. They were three days on ther journey; *Brilljard* under pretence of care of her Health, the weather being Hot, and for fear of overtaking *Philander* by ſome accident on the Road, delay'd the time as much as was poſſible, to be as happy as he could all the while; and indeed *Silvia* was never ſeen in a Humour

mour more Gay, She found this ſhort time of hope and pleaſure, had brought all her baniſh'd Beauties back, that Care, Sickneſs and Grief had extreamly tarniſht, only her Shape was a little more inclining to be Fat, which did not at all however yet impare her fineneſs; and ſhe was indeed too Charming without, for the deformity of her indiſcretion within; but ſhe had broak the bounds of Honour, and now ſtuck at nothing that might carry on an Intereſt, which ſhe reſolved ſhould be the buſineſs of her future life.

She at laſt arriv'd at *Bruxells*, and caus'd a Lodging to be taken for her in the remoteſt part of the Town; as ſoon as ſhe came ſhe oblig'd *Brillard* to viſit *Octavio*; but going to his Aunt's, to enquire for him, he was told that he was no longer in the World; he ſtood amaz'd a while, believing he had been dead, when Madam, the Aunt, told him he was retir'd to the Monaſtery of the Order

of St. *Bernard*, and would in a day or two without the Probationary Year, take Holy Orders. This did not ſo much ſurprize him as the other, knowing that he diſcours'd to him, when he ſaw him laſt, as if ſome ſuch retirement he meant to reſolve upon; with this News, which he was not altogether diſpleas'd at; *Brilljard* return'd to *Silvia*, which ſoon chang'd all her good humour to tears and Melancholy: She inquired at what place he was, and believ'd ſhe ſhould have power to withdraw him from a reſolution ſo fatal to her, and ſo contradictive to his Youth and Fortune; and having conſulted the matter with *Brilljard*, he had promiſed her to go to him, and uſe all means poſſible to withdraw him. This reſolv'd, ſhe writ a moſt inſinuating Letter to him, wherein ſhe excus'd her flight by a ſurprize of *Philander's*, and urg'd her condition, as it then was, for the excuſe of her long ſilence; and that as ſoon as her Health

Health would give her leave, ſhe came to put her ſelf eternally into his Arms; never to depart more from thence. Theſe Arguments and Reaſons, accompanied with all the indearing tenderneſs her artful Fancy was capable of framing, ſhe ſent with a full aſſurance it would prevail to perſwade him to the World, and her fair Arms again. While ſhe was preparing this to go, *Philander*, who had heard at his arrival, what made ſo much noiſe, that he had been the occaſion of the Worlds loſs of two of the fineſt Perſons in it, the Siſter *Caliſta* by Debauching her, and the Brother by Raviſhing his Miſtriſs from him, both which were entring without all poſſibility of prevention, into Holy Orders. He took ſo great a Melancholy at it, as made him keep his Chamber for two Days, maugre all the urgent affairs that ought to have invited him from thence; he was conſulting by what power to prevent the Misfortune; he now ran

back

back to all the Obligations he had to *Octavio*, and pardons him all the injuries he did him; he loves him more by loving *Silvia* less, and remember'd how that generous Friend, after he knew he had dishonoured his Sister, had notwithstanding sent him Letters of Credit, to the Magistrates of *Cologne*, and Bills of Exchange to save him from the murder of his Brother-in-Law, as was likely to have been. He now charges all his little faults to those of Love, and hearing that old *Clarinau* was dead of the wound *Octavio* had given him by mistake, which increased in him new hope of *Calista*, cou'd she be retriev'd from the Monastery. He resolv'd in order to this to make *Octavio* a Visit, to beg his Pardon, and beg his Friendship, and his Continuation in the World. He came accordingly to the Monastery, and was extream civily received by *Octavio*, who yet had not the Habit on. *Philander* told him, he heard he was leaving the

World

World, and could not ſuffer him to do ſo, without indeavouring to gain his Pardon of him, for all the injuries he had done him; that as to what related to his Siſter the Counteſs, he proteſted upon his Honour, if he had but imagined ſhe had been ſo, he wou'd have ſuffer'd death ſooner than his Paſſion to have approach'd her indiſcreetly; and that for *Silvia*, if he were aſſur'd her poſſeſſion could make him happy, and call him to the World again, he aſſur'd him he wou'd quit her to him, were ſhe Ten times dearer to him than ſhe was. This he confirm'd with ſo many proteſtations of Friendſhip, that *Octavio* oblig'd to the laſt degree, believ'd and return'd him this Anſwer, *Sir, I muſt confeſs you have found out the only way to diſarm me of my reſentment againſt you, if I were not oblig'd by thoſe Vows I am going to take, to pardon and be at peace with all the World. However theſe Vows cannot hinder me from conſerving intirely that Friendſhip*

in my Heart, which your good qualities and beauties at first sight ingag'd there, and from esteeming you more than perhaps I ought to do: the Man whom I must yet own my Rival, and the undoer of my Sisters Honour. But Oh—no more of that, a Friend's above a Sister, or a Mistriss. At this he hung down his Eyes and sigh'd——— *Philander* told him he was too much concern'd in him, not to be extreamly afflicted at the resolution he had taken, and besought him to quit a design so injurious to his Youth, and the glorious things that Heaven had destin'd him to; he urg'd all that could be said to dissuade him, and after all, could not believe he would quit the World at this Age, when it would be sufficient Forty Years hence so to do. *Octavio* only answer'd with a Smile; but when he saw *Philander* still persist, he endeavour'd to convince him by speaking, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven; he Vow'd by all the Holy Powers there, he never would look

down

down to Earth again; nor more conſider fickle, faithleſs Beauty; *All the Gay Vanities of Youth*, ſaid he, *for ever I renounce, and leave 'em all to thoſe that find a Pleaſure or a Conſtancy in 'em: for the fair faithleſs Maid, that has undone me, I leave to you the Empire of her Heart; but have a care*, ſaid he, (and Sighing laid his Arms about his Neck) *for even you with all that ſtock of Charms, ſhe will at laſt betray: I wiſh her well—— ſo well as to repent of all her Wrongs to me—— 'Tis all I have to ſay.* What *Philander* could urge, being impoſſible to prevail with him: And begging his Pardon and Friendſhip (which was granted by *Octavio*, and implor'd on his ſide from *Philander*) he took a ring of a great value from his Finger, and preſented it to *Philander*, and beg'd him to keep it for his Sake; and to remember him while he did ſo: They Kiſt, and Sighing parted.

Philander was no ſooner gone, but *Brilljard* came to wait on *Octavio*, whom

whom he found at his Devotion, and beg'd his Pardon for disturbing him: He receiv'd him with a very good Grace, and a chearful Countenance, imbracing him, and after some Discourse of the Condition he was going to reduce himself to, and his Admiration, that one so Young should think of Devoting himself so early to Heaven, and things of that nature, as the time and occasion requir'd, he told him the extream Affliction *Silvia* was seiz'd with, at the News of the Resolution he had taken, and deliver'd him her Letter, which he read without any Emotions in his Heart or Face, as at other times us'd to be visible at the very mention of her Name, or approach of her Letters. At the finishing of which he only smiling cry'd; *Alas, I pity her*, and gave him back the Letter. *Brilljard* ask'd if he would not please to write her some Answer, or condescend to see her; *No*, replied Octavio, *I have done with all the gilded Vanities*

of

of Life, now I ſhall think of Silvia *but as ſome Heavenly thing, fit for Diviner Contemplations, but never with the Youthful thoughts of Love. What he ſhould ſend her now,* he ſaid, *would have a different Stile to thoſe ſhe us'd to receive from him; it would be Pious Counſel, Grave Advice, unfit for Ladies ſo young and Gay as* Silvia, *and would ſcarce find a welcom: He wiſh'd he could convert her from the World— and ſave her from the dangers that purſu'd her.* To this purpoſe was all he ſaid of her, and all that could be got from him by the earneſt Solicitor of Love, who perhaps was glad his Negotiation ſucceeded no better, and took his leave of him, with a promiſe to viſit him often; which *Octavio* beſought him to do, and told him he would take ſome care, that for the good of *Silvia*'s better part, ſhe ſhould not be reduc'd by want of Neceſſaries for her Life, and little Equipage, to proſtitute her ſelf to vile inconſtant Man; he yet had ſo much

reſpect

reſpect for her—and beſought *Brilljard* to come and take care of it with him, and to intreat *Silvia* to accept of it from him; and if it contributed to her future happineſs, he ſhould be more pleas'd than to have poſſeſt her intirely.

You may imagine how this News pleas'd *Silvia*; who trembling with fear every Moment, had expected *Brilljard's* coming, and found no other Benefit by his Negotiation, but ſhe muſt bear what ſhe cannot avoid; but 'twas rather with the Fury of a Bacchanel, than a Woman of common Senſe, and prudence; all about her pleaded ſome days in vain, and ſhe hated *Brilljard* for not doing impoſſibilities; and it was ſometime before he could bring her to permit him to ſpeak to her or viſit her.

Philander having left *Octavio*, went immediately to wait on *Ceſario*, who was extreamly pleas'd too meet him there, and they exchang'd their Souls to each other, and all the Secrets of 'em

'em. After they had diſcours'd of all that they had a mind to hear and know on both ſides, *Ceſario* inquir'd of him of *Silvia*'s Health; and *Philander* gave him an account of the uneaſineſs of her Temper, and the occaſions of their Quarrels, in which *Octavio* had his part, as being the ſubject of ſome of 'em: From this he falls to give a Character of that Rival, and came to this part of it, where he had put himſelf into the orders of the *Bernardines*, reſolving to leave the World, and all its Charms and Temptations. As they were ſpeaking; ſome Gentlemen, who came to make their Court to the Prince, finding 'em ſpeaking of *Octavio*, told them that to morrow he was to be initiated, without the Years Tryal; the Prince would needs go and ſee the Ceremony, having heard ſo much of the Man; and accordingly next day, accompanied with the Governour, *Philander*, *Thomaſo*, and abundance of Perſons of Quality and Offi-

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cers, he went to the great Church; where were preſent all the Ladies of the Court, and all that were in the Town. The Noiſe of it was ſo great, that *Silvia*, all Languiſhing, and ill as ſhe was, would not be perſwaded from going, but ſo muffl'd in her Hoods, as ſhe was not to be known by any.

Never was any thing ſo magnificent as this Ceremony, the Church was on no occaſion ſo richly addorn'd; *Silvia* chanc'd to be ſeated near the Prince of *Michlenburgh*, who was then in *Bruxells* and at the Ceremony; ſad as ſhe was, while the ſoft Muſick was playing, ſhe diſcours'd to him, tho' ſhe knew him not, of the buſineſs of the day: He told her ſhe was to ſee a Sight, that ought to make her Sex leſs cruel; a Man extreamly Beautiful and Young, whoſe Fortune could command almoſt all the pleaſures of the World; yet for the Love of the moſt Amiable Creature in the World, who has treated him with Rigor, he abandons

abandons this Youth and Beauty to all the Severity of rigid Devotion: Ths relation, with a great deal he ſaid of *Octavio*'s Vetrues and Bravery, had like to have diſcovered her by putting her into a Swoon: and ſhe had much ado to ſupport her ſelf in her Seat. I my ſelf went among the reſt to this Ceremony, having in all the time I liv'd in *Flanders*, never been ſo curious to ſee any ſuch thing: The Order of St. *Bernard* is one of the neateſt of any of 'em, and there is a Monaſtery of that Order, which are oblig'd to be all noble Mens Sons; of which I have ſeen fifteen hundred at a time in one Houſe; all handſome, and moſt of 'em Young; their Habit adds a Grace to their Perſon, for of all the Religious, that is the moſt becoming: Long white Veſts of fine Cloth, ty'd about with White Silk Saſhes, or Cord of White Silk; over this a long Cloak without a Cape, of the ſame fine white Broad-Cloth; their Hair of a pretty Length, as that

of

of our Perſons in *England*, and a White Beaver; they have very fine Apartments, fit for their quality, and above all, every one his Library; They have Attendance and Equipage according to their Rank, and have nothing of the Inconveniences and Slovenlineſs of ſome of the Religious, but ſerved in as good order as can be, and they have nothing of the Monaſtick —— but the Name, the Vow of Chaſtity, and the opportunity of gaining Heaven, by the ſweeteſt Retreat in the World, fine Houſe, excellent Air, and delicate Gardens, Grotto's and Groves. 'Twas this Order that *Octavio* had choſen, as too delicate to undertake the Auſterity of any other; and in my opinion 'tis here a Man may hope to become a Saint, ſooner than in any other, more perplext with Want, Cold, and all the neceſſaries of Life, which takes the thought too much from Heaven, and afflicts it with the Cares of this World, with pain and too much Abſtinence:

ſtinence: and I rather think 'tis Neceſſity than Choice that makes a Man a Cordelier, that may be a *Jeſuit* or a *Bernardine*, to the beſt of the *Holy Orders*. But to return, 'twas upon a *Thurſday* this Ceremony began; and as I ſaid, there was never any thing beheld ſo fine as the Church that day was, and all the Fathers that officiated at the High-Altar; behind which a moſt magnificent Scene of Glory was opened, with Clouds moſt rarely and Artificially ſet off, behind which appear'd new ones more bright and dazling, till from one degree to another, their luſtre was hardly able to be look'd on; and in which ſat an hundred little Angels ſo rarely dreſs'd, ſuch ſhining Robes, ſuch Charming Faces, ſuch flowing bright Hair, Crown'd with Roſes of White and Red, with ſuch artificial Wings, as one would have ſaid they had born the Body up in the ſplendid Sky: and theſe to ſoft Muſick, Tun'd their ſoft Voices with

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ſuch ſweetneſs of Harmony, that for my part, I confeſs, I thought my ſelf no longer on Earth; and ſure there is nothing gives us an Idea of real Heaven, like a Church all adorn'd with rare Pictures, and the other Ornaments of it, with what ever can Charm the Eyes; and Muſick, and Voices to raviſh the Ear; both which inſpire the Soul with unreſiſtable Devotion; and I can ſwear for my own part, in thoſe Moments a thouſand times I have wiſh'd to Die; ſo abſolutely I have forgot the World, and all its Vanities, and fixt my thoughts on Heaven. While this Muſick continued, and the Anthems were ſinging, Fifty Boys all in White, bearing Silver Cenſers, caſt incenſe all round, and perfum'd the place with the richeſt and moſt agreeable Smells, while two hundred Silver Lamps were burning about the Altar, to give a greater Glory to the open'd Scene, while other Boys ſtrow'd Flowers upon the inlaid Pavement,

Pavement, where the gay Victim was to tread; for no Crowd of Gazers fill'd the empty Space, but thoſe that were Spectators, were ſo placed as rather ſerved to adorn than diſorder the awful Ceremony, where all were ſilent, and as ſtill as death; as awful as Mourners, that attend the Hearſe of ſome lov'd Monarch. While we were thus liſtening, the ſoft Muſick playing, and the Angels ſinging, the whole Fraternity of the Order of St. *Bernard*, came in, two by two, in very graceful Order; and going up to the ſhining Altar, whoſe furniture, that day, was Embroidered with Diamonds, Pearls, and Stones of great value; they bow'd and retired to their Places, into little gilded Stalls, like our Knights of the *Garter* at *Windſor*: After them fifty Boys that ſang, approach in order to the Altar, bow'd, and divided on each ſide; they were dreſſed in White Cloth of Silver, with Golden Wings and roſy Chaplets: After theſe, the

Biſhop in his pontifick Robes, ſet with Diamonds of great Price, and his Mitre richly adorn'd, aſcended the Altar; where, after a ſhort Anthem, he turn'd to receive the young Devotee, who was juſt entred the Church, while all Eyes were fixed on him: He was led, or rather, on each ſide attended, with two young Noble-men, his Relations; and I never ſaw any thing more rich in Dreſs, but that of *Octavio* exceeded all Imagination, for the gayety and fineneſs of the Work: It was White Cloth of Silver embroidered with Gold, and Buttons of Diamonds; lin'd with rich Cloth of Gold and Silver Flowers, his Breeches of the ſame, trim'd with a pale Pinck Garniture; rich Linnen, and a White Plume in his White Hat: His Hair, which was long and black, was that day in the fineſt order that could be imagined; but for his Face and Eyes, I am not able to deſcribe the Charms that adorn'd 'em; no Fancy, no Imagi-

Imagination can paint the Beauties there: He look'd indeed as if he were made for Heaven; no Mortal ever had ſuch Grace: He look'd, methought, as if the Gods of Love had met in Council to dreſs him up that day for everlaſting Conqueſt; for to his uſual Beauties he ſeemed to have the addition of a thouſand more; he bore new Luſtre in his Face and Eyes, Smiles on his Cheeks, and Dimples on his Lips: He moved, he trode with nobler Motions, as if ſome ſupernatural Influence had took a peculiar Care of him: Ten thouſand Sighs, from all ſides, were ſent him, as he paſſed along, which, mix'd with the ſoft Muſick, made ſuch a murmuring as gentle Breezes moving yielding Boughs: I am aſſured he won that day more Hearts, without Deſign, than ever he had gain'd with all his Toils of Love and Youth before, when induſtry aſſiſted him to conquer. In his Ap-

proach to the Altar, he made three Bows; where, at the Foot of it on the lower Step, he kneel'd, and then High-Mass began; in which were all sorts of different Musick, and that so excellent, that wholly ravish'd with what I saw and heard, I fansied my self no longer on Earth, but absolutely ascended up to the Regions of the Sky. All I could see around me, all I heard, was ravishing and heavenly; the Scene of Glory, and the dazling Altar; the noble Paintings, and the numerous Lamps; the Awfulness, the Musick, and the Order, made me conceive my self above the Stars, and I had no part of mortal Thought about me. After the Holy Ceremony was performed, the Bishop turn'd and bless'd him; and while an Anthem was singing, *Octavio*, who was still kneeling, submitted his Head to the Hands of a Father, who with a pair of Sissors cut of his delicate Hair; at which a soft Murmur of Pity and Grief,

Grief, fill'd the Place: Thoſe fine Locks, with which *Silvia* had a thouſand times play'd, and wound the Curles about her Snowy Finger, ſhe now had the dying Grief, for her Sake, for her Infidelity, to behold ſacrificed to her Cruelty, and diſtributed amongſt the Ladies, who at any price would purchaſe a Curl: After this they took off his Linnen, and his Coat, under which he had a White Sattin Waſtcoat, and under his Breeches Drawers of the ſame. Then the Biſhop took his Robes, which lay conſecrated on the Altar, and put them on, and inveſted him with the Holy Robe: The Singing continuing to the end of the Ceremony; where, after an Anthem was ſung (while he proſtrated himſelf before the Altar) he aroſe, and inſtead of the two Noble-Men that attended him to the Altar, two *Bernardines* approach'd and conducted him from it, to the Seats of every one of the Order, whom he kiſſed,

and imbraced, as they came forth to welcome him to the Society. It was with abundance of Tears that every one beheld this Transformation; but *Silvia* ſwouned ſeveral times during the Ceremony, yet would not ſuffer her ſelf to be carried out; but *Antonett* and another young Lady of the Houſe where ſhe lodged, that accompanied her, did what they could to conceal her from the publick View. For my part, I ſwear I was never ſo affected in my Life, with any thing, as I was at this Ceremony, nor ever found my Heart ſo oppreſſed with Tenderneſs; and was my ſelf ready to ſink where I ſate, when he came near me, to be welcom'd by a Father that ſate next me: After this he was led by two of the eldeſt Fathers, to his Apartment, and left a thouſand ſighing Hearts behind him. Had he dy'd, there had not been half that Lamentation; ſo fooliſh is the miſtaken World, to grieve at our happieſt Fortune,

Fortune, either when we go to Heaven, or retreat from this World, which has nothing in it that can really charm, without a thousand Fatigues to attend it: And in this Retreat, I am sure, he himself was the only Person that was not infinitely concerned; who quitted the World with so modest a Bravery, so intire a Joy, as no young Conqueror ever perform'd his Triumphs with more.

The Ceremony being ended, *Antonett* got *Silvia* to her Chair, concern'd even to Death; and she vow'd afterwards, she had much ado to withhold her self from running and seizing him at the Altar, and preventing his Fortune and Design, but that she believed *Philander* would have resented it to the last degree, and possibly have made it fatal to both her self and *Octavio*. It was a great while before she could recover from the Indisposition to which this fatal and unexpected Accident had reduced her: But as I

have ſaid, ſhe was not of a Nature to die for Love; and charming and brave as *Octavio* was, it was perhaps her Intereſt, and the loſs of his conſiderable Fortune, that gave her the greateſt Cauſe of Grief. Sometimes ſhe vainly fancied that yet her Power was ſuch, that with the Expence of one Viſit, and ſome of her uſual Arts, which rarely fail, ſhe had power to withdraw his Thoughts from Heaven, and fix 'em all on herſelf again, and to make him fly thoſe Incloſures to her more agreeable Arms: But again ſhe wiſely conſidered, tho' he might be retriev'd, his Fortune was diſpoſed of to Holy Uſes, and could never be ſo. This laſt Thought more prevailed upon her, and had more convincing Reaſon in it, than all that could beſides oppoſe her Flame; for ſhe had this wretched Prudence, even in the higheſt Flights and Paſſions of her Love, to have a wiſe Regard to Intereſt; inſomuch that it is moſt certain,

certain, ſhe refuſed to give her ſelf up intirely even to *Philander*; him, whom one would have thought nothing but perfect Love, ſoft irreſiſtable Love, could have compelled her to have tranſgreſſed withal, when ſo many Reaſons contradicted her Paſſion: How much more then ought we to believe that Intereſt was the greateſt Motive of all her after Paſſions? However, this powerful Motive fail'd not to beget in her all the Pains and Melancholies that the moſt violent of Paſſions could do: But *Brilljard*, who lov'd to a greater Degree than ever, ſtrove all he could to divert the Thoughts of a Grief, for which there was no Remedy; and believed if he could get her out of *Bruxels*, retir'd to the little Town, or rather Village, where he was firſt made happy, and where *Philander* ſtill believed her to be, he ſhould again reaſſume that Power over her Heart he had before: In this melancholy Fit of hers he pro-

poſed it, urging the Danger he ſhould be in for obeying her, ſhould *Philander* once come to know that ſhe was in *Bruxells*; and that poſſibly ſhe would not find ſo civil a Treatment as he ought to pay her, if he ſhould come to the knowledge of it: Beſides theſe Reaſons, he ſaid, he had ſome of greater importance, which he muſt not diſcover till ſhe were withdrawn from *Bruxells*: but there needed not much to perſwade her to retire, in the Humour ſhe then was; and with no Oppoſition on her ſide, ſhe told him ſhe was ready to go where he thought fit; and accordingly the next day they departed the Town, and in three more arrived to the Village. In all this Journey *Brilljard* never approach'd her but with all the Reſpect imaginable, but withall with abundance of ſilent Paſſion; which manner of Carriage, obliged *Silvia* very often to take Notice of it, with great Satisfaction and Signs of favour; and

as

as he ſaw her Melancholy abate, he increaſed in ſighing and Lovers Boldneſſes: Yet with all this he could not oblige her to thoſe Returns he wiſhed: When, after ten days ſtay, *Philander* writ to him, to inquire of his Health, and of *Silvia*, to whom he ſent a very kind good natured Letter, but no more of the Lover than if there had never been ſuch a Joy between 'em: He beg'd her to take care of herſelf, and told her he would be with her in ten or fifteen days; and deſired her to ſend him *Brilljard*, if he were not wholly neceſſary to her Service, for he had urgent Affairs to imploy him in: So that *Brilljard*, not being able longer, with any colour to defend his Stay, writ him word he would wait on him in two days: which ſhort time he wholly imploy'd in utmoſt Endeavour to gain *Silvia*'s Favour; but ſhe, whoſe Thoughts were roving on new Deſigns, which ſhe thought fit to conceal from a

Lover,

Lover, ſtill put him off with pretended Illneſs, and thoughtfulneſs on the late melancholy Object and loſs of *Octavio*: But aſſur'd him as ſoon as ſhe was recovered of that Preſſure, ſhe would receive him with the ſame Joy ſhe had before, and which his Perſon and his Services merited from her; 'twas thus ſhe ſooth'd the hoping Lover, who went away with all the Satisfaction imaginable; bearing a Letter from *Silvia* to *Philander*, written with all the Art of Flattery. *Brilljard* was no ſooner gone, but *Silvia*, whoſe Head ran on new Adventures, reſolv'd to try her Chance; and being, whenever ſhe pleaſed, of a Humour very Gay, ſhe reſolv'd upon a Deſign, in which ſhe could truſt no body but her Page, who lov'd his Lady to the laſt Degree of Paſſion, tho' he never durſt ſhow it, even in his Looks or Sighs; and yet the cunning *Silvia* had by chance found his flame, and would often take Delight

light to torture the poor Youth, to laugh at him: She knew he would die to ſerve her, and ſhe durſt truſt him with the moſt important Buſineſs of her Life: She therefore the next Morning ſends for him to her Chamber, which ſhe often did, and told him her Deſign; which was, in Man's Clothes to go back to *Bruxells*, and ſee if they could find any Adventures by the way that might be worth the Journey, and divert 'em: She told him ſhe would truſt him with all her Secrets; and he vow'd Fidelity. She bid him bring her a Suit of thoſe Clothes ſhe uſed to wear at her firſt Arrival at *Holland*; and he look'd out one very fine, and which ſhe had worn that day ſhe went to have been married to *Octavio*, when the *States* Meſſengers took her for a *French* Spy, a Suit *Philander* had never ſeen: She equips her ſelf, and leaving in charge with *Antonett* what to ſay in her Abſence; and telling her ſhe was

going

going upon a Frolick to divert herſelf a day or two, ſhe, accompanied by her Page only, took Horſe, and made away towards *Bruxells*: You muſt know that the half way Stage is a very ſmall Village, in which there is moſt lamentable Accommodation, and may vie with any part of *Spain* for bad Inns. *Silvia*, not uſed much to riding, as a Man, was pretty well tired by that time ſhe got to one of thoſe *Hotels*; and as ſoon as ſhe alighted ſhe went to her Chamber, to refreſh and cool her ſelf; and while the Page was gone to the Kitchen, to ſee what there was to eat, ſhe was leaning out of the Window, and looking on the Paſſengers that rode along, many of which took up in the ſame Houſe. Among them that alighted, there was a very handſom young Gentleman, appearing of Quality, attended only by his Page. She conſidered this Perſon a little more than the reſt, and finding him ſo unac-

compa-

companied, had a Curioſity, natural to her, to know who he was: She ran to another Window, that look'd into the Yard, a kind of Balcony, and ſaw him alight, and look at her; and Saluted her in paſſing into the Kitchen, ſeeing her look like a Youth of Quality: Coming in he ſaw her Page, and ask'd if he belong'd to that Young Cavalier in the Gallery; the Page told him he did: And being asked Who he was, he told him he was a young Nobleman of *France*; a Stranger to all thoſe parts, and had made an eſcape from his Tutors, to ramble for his Fancy and his Pleaſure; and ſaid he was of a Humour, never to be out of his way; all places being alike to him in thoſe little Adventures. So leaving him (with yet a greater Curioſity) he ran to *Silvia*, and told her what had paſt between the young Stranger and him: While ſhe, who was poſſeſt with the ſame Inquiſitive Humour, bid him inquire who he was,

when

when the Maſter of the *Hotel* coming in the interim up to uſher in her Supper, ſhe inquir'd of him who that Young Stranger was; he told her, one of the greateſt Perſons in *Flanders*; that he was Nephew to the Governour, and who had a very great Equipage at other times; but that now he was *Incognito*, being on an Intrigue: This Intrigue gave *Silvia* new Curioſity; and hoping the Maſter would tell him again, ſhe fell into great praiſes of his Beauty and his Mein; which for ſeveral reaſons pleas'd the Man of the Inn, who departed with the good News, and told every Word of it to the Young Cavalier: The good Man having, beſides the pleaſing him with the grateful Complements, a farther deſign in the Relation; for his Houſe being very full of Perſons of all ſorts, he had no Lodgings for the Governour's Nephew, unleſs he could recommend him to our Young Cavalier. The Gay unknown, extreamly

pleas'd

pleas'd with the Character he had given him, by ſo beautiful a Gentleman, and one who appear'd of ſo much quality; being alone, and knowing he was ſo alſo, ſent a *Spaniſh* Page, that ſpoke very good *French*, and had a handſome Addreſs, and quick Wit, to make his Complement to the Young *Mounſieur*; which was to beg to be admitted to Sup with him; who readily accepted the Honour, as ſhe call'd it; and the Young Governour, whom we muſt call *Alonzo*, for a reaſon or two, immediately after entr'd her Chamber, with an admirable Addreſs, appearing much handſomer near, than at diſtance; tho' even then he drew *Silvia*'s Eyes with admiration on him; there were a thouſand Young Graces in his Perſon, Sweetneſſes in his Face, Love and Fire in his Eyes, and Wit on his Tongue: His Stature was neither Tall nor Low, very well made and faſhion'd; a Light Brown Hair, Hazle Eyes, and a very ſoft and amorous

morous Air; about twenty Years of Age: He ſpoke very good *French*; and after the firſt Complements on either ſide were over, as on ſuch occaſions are neceſſary; in which on both ſides were nothing but great Expreſſions of Eſteem, *Silvia* began ſo very well to be pleas'd with the fair Stranger, that ſhe had like to have forgot the part ſhe was to act, and have made Diſcoveries of her Sex, by Addreſſing her ſelf with the Modeſty and Bluſhes of a Woman: But *Alonzo* who had no ſuch apprehenſion; tho' ſhe appear'd with much more Beauty, than he fancied ever to have ſeen in a Man, nevertheleſs admir'd without ſuſpecting, and took all thoſe Signs of Effeminacy to unaſſur'd Youth, and firſt Addreſs; and he was abſolutely deceiv'd in her. *Alonzo*'s Supper being brought up, which was the beſt the bad Inn afforded, they ſat down, and all Supper time talk'd of a thouſand pleaſant things, and moſt of Love

and

and Women, where both expreſt abundance of Gallantry for the fair Sex. *Alonzo* related many ſhort and pleaſant accidents, and amours he had had with Women. Tho' the Stranger were by Birth a *Spaniard*; yet while they diſcours'd, the Glaſs was not idle, but went as briskly about, as if *Silvia* had been an abſolute good Fellow. *Alonzo* Drinks his, and his Miſtriſſes Health, and *Silvia* returned the Civility, and ſo on till three Bottles were ſacrific'd to Love and good Humour, while ſhe at the expence of a little Modeſty, declared her ſelf ſo much of the opinion of *Don Alonzo*, for Gay Inconſtancy, and the Bleſſing of Variety, that he was wholly Charm'd with a Converſation ſo agreeable to his own. I have heard her Page ſay, from whom I have had a great part of the Truths of her Life, that he never ſaw *Silvia* in ſo pleaſant a Humour all his Life before, nor ſeem'd ſo well pleas'd, which gave him, her Lover, a Jealouſie,

ſie, that perplext him above any thing he had ever felt from Love; tho' he durſt not own it. But *Alonzo* finding his Young Companion altogether ſo Charming (and in his own way too) could not forbear very often from falling upon his Neck, and Kiſſing the fair diſguis'd, with as hearty an Ardour, as ever he did one of another Sex: He told her he Ador'd her; ſhe was directly of his Principle, all gay, inconſtant, galiard and roving, and with ſuch a Guſto he commended the Joys of fickle Youth, that *Silvia* would often after ſay, ſhe was then Jealous of him, and Envious of thoſe who poſſeſt him, tho' ſhe knew not whom. The more ſhe lookt on him, and heard him ſpeak, the more ſhe fanſied him: and Wine that warm'd her Head, made her give him a thouſand Demonſtrations of Love, that warm'd her Heart; which he miſtoke for Friendſhip, having miſtaken her Sex. In this fit of beginning

Love

Love (which is always the beſt) and Jealouſie, ſhe bethought her to ask him on what Adventure he had now been; for he being without his Equipage, ſhe believ'd, ſhe ſaid, he was upon ſome affair of Love: He told her there was a Lady, within an Hours riding of that place, of quality, and handſome, very much Courted: Amongſt thoſe that were of the number of her Adorers, he ſaid, was a Young Man of Quality of *France*, who called himſelf *Philander*: This *Philander* had been about eight Days very happy in her Favour, and had hap'ned to boaſt his good Fortune the next Night at the Governours Table, where he Din'd with the Prince *Ceſario*. I told him, continued *Alonzo*, That the Perſon he ſo boaſted of, had ſo ſoon granted him the Favour, that I believ'd ſhe was of a Humour to ſuffer none to die at her Feet: But this, ſaid he, *Philander* thought an Indignity to his good parts, and told me, he believ'd he was the

the only Man happy in her Favour, and that could be ſo: On this I ventur'd a Wager, at which he colour'd extreamly, and the Company laugh'd, which Incens'd him more; the Prince urg'd the Wager, which was a pair of *Spaniſh* Horſes, the beſt in the Court, on my ſide, againſt a Diſcretion on his: This odds offer'd by me incens'd him yet more; but urg'd to lay, we ended the Diſpute with the Wager, the beſt Concluſion of all Controverſies. He would have known what meaſures I would take; I refus'd to ſatisfie him in that; I only ſwore him upon Honour, that he ſhould not diſcover the Wager or the diſpute to the Lady. The next day I went to pay her a Viſit, from my Aunt, the Governour's Lady, and ſhe received me with all the civility in the World. I ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, and could talk of nothing but the Adoration I had for her, and found her extreamly pleas'd, and vain, of which Feeble Reſiſtance I made ſo

good

good advantage, that before we parted, being all alone, I received from her all the Freedoms that I could with any good Manners be allow'd, the firſt time; ſhe firing me with Kiſſes, and ſuffering my cloſeſt Embraces. Having proſper'd ſo well, I left her for that time, and two days after I made my viſit again; ſhe was a Married Lady, and her Huſband was a *Dutch Count*, and gone to a little Government he held under my Uncle, ſo that again I found a free Admittance; I told her 'twas my Aunt's Complement I brought before, but that now 'twas my own I brought, which was that of an impatient Heart, that Burnt with a World of Fire and Flame, and Non-ſenſe. In fine, ſo eager I was, and ſo preſſing for ſomething more than Dull Kiſſing, that ſhe began to retire as faſt as ſhe advanc'd before, and told me, after abundance of preſſing her to it, that ſhe had ſet a price upon her Beauty, and unleſs I underſtood how to purchaſe

chaſe her, it was not her fault if I were not happy: At firſt I ſo little expected it had been Money, that I reiterated my Vows, and fanſied it was the aſſurance of my Heart ſhe meant; but ſhe very frankly replyed, Sir; you may ſpare your Pains, and five hundred Piſtols will eaſe you of a great deal of trouble, and be the beſt Argument of your Love. This Generous Conſciencious Humour of hers, of ſuffering none to Die that had five hundred Piſtols to preſent for a Cure, was very good News to me, and I found I was not at all oblig'd to my Youth or Beauty, but that a Man with half a Noſe, or a ſingle Eye, or that ſtunk like an old *Spaniard* that had Din'd on Rotten Cheeſe and Garlick, ſhould have been equally as welcom for the aforeſaid Sum, to this Charming Inſenſible. I muſt confeſs, I do not love to chaffer for my pleaſure, it takes off the beſt part of it, and were I left to my own Judgment of its worth, I ſhould hardly

hardly have offered ſo ſneaking a Sum; but that ſort of bargaining was her Humour, and to enjoy her, mine, tho' ſhe had ſtrangely pall'd me by this management of the Matter: all I had now to do, was to appoint my Night and bring my Money; now was a very proper time for it, her Husband being abſent: I took my leave of her, infinitely well pleas'd to have gain'd my point on any Terms, with a promiſe to deliver my ſelf there the next Night: but ſhe told me ſhe had a Brother to come to Morrow, whom ſhe would not have ſee me, and for that reaſon, (being however not willing to delay the receiving her Piſtoles) ſhe deſired I would wait at this very Houſe, till a Foot man ſhould give me notice when to come; accordingly I came, and ſent her a Billet, that I waited prepar'd at all Points; and ſhe return'd me a Billet to this purpoſe; *That her Brother with ſome Relations being arriv'd, as ſhe expected ſhe*

beg'd for her Honour's ſake that I would wait till ſhe ſent, which ſhould be as ſoon as they were gone to their Chambers; and they having rid a long Journey, would early retire; that ſhe was impatient of the Bleſſing, and ſhould be as well prepar'd as himſelf, and that ſhe would leave her Woman Letitia *to give me admittance.* —— This ſatisfy'd me very well; and as I attended here, ſome of my acquaintance chanced to arrive; with whom I Supp'd, and took ſo many Glaſſes, to her Health, as it paſt down, that I was arriv'd at a very handſom pitch, and to ſay Truth, was as full of *Bacchus* as *Venus*. However, as ſoon as her Foot man, arriv'd I ſtole away, and took Horſe, and by that time it was quite dark arriv'd at her Houſe, where I was let in by a young Maid, whoſe Habit was very neat and clean, and ſhe herſelf appear'd to my Eyes, then dazling with Wine, the moſt beautiful Young Creature I had ever ſeen, as in truth ſhe was; ſhe ſeemed all Modeſty,

deſty, and bluſhing Innocence; ſo that conducting me into a low Parlour, while ſhe went to tell her Lady I was come, who lay ready dreſt in all the Magnificence of Night-dreſs to receive me, I ſat contemplating on this fair Young Maid, and no more thought of her Lady, than of *Bethlemite Gaber*. The Maid ſoon return'd, and Curtſying, told me with Bluſhes on her Face, that her Lady expected me; the Houſe was ſtill as Sleep, and no Noiſe heard, but the little Winds that ruſh'd among the *Jeſamin* that grew at the Window; now whether at that moment, the falſe Light in the Room, or the true Wine deceived me, I know not; But I beheld this Maid as an Angel for Beauty; and indeed I think ſhe had all the temptations of Nature. I began to kiſs her, and ſhe to tremble and bluſh; yet not ſo much out of Fear, as Surprize and Shame at my Addreſſes. I found her pleaſed with my Vows, and melting at my Kiſſes; I ſigh'd in

her Boſom, which panted me a welcome there; that Boſom whiter than Snow, ſweeter than the Noſegay ſhe had planted there. She urg'd me faintly to go to her Lady, who expected me, and I ſwore it was for her Sake I came (whom I never ſaw) and that I ſcorn'd all other Beauties: She kindl'd at this, and her Cheeks glow'd with Love. I preſs'd her to all I wiſh'd, but ſhe replyed, ſhe was a Maid, and ſhould be undone. I told her I would Marry her, and ſwore it with a thouſand Oaths; ſhe believed, and grew prettily Fond——In fine, at laſt ſhe yeilded to all I ask'd of her, which we had ſcarce recover'd when her Lady rung. I could not ſtir, but ſhe who fear'd a Surprize, ran to her, and told her I was gone into the Garden, and would come immediately; ſhe haſtens down again to me, Fires me anew, and pleas'd me anew; 'twas thus I taught a longing Maid the firſt Leſſon of Sin, at the price of Fifty Piſtoles,

Piſtoles, which I preſented her; nor could I yet part from this young charmer, but ſtayed ſo long that her Lady rung a Silver Bell again; but my new Prize was ſo wholly taken up with the pleaſure of this new Amour, and the good Fortune arriv'd to her, ſhe heard not the Bell, ſo that the fair deceiv'd, put on her Night Gown and Slippers, and came ſoftly down Stairs, and found my new Love, and I cloſely imbracing with all the paſſion and fondneſs imaginable. I know not what ſhe ſaw in me in that kind Moment to her Woman, or whether the diſappointment gave her a greater deſire, but 'tis moſt certain ſhe fell moſt deſperately in Love with me, and ſcorning to take notice of the indignity I put upon her, ſhe unſeen ſtole to her Chamber: Where after a moſt afflicting Night, ſhe next Morning called her Woman to her (whom I left towards Morning) better pleaſed with my Fifty Piſtoles worth of Beauty, than I ſhould have

been with that of five hundred: the Maid whose Guilt made her very much unassur'd, approach'd her Lady with such tremblings, as she no longer doubted, but she was guilty, but durst not examine her about it, left she, who had her Honour in keeping, should by the discovery she found she had made of her Levity, expose that of her Lady. She therefore dissembled as well as she could, and examined her about my stay; to which the Maid answer'd, I had fallen asleep, and 'twas impossible to wake me till day appear'd; when for fear of discovery, I posted away. This, tho' the Lady knew was false, she was forc'd to take for currant Excuse, and more raging with Love, than ever, she immediately dispatch'd away her Foot-man, with a Letter to me, upbraiding me extreamly; but at the same time, inviting me with all the passion imaginable; and because I should not again see my young Mistris, who was dying

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ing in Love with me, ſhe appointed me to meet her at a little Houſe ſhe had, a Bow-ſhot from her own, where was a fine Decoy, and a great number of Wild-fowl kept, which her Husband took great delight in; there I was to wait her coming, where liv'd only a Man, and his old Wife, her Servants: I was very glad of this Invitation, and went; ſhe came adorn'd with all her Charms. I conſider'd her a new Woman, and one whom I had a Wager to win upon, the conqueſt of one I had inclination to, till by the diſcovery of the Jilt in her I began to diſpiſe the Beauty; however, as I ſaid, ſhe was new, and now perhaps eaſie to be brought to my Terms, as indeed it hapened; ſhe careſs'd me with all Imaginable fondneſs; was ready to eat my Lips, inſtead of kiſſing them, and much more forward than I wiſh'd, who do not love an over-eaſie Conqueſt; however ſhe pleas'd me for three days together, all which time ſhe de-

rained me there, coming to me early, and ſtaying the lateſt Hour; and I have no reaſon to repent my time; for beſides that I have paſt it very well, ſhe at my coming away preſented me this Jewel in my Hat, and this Ring on my Finger; and I have ſav'd my five hundred Piſtoles, my heart, and my credit in the Encounter, and am going to *Bruxells* to triumph over the haughty conceited *Philander*, who ſet ſo great a value on his own Beauty, and yet for all his fine Perſon has paid the Piſtoles before he could purchaſe the Bleſſing, as ſhe ſwore to me, who have made a Convert of her, and reduced her to the thing ſhe never yet was a Lover; inſomuch that ſhe has promiſed me to renounce *Philander*. I have promiſed to viſit her again; but if I do 'twill be more for the Vanity to pleaſe than be pleas'd, for I never repeat any thing with pleaſure: All the while he ſpoke, *Silvia* fix'd her Eyes, and all her ſoft deſires upon him;

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ſhe envies the happy Counteſs, but much more the happy Maid, with whom his perfect liking made him happy; ſhe fanſies him in her Arms, and wiſhes him there; ſhe is ready a thouſand times to tell him ſhe is a Woman, but when ſhe reflects on his inconſtancy, ſhe fears. When he had ended his Story, ſhe Cry'd, ſighing: *And you are juſt come from this fair Lady?* He anſwered her he was, *Sound and Heart-whole*: She reply'd, *'Tis very well you are ſo, but all the young do not thus eſcape from Beauty, and you may ſome time or other be entrapt. Oh*, cry'd he! *I defy the power of one, while Heaven has diſtributed Variety to all. Were you never in Love*, replyed Silvia? *Never*, ſaid he, *that they call Love: I have burnt and rav'd an Hour or two, or ſo; purſu'd, and gaz'd, and laid Sieges, till I had overcome; but what's this to Love? Did I ever make a ſecond viſit, unleſs upon neceſſity or Gratitude? And yet* — and there he ſigh'd; *and yet*, ſaid

he, *I saw a Beauty once upon the Tower, that has ever since given me Torment.* At *Bruxells*, said Silvia? *There*, reply'd he; *she was the fairest Creature Heaven e're made, such White and Red by Nature, such a Hair, such Eyes, and such a Mouth!* —— *all Youth and ravishing sweetness,* ——— *I pursu'd her to her Lodgings, and all I could get, was, that she belonged to a young Noble Man, who since has taken Orders. From the Night I saw her, I never left her Window, but had Spies of all sorts, who brought me intelligence, and a little after I found she had quitted the place with a new Lover, which made me love and rave for her ten times more, when I knew assuredly she was a Whore* —— *and how fine a one I had miss't:* This call'd all the Blood to *Silvia's* Face, and so confounded her, she could not answer: she knew it was her self, of whom he spoke; and that course word tho' innocently spoken, or rather gayly express'd, put her quite out of Countenance, however she recover'd again,

again, when ſhe conſidered they were not meant as rudeneſſes to her. She lov'd him, and was eaſie to pardon: With ſuch diſcourſe they paſt the Evening, till towards Bed-time, and the young *Spaniard*, who had took but little reſt in three Nights before, was at ſome repoſe; and calling for his Chamber, the Hoſt beſought him, ſince they had the happineſs (the young *French* Gentleman and himſelf) to be ſo good Friends, that they would ſhare a Bed together; for in truth, ſaid he, Sir, you muſt ſit up all Night elſe: he replyed, with all his Soul, it was the moſt grateful propoſal had been ever made him; and Addreſſing himſelf to *Silvia*, asked him if he would allow him that Bleſſing: She bluſh'd extreamly at the queſtion, and hung down her Eyes, and he laugh'd to ſee it: *Sir*, ſaid Silvia, *I will give you my Bed, for 'tis all one to me to lie on a Bed, or on the Chairs. Why, Sir*, ſaid Alonzo, *I am ſo paſſionate an*

adorer

adorer of the Female Sex, to incommode any of my own with Addresses; nor am I so Nice, but I can suffer a Man to lie by me, especially so dear a Youth as your self; at which she Embraced him in his Arms, which did but the more raise *Silvia's* Blushes, who wish'd for what she dreaded: With you, *Sir*, said she, *I could methinks be content to do what I do not use to do*; and fearing to betray her Sex, forced a consent; for either one or the other she was compell'd to do; and with the assurance that he thought her what she seemed, she chose to give her consent, and they both went to Bed together: to add to her deceit (she being forced in her Sickness to cut of her Hair) when she put of her Perriwig, she discovered nothing of the Woman; nor feared she any thing but her Breasts, which were the roundest and the whitest in the World; but she was long in undressing, which to colour the Matter, she suffered her Page to do, who, poor Lad, was never

never in ſo trembling a condition, as in that manner to be obliged to ſerve her, where ſhe diſcovered ſo many Charms he never before had ſeen, but all ſuch as might be ſeen with Modeſty: By that time ſhe came to Bed, *Alonzo* was faſt a ſleep, being ſo long kept waking, and never ſo much as dreamt he had a Woman with him; but ſhe whoſe fears kept her waking, had a thouſand Agitations and Wiſhes, ſo natural it is when Virtue has broke the bounds of Modeſty, to plunge in paſt all retreat; and I believe there are very few who retire after the firſt Sin. She conſiders her condition in a ſtrange Country, her Splendor declining, her Love for *Philander* quite reduced to Friendſhip, or hardly that; ſhe was young, and eat and drank well; had a World of Vanity, that Food of deſire, that Fuel to Vice: She ſaw this the Beautifulleſt Youth ſhe imagin'd ever to have ſeen, of Quality and Fortune able to ſerve her

all

all these made her rave with a desire to gain him for a Lover, and she imagined, as all the vain and young do, that tho' no Charms had yet been able to hold him, she alone had those that would; her Glass had a thousand times told her so; she compares him to *Octavio*, and finds him in her opinion handsomer; she was possest with some Love for *Philander*, when he first Address'd to her, and *Octavio* shar'd at best but half a Heart; but now, that she had lost all for *Philander* and *Octavio*, and had a Heart to cast away, or give to a new Lover; it was like her Money, she hated to keep to it, and lavish'd it on any Trifle, rather than hoard it, or let it lie by: 'Twas a loss of time her Youth could not spare: she after reflection resolved, and when she had resolved, she believ'd it done. By a Candle she had by her to read a little Novel, she had brought, she Surveyed him often, as curiously as *Psyche* did her *Cupid*, and tho' he slept like

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a meer Mortal, he appeared as Charming to her Eyes as the wing'd God himſelf; and 'tis believed ſhe wiſh'd he would awake and find by her Curioſity, her Sex: For this I know, ſhe durſt no longer truſt her ſelf a Bed with him, but got up, and all the laſt part of the Night walk'd about the Room: her Page lay in the Room with her, by her order, on the Table, with a little Vallice under his Head, which he carryed *Silvia*'s Linen in; ſhe waked him, and told him all her fears in a pleaſant manner. In the Morning *Alonzo* awakes, and wonders to find her up ſo ſoon, and reproach'd her for the unkindneſs; new Proteſtations on both ſides paſſing of eternal Friendſhip, they both reſolved for *Bruxells*; but leſt ſhe ſhould incounter *Philander* on the way, who poſſible might be on viſiting his *Dutch* Counteſs, ſhe deſired him to ride on before, and to ſuffer him to loſe the happineſs of his Company, till they met in *Bruxells*:

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With much ado he consents, and taking the Ring the Countess gave him from of his Finger; Sir, said he, be pleas'd to wear this, and if every you need my Fortune or my Sword, send it, and in what part of the World soever I am, I will fly to your Service. *Silvia* return'd him a little Ring set round with Diamonds, that *Philander* in his woing time had given her amongst a thousand of finer value: His name and hers were ingraven, instead of a Poesie in it; which was only *Philander* and *Silvia*, and which he took no notice of, and parted from each other in the tendereſt manner, that two young Gentlemen could possible be imagin'd to do, tho' it were more than so on her side; for she was madly in Love with him.

As soon as *Silvia* came to *Bruxells*, she sent in the Evening to search out *Brilljard*, for she had considered, if he should come to the knowledge of her being in Town, and she should not send to him, he would take it so very

very ill, that he might prevent all her designs and rambles, the now Joy of her Heart; she knew she could make him her Slave, her Pimp, her any thing, for Love, and the hope of her Favour; and his interest might defend her; and she should know all *Philander*'s motions, whom now, tho' she lov'd no more, she fear'd. She found him, and he took her Lodgings, infinitely pleas'd at the trust she reposed in him, the only means by which he could arrive to happiness. She continues her Mans Habit, and he supplyed the place of *Vallet*, dress'd her and undress'd her, shifted her Linen every day; nor did he take all these Freedoms, without advancing a little farther upon occasion and opportunity, which was the hire she gave him to serve her in more Lucky Amours; the Fine she paid to live free, and at ease. She tells him her adventure, which tho' it were Daggers to his Heart, was however the only way to keep her his own;

for

for he knew her Spirit was too violent to be reſtrained by any means. At laſt ſhe told him her deſign upon a certain young Man of quality, which ſhe told him was the ſame ſhe Incountered. She aſſured him 'twas not Love or Liking, but perfectly Intereſt that made her deſign upon him, and that if he would aſſiſt her, ſhe would be very kind to him, as a Man that had gain'd very greatly upon her Heart. This Flattery ſhe urg'd with infinite fondneſs and art, and he over-joy'd, believed every word as Goſpel; ſo that he promiſed her the next day to carry a Billet to the young *Don*: In the mean time ſhe caus'd him to Sup with her, purpoſly to give her an account of *Philander*, *Ceſario* and *Hermione*, whom ſhe heard was come to *Bruxells*, and liv'd publickly with the Prince. He told her it was very true, and that he ſaw them every day, nay, every moment together; for he verily believed they could not live aſunder. That

Philander

Philander was every Evening Caballing there, where all the Male-contents of the Reformed Religion had taken Sanctuary, and where the Grand Counsel was every Night held; for some great things were in Agitation, and debating how to trouble the repose of all *France* again with new Broils; he told her, that all the World made their Court to *Hermione* that if any Body had any Petitions, or Addresses to make to the Prince, 'twas by her sole Interest; she sate in their closest Councils, and heard their gravest debates; and she was the Oracle of the Board: The Prince paying her a perfect Adoration, while she, whose Charms of Youth were ended, being turned of thirty, fortifyed her decays with all the Arts her Wit and Sex were capable of, and kept her Illustrious Lover, as perfectly her Slave as if she had ingag'd him by all those tyes that Fetter the most circumspect, and totally subdued him to her Will, who

was

was without Exception the moſt lovely Perſon upon Earth : and tho' Madam, you know him ſo perfectly well, yet I muſt tell you my opinion of him; He is all the ſofter Sex can wiſh, and ours admire; he is form'd for Love and War; and as he is the moſt amorous and wanton in Courts, he is alſo the moſt fierce and brave in Field; His Birth the moſt elevated, his Age arriv'd to full blown Man, adorn'd with all the ſpreading Glories that Charm the Fair, and ingage the World; and I have often heard ſome of our party ſay, his Perſon gain'd him more numbers to his ſide, than his Cauſe or Quality; for he underſtood all the uſeful Arts of Popularity, the gracious ſmile and bow, and all thoſe cheap Favours that ſo gain upon Hearts; and without the expence of any thing but Ceremony, has made the Nation mad for his Intereſt, who never otherwiſe oblig'd 'em; and ſure nothing is more neceſſary in the great, than Affability; nor

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ſhows greater Marks of Grandure, or ſhall more eternize them, than bowing to the Crowd. As the Maiden Queen I have read of in *England*, who made herſelf idoliz'd by that ſole Piece of politick Cunning, underſtanding well the ſtubborn, yet good Nature of the People; and gain'd more upon 'em by thoſe little Arts, than if ſhe had parted with all the Prerogatives of her Crown. Ad! Madam, you cannot imagine what little Slights govern the whole Univerſe, and how eaſie 'tis for Monarchs to oblige. This *Ceſario* was made to know, and there is none ſo poor an Object, who may not have Acceſs to him, and whom he does not ſend away well pleaſed, tho' he do not grant what they ask. He diſpatches quickly, which is a grateful Vertue in great Men; and none ever eſpouſed his Intereſt, that did not find a Reward and a Protection: 'Tis true, theſe are all the Tools he is to work with, and he ſtops at nothing

nothing that leads to his Ambition; nor has done all that lies in the Power of Man only, to ſet all *France* yet in a Flame, but he calls up the very Devils from Hell to his Aid, and there is no Man fam'd for Negromancy, to whom he does not apply himſelf; which indeed, is done by the Advice of *Hermione*, who is very much affected with thoſe ſort of People, and puts a very great Truſt and Confidence in 'em. She ſent at great Expence, for a *German* Conjurer, who arrived the other Day, and who is perpetually conſulting with another of the ſame ſort, a *Scot* by Birth, called *Ferguſano*. He was once in Holy Orders, and ſtill is ſo, but all his Practice is the black Art; and excellent in it he is reported to be. *Hermione* undertakes nothing without his Advice; and as he is abſolutely her Creature, ſo his Art governs her, and ſhe the Prince: She holds her Mid-night Conferences with him; and as ſhe is very ſuperſtitious

perſtitious, ſo ſhe is very learned, and ſtudies this Art, taught by this great Maſter *Fergusano*: and ſo far is this glorious Hero bewitched with theſe Sorcerers, that he puts his whole Truſt in theſe Conjurations and Charms; and ſo far they have impoſed on him, that with an inchanted Oyntment which they have prepared for him, he ſhall be invulnerable, tho' he face the very Mouth of a Cannon: They have, at the earneſt Requeſt of *Hermione*, calculated his Nativity, and find him born to be a King; and that before twenty Moons exſpire he ſhall be crown'd in *France*: And flattering his eaſie Youth with all the vanities of Ambition, they have made themſelves abſolutely uſeful to him. This *Scot*, being a moſt inveterate Enemy to *France*, lets the Prince reſt neither Night nor Day, but is ſtill inſpiring him with new Hopes of a Crown, and laying him down all the falſe Arguments imaginable, to

ſpur the active Spirit: My Lord is not of the Opinion, yet ſeems to comply with them in Council; he laughs at all the Fopperies of Charms and Incantations; inſomuch, that he many times angers the Prince, and is in eternal little Feuds with *Hermione*. The *German*, would often in theſe Diſputes ſay, he found by his Art, That the Stop to the Princes Glory would be his Love. This ſo incenſed *Hermione*, and conſequently the Prince, that they had like to have broke with him, but durſt not for fear; he knowing too much to be diſobliged: On the other ſide, *Ferguſano* is moſt wonderfully charmed with the Wit and maſculine Spirit of *Hermione*, her Courage, and the manlineſs of her Mind; and underſtanding what way ſhe would be ſerved, reſolved to obey her, finding ſhe had an abſolute Aſcendant over the Prince, whom, by this means, he knew he ſhould get into his ſole Monage-

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ment. *Hermione*, tho' ſhe ſeemed to be poſſeſs'd ſo intirely of *Ceſario*'s Heart, found ſhe had great and powerful Oppoſers, who believ'd the Prince lay idling in her Arms, and that poſſibly ſhe might eclipſe his Fame by living at that rate with a Woman he had no other Pretenſions to but Love; and many other Motives were urged daily to him by the Admirers of his great Actions: And ſhe feared, with reaſon, that ſome time or other Ambition might get the Aſcendant of Love: She therefore, in her Mid night Conferences with *Ferguſano*, often urg'd him to ſhow her that piece of his Art, to make a Philtre to retain fleeting Love; and not only keep a Paſſion alive, but even revive it from the dead. She tells him of her Contract with him; ſhe urges his forced Marriage, as ſhe was pleaſed to call it, in his Youth; and that he being ſo young, ſhe believed he might find it lawful to marry him-

ſelf a ſecond time; that poſſibly his Princeſs was for the Intereſt of the King; and Men of his elivated Fortune, ought not to be ty'd to thoſe Strictneſſes of common Men, but for the good of the Publick, ſometimes act beyond the muſty Rules of Law and Equity, thoſe politick Bands to confine the *Mobile*. At this unreaſonable rate ſhe pleads her Right to *Ceſario*, and he harkens with all Attention, and approves ſo well all ſhe ſays, that he reſolves, not only to attach the Prince to her by all the force of the black Art, but that of neceſſary Marriage alſo: This pleaſed her to the laſt degree; and ſhe left him, after he had promiſed her to bring her the Philtre by the Morning, for it was that ſhe moſt urged, the other requiring time to argue with him, and work him by degrees to it. Accordingly the next Morning he brings her a Tooth-pick-caſe of Gold of rare infernal Workmanſhip, wrought with a thouſand

and Charms, of that Force, that every time the Prince ſhould touch it, and while he but wore it about him, his Fondneſs ſhould not only continue, but increaſe, and he ſhould hate all Womankind beſides, at leaſt in the way of Love; and have no power to poſſeſs another Woman, tho' ſhe had all the Attractions of Nature. He tells her the Prince could never ſuſpect ſo familiar a Preſent, and for the fineneſs of the Work, it was a Preſent for a Prince, *For*, ſaid he, *no human Art could frame ſo rare a piece of Workmanſhip, that Nine Nights the moſt delicate of the Infernals were mixing the Metal with the moſt powerful of Charms, and watch'd the Critical Minutes of the Stars, in which to form the myſtick Figures, every one being a Spell upon the Heart of that inerring Magick, no mortal Power could ever diſſolve, undo, or conquer.* The only Art now was in giving it, ſo as to oblige him never to part with it; and

ſhe, who had all the Cunning of her Sex, undertook for that part: She diſmiſſed her infernal Confident, and went to her *Toilet* to dreſs her, knowing well that the Prince would not be long before he came to her: She laid the Tooth-pick-Caſe down ſo as he could not avoid ſeeing it: The Prince came immediately after in, as he ever uſed to do Night and Morning, to ſee her dreſs her; he ſaw this gay thing on her Table, and took it in his Hand, admiring the work of it, as he was the moſt curious Perſon in the World: She told him there was not a finer wrought thing in the World, and that ſhe had a very great Eſteem for it, it being made by the *Sybils*; and bid him mind the Antiqueneſs of the Work: The more ſhe commended it, the more he liked it, and told her ſhe muſt let him call it his: She told him he would give it away to the next Commender: He vow'd he would not: She told him,

him, then he ſhould not only call it his, but it ſhould in reality be ſo; and he vow'd it ſhould be the laſt thing he would part with in the World.

From that time forward ſhe found, or thought ſhe found, a more impatient Fondneſs in him than ſhe had ſeen before; however it was, ſhe rul'd and govern'd him as ſhe pleaſed; and indeed, never was ſo great a Slave to Beauty as, in my Opinion, he was to none at all; for ſhe is far from having any natural Charms; yet it was not long, ſince it was abſolutely believed by all, that he had been reſolved to give himſelf wholly up to her Arms; to have ſought no other Glory than to have retired to a Corner of the World with her, and changed all his Crowns of Laurel for thoſe of Roſes: But ſome ſtirring Spirits have rouſed him anew, and awakened Ambition in him, and they are on great Deſigns; which poſſibly ere

long, may make all *France* to tremble; yet ſtill *Hermione* is oppreſſed with Love, and the Effects of dayly increaſing Paſſion. He has perpetual Correſpondence with the Party in *Paris*, and advice of all things that paſs; they let him know they are ready to receive him whenever he can bring a Force into *France*; nor needs he any conſiderable Number, he having already there in every place, through which he ſhall paſs, all, or the moſt part of the Hearts and Hands at his Devotion; and they want but Arms, and they ſhall gather as they go: They deſire he will land himſelf in ſome part of the Kingdom, and it would be Incouragement enough to all the joyful People, who will from all parts flock together. In fine, he is offered all Aſſiſtance and Money; and leaſt all the Forces of *France* ſhould be bent againſt him, he has Friends of great Quality and Intereſt, that are reſolved to riſe in ſeveral

veral places of the Kingdom, in *Languedoc* and *Guinny*, whether the King muſt be obliged to ſend his Forces, or a great part of 'em; ſo that all this ſide of *France* will be left defenceleſs. I my ſelf, Madam, have ſome ſhare in this great Deſign, and poſſibly you will one day ſee me a Perſon of a Quality ſufficient to merit thoſe Favours I am now bleſſed with. *Pray*, reply'd *Silvia*, ſmiling with a little Scorn, *what part are you to play, to arrive at this good Fortune? I am*, ſaid he, *truſted to provide all the Ammunition and Arms, and to hire a Veſſel to tranſport them to ſome Sea-Port Town in* France, *which the Counſel ſhall think moſt proper to receive us.* *Silvia*, laughed, and ſaid ſhe propheſied another End of this high Deſign than they imagined; but deſperate Fortunes muſt take their chance. *What*, continued ſhe, *does not* Hermione, *ſpeak of me, and inquire of me? Yes*, reply'd *Brilljard*; *but in ſuch a way,*

as if she look'd on you as a lost Creature, and one of such a Reputation, she would not receive a Visit from for all the World. At this *Silvia* laughed extreamly, and cry'd, *Hermione would be very well content to be so mean a Sinner as my self, to be so young and so handsome an one. However,* said she, *to be serious, I would be glad to know what real Probability there is in advancing and succeeding in this Design, for I would take my Measures accordingly, and keep* Philander, *whose wavering, or rather lost Fortune, is the greatest Motive of my, Resolves to part with him, and that have made me so uneasie to him.* *Brilljard* told her he was very confident of the Design, and that it was almost impossible to miscarry in the Discontent all *France* was in at this Juncture; and they feared nothing but the Prince's Relapsing, who, now, most certainly preferred Love to Glory. He farther told her, that as they were in Council, one deputed

deputed from the *Pariſians*, arrived with new Offers, and to know the laſt Reſult of the Prince, whether he would eſpouſe their Intereſt or not, as they were with Life and Fortune ready to eſpouſe his Glory: They ſent him word, it was from him they expected Liberty, and him whom they look'd upon as their titular Deity. Old *Ferguſano* was then in Council, that *Highland* Wizard, that manages all, and who is ever at hand to awaken Miſchief, alarm'd the Prince to new Glories, reproaching his ſcandalous Life, withal, telling him there were Meaſures to be taken to reconcile Love and Fame; and which he was to diſcourſe to him about in his Cloſet only; but as things were, he bid him look into the Story of *Armida* and *Renaldo*, and compare his own with it, and he doubted not but he would return bluſhing at his Remiſsneſs and Sloath: Not that he would exempt his Youth from the

Pleaſures of Love, but he would not have Love hinder his Glory: This bold Speech before *Hermione*, had like to have begot an ill underſtanding; but ſhe was as much for the Prince's Glory as *Ferguſano*, and therefore could not be angry, when ſhe conſidered the Elevation of the Prince, would be her own alſo. At this neceſſary reproach, the Prince bluſh'd; the Board ſeconding the Wizard, had this good effect to draw this aſſurance from him, That they ſhould ſee he was not ſo attach'd to Love, but he could for ſometime give a Ceſſation to his Heart, and that the Envoy from the *Pariſans* might return aſſur'd, that he would as ſoon as he could put his affairs in good order, come to their relief, and bring Arms for thoſe that had none, with ſuch Friends as he could get together; he could not promiſe Numbers, leſt by leading ſo many here, their deſign ſhould take Air, but would wholly truſt to Fortune, and their good Reſolutions: he demanded

a ſum of Money of 'em, for the buying theſe Arms, and they have promiſed him all Aids. This is the laſt reſult of Council, which broke immediately up; and the Prince retired to his Cloſet; where he was no ſooner come, but reflecting on the neceſſity of leaving *Hermione*, he fell into the moſt profound Melancholy and Muſing that could ſeize a Man; while he ſat thus, *Hermione* (who had ſchool'd *Ferguſano* for his rough Speech in Council, and deſired he would now take the opportunity to repair that want of reſpect, while the Prince was to be ſpoken to alone) ſent him into the Cloſet to him; where he found him walking with his Arms acroſs, not minding the Bard who ſtood gazing on him, and at laſt called to him; and finding no Reply, he advanced, and pulling him gently by the Arm, cry'd —— *Awake, Royal young Man, awake! and look up to coming Greatneſs* —— *I was reflecting*, replyed Ceſario, *on all the*

various

various Fortunes I have pass'd from the time of my Birth, to this present hapless day, and would be glad to know if any supernatural means can tell me, what future event will befal me? If I believed I should not gain a Crown by this great Enterprize I am undertaking, here I would lay me down in silent Ease, give up my Toils and restless Soul to Love, and never think on vain Ambition more: Ease thou my troubled Mind, if thou hast any Friend among the Infernals, and they dare utter Truth. My gracious Prince, replyed the fawning Wizard, *this Night, if you dare loose your self from Love, and come unattended to my Apartment, I'll undertake to show you all the future Fortune you are to run, the Hazards, Dangers, and Escapes, that attend your mighty Race of Life: I'll lay the Adamantin Book before you, where all the Destinies of Princes are Hieroglifick'd. I'll show you more, if Hell can furnish Objects, and you dare stand untrembling at the Terrour of 'em. Enough,* replyed

Cesario;

Ceſario; *Name me the Hour. 'Twixt Twelve and One*, ſaid he; *for that's the ſacred diſmal time of Night for Fiends to come, for Tombs to open, and let looſe their Dead—— we ſhall have uſe of both.—— No more*, reply'd *Ceſario*, *I'll attend 'em:* The Prince was going out, when *Ferguſano* recalled him, and cry'd, *One thing, Sir, I muſt caution you, That from this minute to that, wherein I ſhall ſhow you your deſtiny, you commit nothing unlawful with Women-kind. Away*, replyed the Prince, ſmiling, *and leave your Canting.* The Wizard putting on a more grave Countenance, replyed—*By all the Infernals, Sir, if you commit unlawful things, I cannot ſerve you. If your Devils*, replyed the Prince, laughing, *be ſo nice, I doubt I ſhall find 'em too honeſt for my Purpoſe. Sir*, ſaid the ſubtle old Fiend, *ſuch Conſcientious Devils your Highneſs is to converſe with to Night; and if you diſcover the Secret, it will not prove ſo Lucky. Since they are ſo Humourous*, cry'd

cry'd *Ceſario, I will give 'em way for once:* And going out of the Room, he went directly to *Hermione*'s Apartment; where it being late, ſhe is preparing for Bed, and with a thouſand Kiſſes, and hanging on his Neck, ſhe ask'd him, why he is ſo ſlow, and why he ſuffers not himſelf to be undreſs'd? He feigns a thouſand excuſes, at which ſhe ſeems extreamly amaz'd; ſhe complains, reproaches and commands —— He tells her he was to wait on the Governour, about his moſt urgent Affairs, and was (late as it was) to conſult with him: She ask'd him what Affairs he was to negotiate, of which ſhe was not to bear her part? he refuſes to tell her; and ſhe replyed ſhe had Senſe and Courage for any Enterprize, and ſhould reſent it very ill, if ſhe were not made acquainted with it: But he ſwore to her, ſhe ſhould know all the whole truth, as ſoon as he returned: This pacified her in ſome meaſure, and at the hour appointed,

ſhe

ſhe ſuffered him to go; and in a Chair was carried to a little Houſe *Ferguſano* had taken without the Town, to which belong'd a large Garden, at the farther end of which was a Thicket of unordered Trees, that ſurrounded a Grotto; which paſs'd a good way under the Ground. It had had ſome rarities of Water-work formerly belonging to it, but now they were decayed; only here and there a broken Rock let out a little Stream, that murmur'd and daſh'd upon the Earth below, and ran away in a little Rivolet; which ſerved to add a Melancholy to the diſmal place: Into this the Prince was conducted by the old *German*, who aſſiſted in the Charm; they had only one Torch to light the way, which at the entrance of the Cave, they put out, and within was only one glimmering Lamp, that rather ſerved to add to the horror of the Vault, diſcovering its hollowneſs and ruins. At his entrance he was ſaluted with a noiſe like

like the ruſhing of Wind, which whiz'd and whiſtled in the mighty Concave. Anon a more ſilent whiſpering ſurrounded him, without being able to behold any Creature, ſave the old *German*. Anon came in *Ferguſano*, who rowling a great Stone that lay at one corner of the Cave, he deſired the Prince to place himſelf on it, and not be ſurpriz'd at any thing he ſhould behold, nor to ſtir from that inchanted Ground: he nodding, aſſented to obey, while *Ferguſano* and the *German*, with each a Wand in their Hands, ſtruck againſt the unformed Rocks, that finiſh'd the end of the Cave, Muttering a thouſand Incantations; with Voices dreadful, and Motions antick; and after a mighty ſtroke of Thunder that ſhook the Earth, the rude Rock divided, and opened a ſpace that diſcovered a moſt magnificent Apartment; in which was preſented a young *Hero*, attended with Military Officers; his Pages dreſſing

dreſſing him for the Field, all in guilded Armour. The Prince began to doubt himſelf, and to ſwear in his thought, that the Apparition was himſelf, ſo very like he was to himſelf, as if he had ſeen his proper Figure in a Glaſs. After this, ſeveral Perſons ſeemed to addreſs to this great Man, of all ſorts and conditions, from the Prince to the Peaſant, with whom he ſeemed to diſcourſe with great confidence and affability; they offered him the League, which he took and ſigned, and gave them back; they attend him to the Door with great Joy and Reſpect; but as ſoon as he was gone, they laugh'd and pointed after him; at which the Prince infinitely incens'd roſe, and cryed out, *What means all this, s'death, am I become the Scorn and Mockery of the Crowd? Ferguſano* beſought him to ſit and have patience, and he obey'd, and check'd himſelf. The Scene of the Apartment being changed to an Arbour of Flowers, and the Proſpect

of

of a noble and raviſhing Garden; the *Hero* is preſented Arm'd as he was, only without his Plume-Head-piece, kneeling at the Feet of a fair Woman, in looſe Robes and Hair, and attended with abundance of little Loves, who diſarm him by degrees of thoſe Ornaments of War. While ſhe Careſſes him with all the ſigns of Love, the *Cupid*'s make Garlands of Flowers, and wreath around his Arms and Neck, crowning his Head, and fettering him all over in theſe ſweet ſoft Chains. They curle his Hair, and adorn him with all Effeminacy; while he lies ſmiling and pleas'd —— the wanton Boys diſpoſing of his Inſtruments of War, as they think fit, putting them to ridiculous uſes, and laughing at 'em. While thus he lay, there enters to him a great many States-men and Politicians; grave Men in Furs and Chains, attended by the common Crowd; and opening a Scene farther off in proſpect, ſhow him Crowns,

Scepters,

Scepters, Globes, Enſigns, Arms, and Trophies; promiſcuouſly ſhuffell'd together, with heaps of Gold, Jewels, Parchments, Records, Charters and Seals; at which ſight he ſtarts from the Arms of the fair *Medea*, and ſtrove to have approach'd thoſe who waited for him; but ſhe held him faſt, and with abundance of Tears and ſigns of moving Flattery, brought him back to her Arms again, and all diſſatisfi'd, the promiſcuous Crowd depart, ſome looking back with Scorn, others with ſigns of Rage, and all the Scene of Glory, of Arms and Crowns, diſappear'd with the Crowd. *Ceſario* wholly forgetting, cryed out again, *Ha, loſt! all for a Trifling Woman loſt! All thoſe Trophies of thy Conqueſt for a Miſtreſs! By Heaven I'll ſhake the Charmer from my Soul, if both I cannot have.* When *Ferguſano* advancing to him, cryed—— See, Sir, how Supinely the young *Hero*'s laid upon her downy Breaſt, and ſmil'd as he

ſpoke,

ſpoke, which angered the Prince, who replyed with Scorn, *Now by my Life, a Plot upon my Love*; but they proteſted it was not ſo, and begg'd he would be ſilent; while thus the *Hero* lay regardleſs of his Glory, all deck'd with Flowers and Bracelets, the Drums beat, and the Trumpets were heard, or ſeemed to be heard to ſound, and a vaſt opening ſpace was fill'd with armed Warriers, who offer him their Swords, and ſeem to point at Crowns, that were born behind them; a while they plead in vain, and point to Crowns in vain, at which he only caſts a ſcornful ſmile, and lays him down in the ſoft Arms of Love. They urge again, but with one amorous look the *Circe* more prevails, than all their reaſonings. At laſt by force, they diveſted him of his Roſie-Garlands, in which there lay a Charm, and he aſſumes new life, while others bore the Inchantreſs out of his ſight; and then he ſuffering himſelf to be conducted where they

they pleas'd, who lead him forth, ſhowing him all the way a proſpect of Crowns. At this *Ceſario* ſigh'd, and the Ceremony continued.

The Scene chang'd, diſcovering a Sea-ſhore, where the *Hero* is repreſented landed, but with a very Melancholy Air; attended with ſeveral Officers and Gentlemen; the Earth ſeems to ring with Joy, and loud Acclamations at his approach; vaſt Multitudes thronging to behold him, and ſtriving who firſt ſhould kiſs his Hand; and bearing him aloft in the Air, carry him out of ſight with Peals of Welcome and Joy.

He is repreſented next in Council, and deep debate; and ſo diſappears: Then ſoft Muſick is heard, and he enters in the Royal Robe, with a Crown preſented him on the Knee; which he receives, and bows to all the Rabble and the Numbers, to give them Thanks: He having in his Hand blue Garters, with the order of St. *Eſpéret*, which he diſtributes to ſeveral

ral Perſons on either Hand; throwing Ducal Crowns and Coronets, among the Rabble, who ſcuffle and ſtrive to catch at them: after a great ſhout of Joy, Thunder and Lightning again ſhook the Earth; at which they ſeemed all amaz'd, when a thick black Cloud deſcended, and covered the whole Scene, and the Rock clos'd again, and *Ferguſano* let fall his Wand.

The Prince ſeeing the Ceremony end here, riſes in a rage, and cries out, *I charge ye to go on —— remove the Veil, and let the Sun appear; advance your myſtick Wand, and ſhow what follows next. I cannot*, Sir, replied the trembling Wizard, *the Fates have clos'd the everlaſting Book, forbidding farther ſearch. Then damn your ſcanted Art*, replied the Prince, *a petty Juggler could have done as much. Is't not enough*, replied the German Rabbi, *that we have ſhow'd you Crown'd and Crown'd in* France *it ſelf? I find the Infernals themſelves are bounded here,*

here, and can declare no more. Oh, they are pretty Powers that can be bounded, replyed the Prince with ſcorn. They ſtrove with all their Art to reconcile him, laying the fault on ſome miſtake of theirs, in the Ingredients of the Charm, which at another time they'd ſtrive to prevent: they ſooth him with all the hope in the World, that what was left unreveal'd, muſt needs be as glorious and fortunate to him, as what he had ſeen already, which was abſolutely to be depended on: thus they brought him to the open Garden again, where they continued their Inſtructions to him, telling him that now was the time to arrive to all the Glories he had ſeen; they preſented to him the ſtate of Affairs in *France*, and how much a greater Intereſt he had in the Hearts of the People, than their proper Monarch, arguing a thouſand Fallacies to the deluded *Hero*, who blind and mad with his Dreams of Glory, his Viſions, and Proſpects, liſten'd with reverence

reverence and attention, to all their falſe perſwaſions I call 'em falſe, Madam, for I never had faith in theſe ſort of People, and am ſorry ſo many great Men and Ladies of our times, are ſo bewitch'd to their Prophecies. They there preſented him with a Liſt of all the conſiderable of the Reformed Religion in *Paris*, who had aſſured him Aids of Men and Money in this Expedition, Merchants, rich Trades-men, Magiſtrates and Gown-men of the Reformed Church, and the Law. Next to this, another of the Contribution of pious Ladies; all which Summs being named, amounted to a conſiderable ſupply; ſo that they aſſur'd him Hell it ſelf could not with theſe Aids obſtruct his Glory; but on the contrary, ſhould be compell'd to render him aſſiſtance, by the help of Charms, to make him invincible: ſo that wholly o'er-come by them, he has given order, that all Preparations be forthwith made for the moſt ſecret and

ſpeedy

ſpeedy conveyance of himſelf and Friends to ſome Sea-port in *France*, he has order'd abundance of Letters to be writ to thoſe of the *Hugonot* Party into all parts of *France*: all which will be ready to aſſiſt him at his Landing. *Ferguſana* undertakes for the management of the whole affair, to write, to ſpeak, and to perſwade; and you know, Madam, he is the moſt ſubtle and inſinuating of all his Non-conforming Race, and the moſt malignant of all our Party, and ſainted by 'em for the moſt pious, and induſtrious Labourer in the *Cauſe*; all that he ſays is Oracle to the Crowd, and all he ſay's Authentick; and 'tis he alone is the great Engin, that ſets the great Work a turning. *Yes*, replyed Silvia, *and makes the giddy World mad with his damnable Notions. Pernicious as he is*, replyed Brilliard, *he has the ſole management of affairs under* Hermione; *he has power to treat, to adviſe, to raiſe Money, to make and name Of-*

 ficers,

ficers, and lastly, to draw out a Scene of fair Pretences for Cesario *to the Crown of* France, *and the lawfulness of his Claim: for let the Conquest be never so sure, the People require it, and the Conquerer is oblig'd to give some better reason, than that of the strength of his Sword, for his Dominion over them. This Pretension is a Declaration, or rather a most scandalous, pernicious, and treasonable Libel, if I may say so, who have so great an Interest in it, pen'd with all the Malice Envy can invent; the most unbred, rude piece of Stuff, as makes it apparent, the Author had neither Wit or common good manners; besides the hellish Principles he has made evident there. My Lord would have no hand in the Approbation of this gross piece of Villanous Scandal, which has more unfastn'd him from their interest, than any of their other designs, and from which he daily more and more declines, or seems disgusted with, tho' he does not wholly intend to quit the Interest.*

Having

Having no other probable means to make good that Fortune, which has been ſo evidently and wholly deſtroy'd by it. I am extream glad, ſaid Silvia, *that* Philander's *Sentiments are ſo generous, and am at nothing ſo much amaz'd, as to hear the Prince could ſuffer ſo groſs a thing to paſs in his Name. I muſt,* ſaid Brilljard, *do the Prince right in this point, to aſſure you when the thing was firſt in the rough draught ſhow'd him he told* Ferguſano, *that thoſe accuſations of a Crown'd Head, where too Villanous for the thoughts of a Gentleman; and giving it him again, cry'd,——— No——let it never be ſaid, that the Royal Blood, that runs in my Veins, could dictate to me no more noble ways for its defence and pretenſions, than the mean Cowardice of Lyes; and that to attain to Empire, I ſhould have recourſe to the moſt deteſtable of all ſhifts. No, no, my too zealous Friend,* continued he, *I will, with only my Sword in my hand at the head of my Army, proclaim my right, and demand a Crown, which if I win, is*

mine; if not, 'tis his, whose Sword is better or Luckier; and tho' the future World may call this unjust, at least they'll say it was brave. At this the Wizard smil'd, and reply'd; *Alas Sir, had we hitherto acted by rules of Generosity only, we had not brought so great advantages to our Interest. You tell me Sir, of a Speech you'll make, with your Sword in your Hand; that will do very well at the head of an Army, and a handsome Declaration would be proper for Men of Sense, but this is not to the Wise, but to the Fools; on whom nothing will pass, but what is pen'd to their Capacity, and who will not be able to hear the Speeches you shall make to an Army: this is to rouse 'em, and find 'em where ever they are; how far remote so ever from you, that at once they may be incited to assist you, and espouse your interest: This is the sort of Gospel they believe; all other is too fine: believe me, Sir, 'tis by these gross devices, you are to perswade those Sons of Earth, whose spirits never*

mounted

mounted above the Dunghill, whence they grew like o're-ripe Pumkins. Lies are the Spirit that inſpires 'em, they are the very Brandy that make 'em Valiant; and you may as ſoon beat Senſe into their Brains, as the very appearance of Truth; 'tis the very Language of the ſcarlet Beaſt to 'em. They underſtand no other than their own, and he that does, knows to what ends we aim. No matter, Sir, what Tools you work withal, ſo the finiſht piece be fine at laſt. Look forward to the Goal, a Crown attend it! and never mind the dirty Road that leads to't

With ſuch falſe Arguments as theſe, he wrought upon the eaſie Nature of the Prince, who ordered ſome thouſands of them to be Printed ready for their being diſperſt all over *France*, as ſoon as they ſhould be Landed: Eſpecially among the *Pariſians*, too apt to take any impreſſions that bore the ſtamp and pretence of Religion and Liberty.

While theſe and all other things

neceſſary were perparing, *Ceſario* wholly given over to Love, being urg'd by *Hermione*, to know the occaſion of his laſt Nights abſence, unravels all the ſecret, and told my Lord, and ſhe one Night at Supper, the whole Scene of the *Grotto*; ſo that *Hermione*, more than ever being puft up with Ambitious thoughts, haſt'ned to have the Prince preſs'd to marry her; and conſulting with the Councellor of her cloſeſt ſecrets, ſets him anew to work; ſwearing violently that if he did not bring that deſign about, ſhe ſhould be able by her Aſcendant o're *Ceſario* to ruin all thoſe they had undertaken, and yet turn the Prince from the Enterprize; and that it was more to ſatisfy her Ambition (to which they were oblig'd for all the Prince had promiſed) that he had undertaken to Head an Army, and put himſelf again into the Hands of the *Hugonots*, and forſake all the ſoft repoſe of Love and Life, than for any Inclination or

Ambition

Ambition of his own; and that ſhe who had power to animate him one way, he might be aſſur'd had the ſame power another. This ſhe ended in very high Language, with a look too fierce and fiery to leave him any doubt of; and he promiſed all things ſhould be done as ſhe deſired, and that he would overcome the Prince, and bring him abſolutely under her power: Not, ſaid ſhe, with a ſcornful look, that I need your aid in this affair, or want power of my own to command it; but I will not have him look upon it as my Act alone, or a thing of my ſeeking, but by your advice ſhall be made to underſtand it is for the good of the Publick; that having to do with a ſort of People of the Reformed Religion, whoſe pretences were more nice, than wiſe; more ſeemingly zealous than reaſonable or juſt, they might look upon the Life ſhe led with the Prince as ſcandalous, that was not juſtifyed by form, tho' never ſo un-

lawful. A thousand things she urg'd to him, who needed no instruction how to make that appear authentick and just, however contrary to religion and Sense: But so inform'd, he parted from her and told her the Event should declare his zeal for her Service, and so it did, for he no sooner spoke of it to the Prince, but he took the Hint as a divine Voice; his very Soul flush'd in his lovely Cheeks, and all the Fire of Love was dancing in his Eyes: Yet as if he had fear'd what he wish'd could not handsomely and lawfully be brought to pass, he ask'd a thousand questions concearning it, all which the subtle Wizard so well resolv'd, at least in his judgment, who easily was convinced of what he wish'd, that he no longer deferr'd his happiness, but that very Night in the visit he made *Hermione*, fell at her Feet, and implores her consent of what he had told her *Fergusano* had fully convinced him was necessary for his Interest and

Glory

Glory, neither of which he could injoy or regard, if ſhe was not the partner of 'em; and that when he ſhould go to *France*, and put himſelf in the Field to demand a Crown, he ſhould do it with abſolute Vigor and Reſolution, if ſhe were to be ſeated as Queen on the ſame Throne with him, without whom a Cottage would be more pleaſant; and he could relliſh no Joys that were not as intirely and immediately hers as his own: He pleaded impatiently for what ſhe long'd, and would have made her Petition for, and all the while ſhe makes a thouſand doubts and ſcruples only to be convinced and confirmed by him; and after ſeeming fully ſatisfyed, he leads her into a Chamber (where *Ferguſano* waited, and only her Woman and his faithful confident *Tomaſo*,) and Married her: ſince which, ſhe has wholly managed him with greater power than before; takes abundance of State; is extreamly elevated, I will

not ſay Inſolent; and tho' they do not make a publick Declaration of this; yet ſhe owns it to all her Intimates; and is ever reproaching my Lord with his lewd courſe of Life, wholly forgetting her own; crying out upon infamous Woman, as if ſhe had been all the courſe of her Life an innocent.

By this time Dinner was ended, and *Silvia* urg'd *Brilljard* to depart with her Letter; but he was extreamly ſurpriz'd to find it to be to the Governours Nephew, *Don Alonzo*, who was his Lords Friend; and who would doubtleſs give him an account of all, if he did not ſhow him the Billet: all theſe reaſons could not diſwade this fickle wanderer, whoſe Heart was at that time ſet on this young inconſtant, at leaſt her inclinations: He tells her that her Life would be really in danger, if *Philander* comes to the knowledge of ſuch an Intreigue, which could not poſſibly be carry'd on in that

Town

Town without noiſe: She tells him ſhe is reſolved to quit that falſe injurer of her Fame and Beauty; who had baſely abandoned her for other Women of leſs merit, even ſince ſhe had pardoned him the Crimes of Love he committed at *Cologne*; that while he was in the Country with her during the time of her Lying in, he had given himſelf to all that would receive him there; that ſince he came away, he had left no Beauty unattempted; and could he poſſibly imagin her of a Spirit to bow beneath ſuch injuries? No ſhe would on to all the revenges her Youth and Beauty were capable of taking, and ſtick at nothing that led to that intereſt; and that if he did not joyn with her in her noble deſign, ſhe would abandon him, and put her ſelf wholly out of his Protection: Thus ſhe ſpoke with a fierceneſs, that made the Lover tremble with fear of loſing her; he therefore told her ſhe had reaſon: and that ſince ſhe was reſolved, he

would

would confeſs to her that *Philander* was the moſt perfidious Creature in the World; and that *Hermione*, the haughty *Hermione*, who hated naughty Women, invited and treated all the handſome Ladies of the Court to Balls, and to the Baſſet Table, and made very great entertainment, only to draw to her Intereſt all the brave and the young men; and that ſhe daily gain'd abundance, by theſe Arts to *Ceſario*, and above all ſtrove by theſe amuſements to engage *Philander*; whom ſhe perceiv'd to grow cold in the great concern; daily treating him with Variety of Beauty; ſo that there was no Gaity, no Gallantry, or Play, but at *Hermione*'s; whither all the Youth of of both Qualities repaired; and 'twas there the Governours Nephew was every Evening to be found. Poſſibly, Madam I had not told you this, if the Princes Bounty had not taken me totally off from *Philander*; ſo that I have no other dependance on him,

but

but that of my Reſpect and Duty, out of perfect Gratitude. After this to gain *Billjard* intirely, ſhe aſſur'd him if his Fortune were ſuitable to her Quality, and her way of Life, ſhe believed ſhe ſhould devote herſelf to him; and tho' what ſhe ſaid were the leaſt of her thoughts, it fail'd not to flatter him agreeably, and he ſigh'd with Grief, that he could not ingage her; all he could get was little enough to ſupport him fine, which he was always as any Perſon of quality at Court, and appear'd as Graceſull and might have had ſome happy Minutes with very fine Ladies, who thought well of him. To ſalve this defect of want of Fortune, he told her he had received a command from *Octavio*, to come to him about ſettling of a very conſiderable Penſion upon her, and that he had at his inveſting put Money into his Aunt's Hands, who was a Woman of conſiderable quality, to be diſpos'd of to that Charitable Uſe; and that if ſhe

pleas'd

pleas'd to maintain her reſt of Fame, and live without receiving Love Viſits from Men, ſhe might now command that; which would be a much better and nobler ſupport than that from a Lover, which would be Tranſitory, and laſt but as long as her beauty, or a leſs time, his Love. To this ſhe knew not what to anſwer, but ready Money being the joy of her Heart, and the ſupport of her Vanity, ſhe ſeems to yield to this, having ſaid ſo much before; and ſhe conſidering ſhe wanted a thouſand things to adorn her Beauty, being very expenſive; ſhe was impatient till this was performed, and deferr'd the ſending to *Don Alonzo*, tho' her thoughts were perpetually on him. She by the advice of *Brilljard*, writes a Letter to *Octavio*; which was not like thoſe ſhe had before written, but as an humble Penitent would write to a Ghoſtly Father, treating him with all the reſpect that was poſſible: and if ever ſhe mention'd love, it was as if her

Heart

Heart had, violently and againſt her will, burſt out into ſoftneſs, as ſtill ſhe retain'd there; and then ſhe would take up again, and ask pardon for that Tranſgreſſion; ſhe told him it was a paſſion, which tho' ſhe could never extinguiſh for him, yet that it ſhould never warm her for another, but ſhe would leave *Philander* to the World, and retire where ſhe was not known, and try to make up her broken Fortunes; with abundance of things to this purpoſe, which he carried to *Octavio*: he ſaid he could have wiſh'd ſhe would have retir'd to a Monaſtery, as all the firſt part of her Letter had given him hope; and reſolved, and retir'd as he was, he could not read this without extream confuſion and change of Countenance. He ask'd *Brilljard* a thouſand times whether he believ'd he might truſt her, or if ſhe would abandon thoſe ways of ſhame, that at laſt loſt all: He anſwered, he verily believ'd ſhe would. However

ſaid

ſaid *Octavio*, 'tis not my buſineſs to capitulate, but to believe and act all things for the intereſt and ſatisfaction of her, whom I yet adore; and without farther delay writ to his Aunt, to preſent *Silvia* with thoſe Sums he had left for her; and which had been ſufficient to have made her happy all the reſt of her Life, if her Sins of Love had not obſtructed it. However ſhe no ſooner found herſelf Miſtreſs of ſo conſiderable a Sum, but in lieu of retiring, and ordering her affairs ſo as to render it for ever ſerviceable to her, the firſt thing ſhe does, is to furniſh herſelf with new Coach and Equipage, and to laviſh out in Cloth, and Jewels, a great part of it immediately; and was impatient to be ſeen on the *Toure*, and in all publick Places; nor could *Brilljard* perſwade the contrary, but againſt all good Manners and Reaſon, ſhe flew into moſt violent paſſions with him, till he had reſolved to give her way; it hap'ned

that

that the first day she show'd on the *Toure*, neither *Philander*, *Cesario*, nor *Hermione* chanc'd to be there; so that at Supper it was all the news, how glorious a young Creature was seen only with one Lady, which was *Antonett* very well dreſt in the Coach with her: every Body that made their Court that Night to *Hermione*, spoke of this new Vision, as the most extraordinary Charmer that had ever been seen; all were that day undone with Love, and none could learn who this fair destroyer was; for all the time of *Silvia*'s being at *Bruxells* before, her being big with Child had kept her from appearing in all publick places; so that she was wholly a new Face to all that saw her; and it is easie to be imagined what Charms that delicate Person appeared with to all, when dreſs'd to such advantage, who naturally was the most beautiful Creature in the World; with all the Bloom of Youth that could add to Beauty. Among the

rest

reſt that Day that loſt their Hearts, was the Governours Nephew; who came into the preſence that Night wholly Tranſported, and told *Hermione* he died for the Lovely Charmer he had that day ſeen; ſo that ſhe, who was the moſt curious to gain all the Beauties to her ſide, that the men might be ſo too, indeavour'd all ſhe could to find out where this Beauty dwelt. *Philander*, now grown the moſt Amorous and Gallant in the World, grew paſſionately in love with the very deſcription of her, not imagining it had been *Silvia*, becauſe of her Equipage: He knew ſhe lov'd him, at leaſt he thought ſhe lov'd him too well to conceal herſelf from him, or be in *Bruxells*, and not let him know it; ſo that wholly raviſh'd with the Deſcription, of the imagined new fair One, he burnt with deſire of ſeeing her; and all this Night was paſs'd in diſcourſe of this Stranger alone; the next day her Livery being deſcrib'd

to

to *Hermione*, ſhe ſent two Pages all about the Town, to ſee if they could diſcover a Livery ſo remarkable; and that if they did, they ſhould enquire of them who they belong to, and where that Perſon's Lodging was. This was not a very difficult matter to perform: *Bruxells* is not a large place, and it was ſoon ſervey'd from one end to the other: At laſt they met with two of her Foot-men, whom they ſaluted, and taking notice of their Livery, ask'd them who they belong'd to? theſe Lads were ſtrangers to the Lady they ſerv'd, and newly taken; and *Silvia*, at her firſt coming reſolv'd to change her Name, and was called Madam *De* ——a Name very conſiderable in *France*; which they told the Pages, and that ſhe liv'd at ſuch a place: This news *Hermione* no ſooner heard, but ſhe ſends a Gentleman in the Name of the Prince and herſelf to complement her, and tell her ſhe had the Honour to know ſome great Perſons

ſons of that name in *France*, and did not doubt but ſhe was related to them: She therefore ſent to offer her her Friendſhip; which poſſibly in a ſtrange place might not be unſerviceable to her, and that ſhe ſhould be extream glad to ſee her at Court, that is, at *Ceſario*'s Palace. The Gentleman who deliver'd this meſſage, being ſurpriz'd at the dazling Beauty of the fair Stranger, was almoſt unaſſur'd in his Addreſs, and the manner of it ſurpriz'd *Silvia* no leſs, to be invited as a ſtrange Lady, by one that hated her; ſhe could not tell whether it were real, or a Plot upon her; however ſhe made anſwer, and bad him tell Madam, the Princeſs, which Title ſhe gave her, that ſhe receiv'd her Complement as the greateſt Honour that could arrive to her, and that ſhe would wait upon her Highneſs, and let her know from her own Mouth the Senſe ſhe had of the Obligation. The Gentleman returned and delivered his meſſage

to

to *Hermione*; but ſo altered in his Look, ſo ſad and unuſual, that ſhe took notice of it, and ask'd him how he liked the new Beauty: He bluſhed and bow'd and told her, ſhe was a Wonder —— This made *Hermione*'s Colour riſe, it being ſpoke before *Ceſario*; for tho' ſhe were aſſured of the Hero's Heart, ſhe hated he ſhould believe there was a greater Beauty in the World, and one univerſally Adored. She knew not how ſo great a Miracle might work upon him, and began to repent ſhe had invited her to Court.

In the mean time, *Silvia*, after debating what to do in this Affair, whether to viſit *Hermione* and diſcover her ſelf, or to remove from *Bruxells*, reſolved rather upon the laſt; but ſhe had fixed her Deſign as to *Don Alonzo*, and would not depart the Town. To her former beginning Flame, for him was added more Fuel; ſhe had ſeen him the Day before on the *Toure*; ſhe had

had ſeen him gaze at her with all the impatience of Love, with madneſs of Paſſion in his Eyes, ready to fling himſelf out of the Coach every time ſhe paſt by; and if he appeared Beautiful before, when in his Riding dreſs, and haraſs'd for Four nights together with Love and want of Sleep. What did he now appear to her Amorous Eyes and Heart? She had wholly forgot *Octavio*, *Philander* and all, and made a Sacrifice of both to this new young Lover: She ſaw him with all the advantages of Dreſs, magnificent as Youth and Fortune could invent; and above all, his Beauty and his Quality warmed her Heart a new; and what advanced her Flame yet farther, was a Vanity ſhe had of fixing the dear Wanderer, and making him find there was a Beauty yet in the World, that could put an end to his Inconſtancy, and make him languiſh at her Feet as long as ſhe pleaſed. Reſolv'd on this deſign,

ſign, ſhe defers it no longer, but as ſoon as the Perſons of Quality, who uſed to walk every Evening in the Park, were got together, ſhe accompanied with *Antonett*, and Three or Four ſtrange Pages and Foot-men, went into the Park, Mask'd dreſt in perfect Glory. She had not walked long there before ſhe ſaw *Don Alonzo*, richer than ever in his Habit, and more Beautiful to her Eyes than any thing ſhe had ever ſeen; he was gotten among the Young and Fair, careſſing, laughing, playing, and acting all the little Wantonneſſes of Youth. *Silvia*'s Blood grew diſordered at this, and ſhe found ſhe loved by her Jealouſie, and longs more than ever to have the glory of vanquiſhing that Heart, that ſo boaſted of never having yet been conquer'd. She therefore uſes all her Art to get him to look at her; ſhe paſſed by him often, and as often as ſhe did ſo he view'd her with Pleaſure; her Shape, her Air, her Mien, had

ſome-

ſemething ſo Charming, as without the Aſſiſtance of her Face, ſhe gained that Evening a Thouſand Conqueſts; but thoſe were not the Trophies ſhe aimed at, it was *Alonzo* was the mark'd-out Victim, that ſhe deſtin'd for the Sacrifice of Love. She found him ſo ingag'd with Women of great Quality, ſhe almoſt diſpair'd to get to ſpeak to him; her Equipage, who ſtood at the Entrance of the Park, not being by her, he did not Imagine this fine Lady to be her he ſaw on the *Toure* laſt Night; yet he look'd at her ſo much as gave occaſion to thoſe he was with to rally him extreamly, and tell him he was in Love with what he had not ſeen, and who might, not withſtanding all that delicate appearance, be ugly when her Mask was off. *Silvia*, however, ſtill paſt on with abundance of ſighing Lovers after her, ſome daring to ſpeak, others only languiſhing; to all ſhe would vouchſafe no word but made ſigns, as if

ſhe

ſhe were a ſtranger and underſtood 'em not; at laſt, *Alonzo* wholly impatient, breaks from theſe Ralliers, and gets into the Crowd that purſued this lovely unknown: her Heart leapt when he approach'd her, and the firſt thing ſhe did was to pull off her Glove, and not only ſhow the faireſt hand that ever Nature made, but that Ring on her Finger *Alonzo* gave her when they parted at the Village. The Hand alone was enough to invite all Eyes with Pleaſure to look that way; but *Alonzo* had a double Motive, he ſaw the Hand with Love, and the Ring with Jealouſie and Surprize; and as 'tis natural in ſuch Caſes, the very firſt Thought that poſſeſt him, was, that the young *Bellumere* (for ſo *Silvia* had call'd herſelf at the Village) was a Lover of this Lady, and had preſented her this Ring. And after his Sighings and little Pantings, that ſeized him at this thought, would give him leave, he bowing and

bluſhing cry'd—— *Madam, the whole piece muſt ſure be excellent, when the Pattern is ſo very fine.* And humbly begging the Favour of a nearer view, he took her Hand and kis'd it with a paſſionate Eagerneſs, which poſſibly did not ſo well pleaſe *Silvia*, becauſe ſhe did not think he took her for the ſame Perſon, to whom he ſhow'd ſuch ſigns of Love laſt Night. In taking her Hand he ſurvey'd the Ring, and cry'd,—— *Madam, would to Heaven I could lay ſo good a claim to this fair Hand, as I think I once could to this Ring, which this Hand Adorns and Honours. How, Sir,* reply'd Silvia, *I hope you will not charge me with Fellony? I am afraid I ſhall,* reply'd he, ſighing, *for you have attack'd me on the King's High way, and have robbed me of a Heart: I could never have robbed a Perſon,* ſaid Silvia, *who could more eaſily have parted with that Trifle; the next fair Object will redeem it, and it will be very little the worſe for my uſing. Ah, Madam,* reply'd

reply'd he, ſighing, *that will be according as you will treat it; for I find already, you have done it more damage than it ever ſuſtained in all the Rancounters it has had with Love and Beauty. You complain too ſoon*, reply'd *Silvia*, ſmiling, *and you ought to make a tryal of my good Nature before you reproach me with harming you. I know not*, reply'd *Alonzo*, ſighing, *what I may venture to hope from that; but I am afraid, from your Inclinations, I ought to hope for nothing, ſince a Thouſand reaſonable Jealouſies already poſſeſs me, from the ſight of that Ring; and I more than doubt I have a Powerful Rival, a Youth of the moſt divine Form I ever met with of his Sex; if from him you receive it, I gueſs my Fate. I perceive, Stranger*, ſaid Silvia, *you begin to be inconſtant already, and find excuſes to complain on your Fate before you have treed your Fortune. I perſwade myſelf that fine Perſon you ſpoke of, and to whom you gave this Ring, has ſo*

great a value for you, that to leave you no Excuſe, I aſſure you, he will not be diſpleas'd to find you a Rival, provided you prove a very conſtant Lover. I confeſs, ſaid Alonzo, *Conſtancy is an impoſition I never yet had the Confidence and ill Nature to impoſe on the Fair; and indeed I never found that Woman, yet of Youth and Beauty, that ever ſet ſo ſmall a value on her own Charms, to be much in Love with that dull Vertue, or require it of my Heart; but upon occaſion, Madam, if ſuch an unreaſonable fair one be found——— I am extreamly ſorry* (*interrupted* Silvia) *to find you have no better way of recommending your ſelf; this will be no great incouragement to a perſon of my Humour to receive your Addreſſe. Mad am, I do not tell you that I am not in my nature wondrous conſtant*, reply'd he; *I tell you only what has hitherto happen'd to me, not what will; that I have yet never been ſo, is no fault of mine, but power, or truth in thoſe Beauties to whom I*

have

have given my Heart, rather believe they wanted Charms to hold me, than that I (where Wit and Beauty ingag'd me) ſhould prove ſo falſe to my own Pleaſure. I am very much afraid, Madam, if I find my Eyes as agreeably entertaind when I ſhall have the Honour to ſee your Face, as my Ears are with your excellent Wit, I ſhall be reduced to that very whining, ſighing Coxcomb, you like ſo well in a Lover, and be ever dying at your Feet. I have but one hope left to preſerve my ſelf from this wretched thing you Women love; that is, that I ſhall not find you ſo all over Charming as what I have hitherto found preſents it ſelf to be. You have already created Love enough in me for any reaſonable Woman, but I find you are not to be approached with the common Devotions we pay your Sex; but like your Beauty, the Paſſion too muſt be great; and you are not content unleſs you ſee your Lovers die; this is that fatal proof alone that can ſatisfie you of their Paſſion. And tho'

you laugh to ſee a Sir Courtly Nice, *a Fop in Faſhion acted on the Stage, in your Hearts that Fooliſh thing, that fine neat Paſquel is your Darling, your fine Gentleman, your Will-bred Perſon.*

Thus ſometimes in Jeſt and ſometimes in Earneſt, they recommended themſelves to each other, and to ſo great a degree, that it was impoſſible for them to be more Charm'd on either ſide, which laſted till it was time to depart; but he beſought her not to do ſo till ſhe had informed him where he might wait on her, and moſt paſſionately ſolicits what ſhe as paſſionately deſired: *To tell you Truth,* ſaid ſhe, *I cannot permit you that freedom without you ask it of* Bellumere. He reply'd, *Next to waiting on her, he ſhould be the moſt over-joy'd in the World, to pay his Reſpects to that young Gentleman.* However, to name him, gave him a Thouſand Fears; which when he would have urg'd, ſhe bid him truſt

to

to the generoſity of that Man, who was of Quality, and loved him; ſhe then told him his Lodgings (which were her own:) *Alonzo* infinitely over-joyed, reſolv'd to loſe no time, but promis'd that Evening to viſit him: And at their parting he treated her with ſo much paſſionate Reſpect, that ſhe was vext to ſee it paid to one he yet knew not. However ſhe verily believed her Conqueſt was certain: He having ſeen her three times, and all thoſe times for a ſeveral Perſon, and yet was ſtill in Love with her: And ſhe doubted not when all three were joyn'd in one, he would be much more in Love than yet he had been; with this aſſurance they parted.

Silvia was no ſooner got home but ſhe reſolved to receive *Alonzo*, who ſhe was aſſured would come: She haſted to dreſs herſelf in a very rich Suit of Man's Clothes, to receive him as the young *French* Gentleman. She believed *Brilljard*

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would not come till late, as was his uſe, now being at Play at *Hermione*'s. She look'd extream Pretty when ſhe was dreſt, and had all the Charms that Heaven could adorn a Face and Shape withal: Her appartment was very magnificent, and all look'd very great. She was no ſooner dreſt but the young Lover came. *Silvia* received him on the Stair-caſe with open Arms, and all the ſigns of Joy that could be expreſt, and leads him to a rich drawing Room, where ſhe began to entertain him with that happy Nights adventure, when they both lay together at the Village, while *Alonzo* makes imperfect replies; wholly charmed with the look of the young Cavalier, which ſo reſembled what he had ſeen the day before in another Garb on the *Toure*. He is wholly raviſh'd with his Voice, it being abſolutely the ſame that had charmed him that Day in the Park; the more he gaz'd and liſten'd,

liſten'd, the more he was confirm'd in his Opinion, that he was the ſame, and he had the Muſick of that dear accent ſtill in his Ears, and could not be deceived. A Thouſand times he is about to kneele before her and ask her Pardon, but ſtill is check'd by Doubt: Heſees, he heare, this is the ſame lovely Youth who lay in Bed with him at the Village *Cabarett*; and then no longer thinks her Woman: He hears and ſees it is the ſame Face and Voice, and hands he ſaw on the *Toure*, and in the Park, and then believes her Woman: While he is in theſe perplexities, *Silvia*, who with Vanity and Pride perceiv'd his diſorder, taking him in her Arms, cry'd, *Come my* Alonzo, *that you ſhall no longer doubt but I am perfectly your Friend, I will ſhew you a Siſter of mine, whom you will ſay is a Beauty, or I am too partial, and I will have your judgment of her.* With that he call'd to *Antonett* to beg her Lady would permit him to bring a young

Stranger to kiſs her Hand. The Maid, inſtructed, retires, and *Alonzo* ſtood gazing on *Silvia* as one confounded and amaz'd, not knowing yet how to determine; he now begins to think himſelf miſtaken in the fair Youth, and is ready to ask his Pardon for a Fault but imagin'd, ſuffering by his ſilence, the little Pratler to diſcourſe and laugh at him at his pleaſure. *Come*, ſaid *Silvia*, ſmiling, *I find the nameing a Beauty to you has made you Melancholy; poſſibly when you ſee her ſhe will not appear ſo to you; we do not always agree in one Object.* *Your Judgment*, reply'd Alonzo, *is too good to leave me any hope of Liberty at the ſight of a fine Woman; if ſhe be like your ſelf I read my deſtiny in your charming Face.* *Silvia* anſwered only with a Smile —— and calling again for *Antonett*, he ask'd if his Siſter were in a condition of being ſeen; ſhe told him ſhe was not, but all undreſt and in her Night-clothes; *Nay, then*, ſaid Silvia, *I muſt uſe my*

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Authority with her: And leaving *Alonzo* trembling with Expectation, ſhe ran to her dreſſing Room, where all things were ready, and ſlipping off her Coat put on a rich Night-Gown, and inſtead of her Peruke fine Night-Clothes, and came forth to the Charm'd *Alonzo*, who was not able to approach her, ſhe look'd with ſuch a Majeſty, and ſo much dazling Beauty; he knew her to be the ſame he had ſeen in the *Toure.* She (ſeeing he only gazed without life or motion) approaching him gave him her Hand, and cryed ——— *Sir, poſſibly this is a more old acquaintance of yours than my Face.* At which he bluſh'd and bow'd, but could not ſpeak: At laſt *Silvia* laughing out-right, cryed ——— *Here* Antonett, *bring me again my Peruke, for I find I ſhall never be acquainted with* Don Alonzo *in Petticoats.* At this he bluſh'd a Thouſand times more than before, and no longer doubting but this Charmer,

mer and the lovely Youth were one; he fell at her Feet and told her he was undone, for she had made him give her so undisputable Proofs of his Dulness, he could never hope she should allow him capable of eternally adoring her. *Rise*, cry'd Silvia, smiling, *and believe you have not committed so great an Errour, as you imagine; the mistake has been often made, and Persons of a great deale of Wit have been deceiv'd. You may say what you please*, reply'd Alonzo, *to put me in Countenance; but I shall never forgive my self the Stupidity of that happy Night, that laid me by the most glorious Beauty of the World, and yet afforded me no kind Instinct to inform my Soul how much I was blest: Oh pity a wretchedness Divine Maid, that has no other excuse but that of Infatuation; a thousand times, my greedy ravish'd Eyes wandered o're the dazling brightness of yours; a thousand times I wish'd that Heaven had made you Woman! and when I look'd,*

look'd I burnt; but when I kiſs'd thoſe ſoft, thoſe lovely Lips, I durſt not truſt my Heart; for every touch begot wild Thoughts about it; which yet the Courſe of all my Fiery Youth, through all the wilde Debauches I had wandered, had never yet betray'd me to: and going to Bed with all this love and fear about me, I made a ſolemn Oath not to approach you, leſt ſo much Beauty had o're-come my Vertue. But by this new diſcovery, you have given me a Flame, I have no Power nor Virtue to oppoſe: 'tis Juſt, 'tis Natural to adore you; and not to do it, were it a crime greater than my Sin of Dulneſs: and ſince you have made me loſe a Charming Friend, it is but juſt I find a Miſtreſs; give me but your permiſſion to Love, and I will give you all my life in Service, and wait the reſt: I'll watch and pray for coming happineſs; which I will buy at any price of Life or Fortune. *Well, Sir,* replyed our eaſie fair One; *If you believe me worth a Conqueſt o're you, convince me you can*

love;

love; for I'm no common Beauty to be won with petty ſuddain Services; and could you lay an Empire at my Feet, I ſhould deſpiſe it where the Heart were wanting. You may believe the Amorous Youth left no Argument to convince her in that point unſaid; and 'tis moſt certain they came to ſo good an underſtanding, that he was not ſeen in *Bruxells* for eight days and nights after, nor this rare Beauty, for ſo long a time, ſeen on the *Toure* or any publick Place. *Brillard* came every day to viſit her, and receive her commands, as he us'd to do, but was anſwer'd ſtill that *Silvia* was Ill, and kept her Chamber, not ſuffering even her Domeſticks to approach her: This did not ſo well ſatisfy the Jealous Lover, but he ſoon imagined the cauſe, and was very much diſpleas'd at the ill Treatment; if ſuch a deſign had been carried on, he deſired to have the management of it, and was angry that *Silvia* had not only deceived him

in

in the promiſe he had made for her to *Octavio*; but had done her own buſineſs without him; he ſpoke ſome hard words; ſo that to undeceive him, ſhe was forced to oblige *Alonzo* to appear at Court again; which ſhe had much ado to incline him to, ſo abſolutely ſhe had Charm'd him; however he went, and ſhe ſuffered *Brilljard* to viſit her, perſwading that eaſie Lover (as all Lovers are eaſie) that it was only indiſpoſition that hindered her of the happineſs of ſeeing him, and after having perfectly reconcil'd herſelf to him, ſhe asked him the news at *Hermione*'s, to whom, I had forgot to tell you, ſhe ſent every Day a Page with a Complement, and to let her know ſhe was Ill, or ſhe would have waited on her: She every hay received the Complement from her again, as an unknown Lady. *Brilljard* told her that all things were now prepar'd, and in a very ſhort time, they ſhould go for *France*;

France; but that whatever the matter was, *Philander* almoſt publickly diſowned the Prince's Intereſt, and to ſome very conſiderable of the Party, has given out, he does not like the Proceedings, and that he verily believed they would find themſelves all miſtaken; and that inſtead of a Throne the Prince would meet a Scaffold; ſo bold and open he has been. Something of it has arriv'd to the Prince's Ear, who was ſo far from believing it, that he could hardly be perſwaded to ſpeak of it to him; and when he did, it was with an aſſurance before hand, that he did not credit ſuch reports. So that he gives him not the pain to deny them: For my part I am infinitely afraid he will diſoblige the Prince one day, for laſt night, when the Prince deſired him to get his Equipage ready, and to make ſuch Proviſion for you as was neceſſary; he coldly told him, he had a mind to go to *Hungary*, which at that time was beſieg'd by *Solyman* the

the Magnificent, and that he had no inclination of returning to *France*. This ſurpriz'd and angered the Prince; but they parted good Friends at laſt, and he has promiſed him all things: So that I am very well aſſur'd he will ſend me where he ſuppoſes you ſtill are, and how ſhall we manage that affair?

Silvia who had more cunning and ſubtlety, than all the reſt of her Sex; thought it beſt to ſee *Philander*, and part with him on as good terms as ſhe could, and that it was better he ſhould think he yet had the abſolute poſſeſſion of her, than that he ſhould return to *France* with an ill opinion of her Vertue, as yet he had known no guilt of that kind, nor did he ever more than fear it, with *Octavio*; ſo that it would be eaſie for her to cajole him yet a little longer, and when he was gone, ſhe ſhould have the World to range in, and poſſeſs this new Lover, to whom ſhe had promiſed all things, and received from him

all

all assurances immaginable of inviolable Love: In order to this then she consulted with *Brilljard*; and they resolved she should for a few days leave *Antonett* with her Equipage, at that House where she was, and retire herself to the village, where *Philander* had left her, and where he still imagined she was: She desired *Brilljard* to give her a days time for this preparation, and it should be so. He left her, and going to *Hermione's*, meets *Philander*, who immediately gave him order to go to *Silvia* the next Morning, and let her know how all things went, and to tell her he would be with her in two days. In the mean time *Silvia* sent for *Alonzo*, who was but that Evening gone from her. He flies on the Wings of Love, and she tells him, she is oblig'd to go to a place six or seven days Journey off, whither he could not conduct her for reasons she would tell him at her return: whatever he could plead with all the force

of

of love to the contrary, ſhe gets his conſent, with a promiſe wholly to devote herſelf to him at her return, and pleas'd ſhe ſent him from her, when *Brilljard*, returning, told her the commands he had; and 'twas concluded they ſhould both depart next Morning, accompanied only by her Page. I am well aſſur'd ſhe was very kind to *Brilljard* all that Journey, and which was but too viſible to the amorous Youth, who attended them, ſo abſolutely had ſhe deprav'd her reaſon from one degree of Sin and Shame to another; and he was happy above any imagination, while even her Heart was given to another, and when ſhe could propoſe no other intereſt in this looſeneſs, but ſecurity, that *Philander* ſhould not know how ill ſhe had treated him. In four days *Philander* came, and finding *Silvia* more fair than ever, was anew pleas'd; for ſhe pretended to receive him with all the joy imaginable, and the deceived Lover believed,

lieved, and expreſt abundance of Grief, at the being obliged to part from her; a great many Vows and Tears were loſt of both ſides, and both believed true: But the Grief of *Brilljard* was not to be conceived; he could not perſwade himſelf he could live, when abſent from her: Some Bills *Philander* left her, and was ſo plain with her, and open-hearted, he told her that he went indeed with *Ceſario*, but it was in order to ſerve the King; that he was weary of their Actions, and foreſaw nothing but ruin would attend 'em; that he never repented him of any thing ſo much, as his being drawn into that Faction; in which he found himſelf ſo greatly involved, he could not retire with any credit but ſince Self-Preſervation was the firſt principle to Nature, he had reſolved to make that his aim, and rather prove falſe to a party who had no Juſtice and Honour on their Side, than to a King whom all the Laws

Laws of Heaven and Earth obliged him to ſerve; however he was ſo far in the power of theſe People, that he could not diſingage himſelf, without utter ruin to himſelf; but that as ſoon as he was got into *France*, he would abandon their Intereſt: Let the cenſuring World ſay what it would, who never had right notions of things, or ever made true Judgments of Mens Actions.

He lived five or ſix days with *Silvia* there; in which time ſhe fail'd not to aſſure him of her conſtant Fidelity a thouſand ways, eſpecially by Vows that left no doubt upon his Heart, and it was now that they both indeed found there was a very great Friendſhip ſtill remaining at the bottom of their Hearts for each other, nor did they part without manifeſt proofs of it. *Brilljard* took a ſad and melancholy leave of her, and had not the freedom to tell it aloud, but obliged to depart with his Lord, they left *Silvia* and poſted

ed to *Bruxells*, where they found the Prince ready to depart, having left *Hermione* to her Women more than half dead. I have heard there never was ſo ſad a parting between Two Lovers; a Hundred times they ſwounded with the apprehenſion of the ſeparation in each other's Arms, and at laſt the Prince was forced from her while he left her dead, and was little better himſelf: He would have returned, but the Officers and People about him, who had eſpous'd his Quarrel, would by no means ſuffer him: And he has a Thouſand times told a Perſon very near him, That he had rather have forfeited all his hop'd for Glory, than have left that Charmer of his Soul. After he had taken all care imaginable for *Hermione*, for that name ſo dear to him, was ſcarce ever out of his Mouth, he ſuffered himſelf with a heavy Heart and Pace, to be conducted to the Veſſel: And I have heard,

heard, he was hardly ſeen to ſmile all the little Voyage, or his whole Life after, or do any thing but ſigh and ſometimes weep, which was a very great diſcouragemeut to all that followed him; they were a great while at Sea, toſt to and fro by ſtreſs of Weather, and often driven back to the Shore where they firſt took ſhipping; and not being able to Land where they firſt deſigned, they got a-ſhore in a little Harbour, where no Ship of any bigneſs could Anchor; ſo that with much ado, getting all their Arms and Men on ſhore they ſunk the Ship, both to ſecure any from flying, and yet might not fall into the Hands of the *French*. *Ceſario* was no ſooner on the *French* Shore, but numbers came to him of the *Hugonot* Party, for whom he had Arms, and who wanted them he furniſh'd as far as he could, and immediately Proclaimed himſelf King of *France* and *Navarr*, while the dirty Croud,

rang

rang him Peals of Joy. But tho' the under World came in great Crowds to his Aid, he wanted ſtill the main ſupporters of his Cauſe, the Men of more ſubſtantial Quality: If the Ladies could have compos'd an Army, he would not have wanted one, for his Beauty had got them all on his ſide; and he Charm'd the fair whereſoever he rode. ———

He march'd from Town to Town without any oppoſition, Proclaiming himſelf a King in all the Places he came to; ſtill gathering as he marched, till he had compoſed a very formidable Army. He made Officers of the Kingdom —— *Ferguſano* was to have been a Cardinal, and ſeveral Lords and Dukes were nominated; and he found no oppoſition in all his proſperous Courſe ——— in the mean time the Royal Army was not Idle, which was compoſed of Men very well Diſciplined, and conducted by ſeveral Princes, and Men of great Quality and

and Conduct. But as it is not the Buſineſs of this little Hiſtory to treat of War, but altogether Love; leaving thoſe rougher Relations to the Chronicles and Hiſtoriographers of thoſe Times, I will only hint on ſuch things in this Enterprize as are moſt proper for my purpoſe, and tell you that *Ceſario* omitted nothing for the carrying on his great Deſign; he diſperſed his Scandals all over *France*, tho' they met with an obſtruction at *Paris*, and were immediately ſuppreſs'd, it being proclaim'd Death for any perſon to keep one in their Houſes; and if any ſhould by chance come to their Hands, they were on this Penalty, to carry them to the Secretary of State; and after the Puniſhment had paſt on Two or Three Offenders, it deterred the reſt from medling with thoſe edge Tools: I muſt tell you alſo, that the title of King, which *Ceſario* had taken ſo early upon him, was much againſt his Inclinations;

and he desired to see himself at the Head of a more satisfiable Army, before he would take on him a Title he found (in the condition he was in) he should not defend; but those about him insinuated into him, that it was the Title that would not only make him more Venerable, but would make his Cause appear more just and awful; and beget him a perfect Adoration with those People who liv'd remote from Courts, and had never seen that glorious thing called a King. So that believing it would give Nerves to the Cause, he unhappily took upon him that which ruined him; for he had often sworn to the greatest part of those of any Quality of his interest, That his design was Liberty only, and that his end was the publick good, so infinitely above his own private interest, that he desired only the Honour of being the Champion for the oppress *Parisians* and People of *France*; that if they would allow

allow him to lead their Armies, to fight and ſpend his deareſt Blood for them, 'twas all the Glory he aim'd at: 'Twas this pretended Humility in a Perſon of his high rank that firſt cajol'd the *Mobile*, who look on him as their God, their Deliverer, and all that was ſacred and dear to them; but the wiſer ſort regarded him only as one that had moſt power and pretenſion to turn the whole Affairs of *France*, which they diſliking were willing at any Price, to reduce to their own conditions and to what they deſired; not imagining he would have laid a claim to the Crown, which many of them fancy'd themſelves as capable of as himſelf, rather that he would perhaps have ſet up the King of *Navarr*. This *Ceſario* knew; and underſtanding their Sentiments, was unwilling to hinder their joyning with him, by ſuch a Declaration which he knew would be a means to turn abundance of Hearts againſt him, as indeed it

fell out; and he found himself Master of some few Towns, only with an Army of Fifteen or Sixteen thouand Peasants, ill Armed, unus'd to War, Watchings, and very ill Lodging in the Field, very badly Victuall'd, and worse Paid. For, from *Paris* no Aids of any kind could be brought him; the Roads all along being so well guarded and secured by the Royal Forces, and wanting some great Persons to espouse his Quarrel, made him not only despair of Success, but highly resent it of those who had given him so large promises of Aid. Many, as I said, and most were disgusted with his Title of King; but some waited the success of his first Battle, which was every day expected, tho' *Cesario* kept himself as clear of the Royal Army as he could a long time, marching away as soon as they drew near, hoping by these means, not only to tire them out, but watch an advantage when to engage, but ga-

gather ſtill more Numbers. So that the greateſt miſchief he did was teazing the Royal Army, who could never tell where to have him, ſo dexterous he was in marching off. They often came ſo near, as to have Skirmiſhes with one another by ſmall Parties, where ſome few Men would fall on both ſides: And to ſay truth, *Ceſario* in this Expedition ſhow'd much more of a Souldier than the Politician: His Skill was great, his Conduct good, expert in Advantages, and indefatigable in Toils. And I have heard it from the Mouth of a Gentleman, who in all that undertaking never was from him, that in Seven or Eight Weeks that he was in Arms, he never abſolutely undreſt himſelf, and hardly ſlept an Hour in the Four and twenty; and that ſometimes was on his Horſe's-back, in a Chariot, or on the ground, ſuffering even with the meaneſt of his Souldiers all the fatigues of the Enterprize: This Gentleman told me

he would in thoſe Hours, he ſhould ſleep, and wherein he was not taking Meaſures and Councils (which were always held in the Night) that he would be eternally ſpeaking to him of *Hermione*; and that with the ſofteſt concern 'twas poſſible for Love and tendereſt Paſſion to expreſs. That he being the only Friend he could repoſe ſo great a weakneſs in, and who ſooth'd him to the degree he wiſh'd, the Prince was ſo well pleas'd with him, as to eſtabliſh him a Colonel of Horſe, for no other merit than that of having once ſerved *Hermione*, and now would flatter his diſeaſe agreeably: And tho' he did ſo, he proteſted he was aſhamed to hear how Poor this fond concern render'd this great Man, and he has often pity'd what ſhould have been elſe admir'd; but who can tell the force of Love, back'd by Charms ſupernatural? and who is it that will not ſigh at the Fate of ſo Illuſtrious a Young-man, whom

Love

Love had render'd the moſt miſerable of all thoſe numbers he led?

But now the Royal Army, as if they had purpoſly ſuffered him to take his Toore about the Country, to Enſnare him with the more Facility; had at laſt, by new Forces that came to their aſſiſtance daily, ſo incompaſs'd him, that it was impoſſible for him to avoid any longer giving them Battle; however he had the benefit of Poſting himſelf the moſt advantageouſly, that he could wiſh; he had the riſing Grounds to place his Cannon, and all things concur'd to give him ſucceſs. His Numbers exceeding thoſe of the Royal Army; not but he would have avoided a ſet Battle, if it had been poſſible, till he had made himſelf Maſter of ſome places of ſtronger hold; for yet as I ſaid, he had only ſubdued ſome inconſiderable places, which were not able to make defence; and which as ſoon as he was march'd out, ſurrender'd again to their lawful

Prince; and pulling down his Proclamation, put up those of the King: but he was on all sides so embaras'd, he could not come even to parly with any Town of Note; so that as I said, at last, being as it were block'd up, tho' the Royal Army did not offer him Battle: Three Nights they lay thus in view of each other; the first night, the Prince sent out his Scouts, who brought in intelligence, that the Enemy was not so well prepar'd for Battle, as they fear'd they might be if they imagined the Prince would engage 'em, but he had so often given them the slip, that they believed he had no mind to put the Fortune of the Day to the push: And they were glad of these delays, that new forces might advance; when the Scouts returned with this news, the Prince was impatient to fall upon the Enemy; but *Fergusano*, who was continually taking Council of his Charms, and looking into his black Book of Fate, for

for every ſally and ſtep they made; perſwaded his Highneſs to have yet a little patience; poſitively aſſuring him his Fortune depended on a Critical Minute, which was not yet come; and that if he offered to give Battle before the Change of the Moon, he was inevitably loſt, and that the attendance of that fortunate moment would be the beginning of thoſe of his whole Life: with ſuch like poſitive perſwaſions, he gain'd upon the Prince, and overcame his impatience of engaging for that Night, all which he paſt in Council without being perſwaded to take any reſt, often blaming the Nicety of their Art and his Stars; and often asking if they loſt that opportunity that Fortune had now given 'em, whether all their Arts, or Stars, or Devils, could retrieve it? and nothing would that Night appeaſe him, or diſpoſſeſs the Sorcerers of this opinion.

The next day they received certain intelligence, that a conſiderable

ſupply would re-inforce the Royal Army, under the Conduct of a Prince of the Blood; which were every moment expected: This news made the Prince rave, and he broke out into all the rage imaginable againſt the Wizards, who defended themſelves with all the reaſons of their Art; but it was all in vain, and he vow'd he would that Night engage the Enemy; if he could find but one faithful Friend to ſecond him, tho he dyed in the attempt; that he was worn out with the Toils he had undergone; haraſs'd almoſt to death, and would wait no longer the approach of his lazy Fate, but boldly advancing, meet it what Face ſo e're it bore. They beſought him on their Knees, he would not overthrow the Glorious Deſign ſo long in bringing to perfection, juſt in the very Minute of happy projection; but to wait thoſe certain Fates, that would bring him Glory and Honour on their Wings, and who if ſlighted,

would

would abandon him to deſtruction; it was but ſome few Hours more, and then they were his own, to be commanded by him: 'twas thus they drill'd and delay'd him on till Night; when again he ſent out his Scouts to diſcover the Poſture of the Enemy; and himſelf in the mean time went to Council. *Philander* fail'd not to be ſent for thither, who ſometimes feign'd Excuſes to keep away, and when he did come, he ſate unconcern'd, neither giving or receiving any advice. This was taken notice of by all, but *Ceſario*, who look'd upon it as his being over-watch'd, and fatigu'd with the Toils of the day: his Sullenneſs did not paſs ſo in the opinion of the reſt; they ſaw, or at leaſt thought they ſaw ſome other marks of diſcontent in his fine Eyes, which Love ſo much better became. One of the Princes Officers and Captain of his Guard, who was an old Hereditary Rogue, and whoſe Father had ſuf-

fer'd

fer'd in Rebellion before; a Fellow rough and daring, comes boldly to the Prince when the Council roſe, and ask'd him if he were reſolved to Engage? He told him he was. *Then* ſaid he, *give me leave to ſhoot* Philander *in the Head*: This blunt propoſition given without any manner of reaſon or Circumſtance, made the Prince ſtart back a ſtep or two, and ask him his meaning of what he ſaid. *Sir*, replyed the Captain, *if you will be ſafe*, Philander *muſt Die*; *for however it appear to your Highneſs, to all the Camp he ſhows the Traytor, and 'tis more than doubted he, and the King of* France *underſtand one another but too well*: *Therefore if you would be Victor, let him be diſpatch'd, and I my ſelf will undertake it*: *Hold*, ſaid the Prince, *if I could believe what you ſay to be true, I ſhould not take ſo baſe a revenge*; *I would Fight like a Souldier, and he ſhould be treated like a Man of Honour*: *Sir*, ſaid *Vaneur*, for that was the Captains name; *do not*

in

in the Circumſtances we now are in, talk of treating (with thoſe that would betray us) like Men of Honour; we cannot ſtand upon decency in killing, who have ſo many to diſpatch; we came not into France *to fight Duels, and ſtand on nice Punctilios: I ſay, we muſt make quick work, and I have a good Piſtol charged with two handſome Bullets, that ſhall as ſoon as he appears amongſt us on Horſe-back, do his buſineſs as gentilely as can be, and rid you of one of the moſt powerful of your Enemies.* To this, the Prince would by no means agree; not believing ony ſyllable of the Accuſation. *Vaneur* ſwore then, that he would not draw a Sword for his Service, while *Philander* was ſuffered to live; and he was as good as his word: He ſaid in going out, that he would obey the Prince, but he beg'd his pardon, if he did not lift a Hand on his ſide; and in an Hour after ſent him his Commiſſion, and waited on him, and was with him almoſt till the laſt,

laſt, in all the danger, but would not Fight, having made a ſolemn Vow. Several others were of *Vaneur*'s opinion, but the Prince believ'd nothing of it, *Philander* being indeed, as he ſaid, weary of the deſign and party, and regarded them as his Ruiners, who with fair pretences, drew him into a bad Cauſe; which his Youth had not then conſidered, and from which he could not untangle himſelf.

By this time the Scout was come back, who inform'd the Prince that now was the beſt time in the World to Attack the Enemy, who all lay ſupinely in their Tents, and did not expect a Surprize; that the very outguards were ſlender, and that it would not be hard to put 'em to a great deal of Confuſion. The Prince who was enough impatient before, now was all Fire and Spirit, and 'twas not in the Power of Magick to withhold him; but haſting immediately to Horſe, with as much ſpeed as poſſible,

he

he got at the Head of his Men; and marching on directly to the enemy, put them into ſo great a ſurprize, that it may be admired how they got themſelves into a condition of defence; and to make ſhort of a buſineſs that was not long in acting, I may avow nothing but the immediate hand of the Almighty, (who favours the juſter ſide, and is always ready for the ſupport of thoſe who approach ſo near their own Divinity, ſacred and anointed Heads) could have turned the Fortune of the Battle to the Royal ſide: it was prodigious to conſider the unequal numbers, and the advantage all on the Princes part; it was miraculous to behold the order on his ſide, and ſurprize on the other, which of it ſelf had been ſufficient to have confounded them; yet notwithſtanding all this unpreparedneſs on this ſide, and the watchfulneſs and care on the other; ſo well the General and Officers of the Royal Army managed their ſcanted Time; ſo bravely diſciplin'd,

diſciplin'd, and experienced the Souldiers were, ſo reſolute and brave, and all ſo well mounted and armed, that as I ſaid, to a Miracle they fought; and 'twas a Miracle they won the Field: tho' that fatal Night, *Ceſario* did in his own Perſon wonders, and when his Horſe was kill'd under him, he took a *Partizan*, and as a common Souldier, at the head of his Foot acted the *Hero*, with as much courage and bravery, as ever *Cæſar* himſelf could boaſt. Yet all this avail'd him nothing, he ſaw himſelf abandoned on all ſides, and then under the Covert of the Night, he retired from the Battle, with his Sword in his hand, with only one Page, who fought by his ſide: A thouſand times he was about to fall on his own Sword, and like *Brutus* have finiſh'd a life he could no longer ſuſtain with Glory: But Love, that Coward of the Mind, and the Image of Divine *Hermione*, as he eſteemed her, ſtill gave him love to life; and while

while he could remember ſhe yet liv'd to charm him, he could even look with contempt on the loſs of all his Glory; at which if he repin'd, it was for her ſake, who expected to behold him return cover'd o'er with Laurels; in theſe ſad thoughts he wandered as long as his wearied Legs would bear him into a low Foreſt, far from the Camp; where over-preſt with Toil, all over pain, and a Royal Heart even breaking with Anxiety, he laid him down under the ſhelter of a Tree, and found but his length of Earth left to ſupport him now, who not many hours before beheld himſelf the greateſt Monarch as he imagined in the World. Oh who, that had ſeen him thus; which of his moſt mortal Enemies, that had view'd the Royal Youth, adorn'd with all the Charms of Beauty, Heaven ever diſtributed to Man; Born great, and but now ador'd by all the crowding World with Hat and Knee; now abondon

by

by all, but one kind trembling Boy weeping by his ſide, while the Illuſtrious *Hero* lay Gazing with melancholy weeping Eyes, at thoſe Stars that had lately been ſo cruel to him: Sighing out his great Soul to the Winds that whiſtled round his uncovered head; breathing his Griefs as ſilently as the ſad fatal Night paſt away. Where nothing in nature ſeemed to pity him, but the poor wretched Youth that kneeled by him, and the ſighing Air: I ſay, who that beheld this, would not have ſcorn'd the World, and all its fickle Worſhipers? have curſt the Flatteries of vain Ambition, and priz'd a Cottage far above a Throne? a Garland wreath'd by ſome fair innocent hand, before the reſtleſs Glories of a Crown?

Some Authors in the Relation of this Battle affirm, That *Philander* quitted his Poſt as ſoon as the Charge was given, and ſheer'd off from that Wing he commanded; but all Hiſto-

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rians agree in this Point, that if he did, it was not for want of Courage; for in a Thouſand Encounters he has given ſufficient proofs of as much Bravery as a Man can be capable of: But he diſliked the Cauſe, diſapproved of all their Pretenſions, and look'd upon the whole Affair and Proceeding to be moſt unjuſt and ungenerous: And all the fault his greateſt Enemies could charge him with, was, That he did not deal ſo gratefully with a Prince that loved him and truſted him; and that he ought frankly to have told him, he would not ſerve him in this Deſign; and that it had been more Gallant to have quitted him that way, than this; but there are ſo many Reaſons to be given for this more Politick and ſafe Deceit, than are needful in this place, and 'tis moſt certain as it is the moſt juſtifiable to Heaven and Man, to one born a Subject of *France*, and having Sworn Allegiance to his proper King, to abandon

don any other Intereſt; ſo let the Enemies of this great Man ſay what they pleaſe, if a Man be oblig'd to be falſe to this or that Intereſt, I think no body of common Honeſty, Senſe and Honour, will diſpute which he ought to abandon; and this is moſt certain, that he did not forſake him becauſe Fortune did ſo, as this one Inſtance may make appear. When *Ceſario* was firſt Proclaimed King, and had all the Reaſon in the World to believe that Fortune would have been wholly partial to him, he offer'd *Philander* his choice of any Principality and Government in *France*, and to have made him of the Order of *Sanct Eſprèet*; all which he refuſed, tho' he knew his great Fortune was loſt and already diſtributed to Favourites at Court, and himſelf Proſcribed and Convicted as a Traytor to *France*. Yet all theſe refuſals did not open the Eyes of this credulous great young Man, who ſtill believed it the fullenneſs and Generoſity of his Temper.

No

No ſooner did the day diſcover to the World the horrid Buſineſs of the preceding Night, but a diligent ſearch was made among the infinite number of dead, that covered the Face of the Earth, for the Body of the Prince, or New King, as they called him: But when they could not find him among the dead, they ſent out Parties all ways to ſearch the Woods, the Foreſts, and the Plains; nor was it long they ſought in vain, for he who had laid himſelf, as I ſaid, under the ſhelter of a Tree, had not for any conſideration removed him; but finding himſelf ſeiz'd by a common Hand, ſuffered himſelf, without Reſiſtance, to be detained by one ſingle Man till more advanced, when he could as eaſily have kill'd the Ruſtick as ſpeak or move; an Action ſo below the Character of this truly brave Man, that there is no reaſon to be given to excuſe this eaſie ſubmiſſion but this, That he was Stupified

with

with long Watching, Grief, and the Fatigues of his daily Toyl for ſo many Weeks before: For 'tis not to be imagin'd it was careleſneſs, or little regard for Life; for if it had been ſo he would doubtleſs have loſt it Nobly with the Victory, and never have retreated while there had been one Sword left advanced againſt him; or if he had diſdained the Enemy ſhould have had the Advantage and Glory of ſo great a Conqueſt, at leaſt when his Sword had been yet left him, he ſhould have died like a *Roman*, and have ſcorn'd to have added to the Triumph of the Enemy. But Love has unman'd his great Soul, and *Hermione* pleaded within for Life at any Price, even that of all his Glory; the thought of her alone blacken'd this laſt Scene of his Life, and for which all his paſt Triumphs could never attone nor excuſe.

Thus taken, he ſuffered himſelf to be led away tamely by common Hands without reſiſtance: A Victim

now

now even fallen to the pity of the *Mobile* as he paſt, and ſo little imagined by the better Sort who ſaw him not, they would not give a credit to it, every one affirming and laying Wagers he would die like a *Hero*, and never ſurrender with Life to the Conqueror. But this ſubmiſſion was but two true for the repoſe of all his Abettors; nor was his mean ſurrender all, but he ſhew'd a dejection all the way they were bringing him to *Paris*, ſo extreamly unworthy of his Character, that 'tis hardly to be credited ſo great a change could have been poſſible. And to ſhow that he had loſt all his Spirit and Courage with the Victory, and that the great ſtrings of his Heart were broke, the Captain who had the charge of him, and commanded that little Squadron that conducted him to *Paris*, related to me this remarkable Paſſage in their Journey; he ſaid, That they Lodged in an Inn, where he believed both the Maſter, and a great

great many Strangers who that Night Lodg'd there, were *Hugonots*, and great lovers of the Prince, which the Captain did not know, till after the Lodgings were taken: However he ordered a File of Muſqueteers to guard the Door; and himſelf only remained in the Chamber with the Prince, while Supper was getting ready: The Captain being extreamly weary with Watching and Toyling, for a long time together, laid himſelf down on a Bench behind a great long Table, that was faſt'ned to the Floor, and had unadviſedly laid his Piſtols on the Table, and tho' he durſt not Sleep, he thought there to ſtretch himſelf into a little eaſe; who had not quitted his Horſe-back in a great while: The Prince who was walking with his Arms acroſs about the Room, muſing in a very dejected poſture; often caſting his Eyes to the door, at laſt advances to the Table, and takes up the Captains Piſtols; the while He

who

—— who ſaw him advance, fear'd in that moment, what the Prince was going to do; he thought, if he ſhould riſe and ſnatch at the Piſtols, and miſs of 'em, it would expreſs ſo great a diſtruſt of the Prince, it might provoke him to do, what by his generous ſubmitting of 'em, might make him eſcape; and therefore, ſince it was too late, he ſuffered the Prince to arm himſelf with two Piſtols; who before was diſarmed of even his little Pen-knife. He was, he ſaid, a thouſand times about to call out to the Guards; but then he thought before they could enter to his relief, he was ſure to be ſhot dead, and it was poſſible the Prince might make his party good with four or five common Soldiers, who perhaps lov'd the Prince as well as any, and might rather aſſiſt than hinder his flight; all this he thought in an inſtant, and at the ſame time ſeeing the Prince ſtand ſtill, in a kind of conſideration what to do, looking, turning, and view-

ing of the Piſtols, he doubted not but his thought would determine with his Life; and tho' he had been in the heat of all the Battle, and had look'd Death in the Face, when he appeared moſt horrid, he proteſted he knew not how to fear till this moment, and that now he trembled with the apprehenſion of unavoidable Ruine, he curſt a thouſand times his unadviſedneſs, now it was too late; he ſaw the Prince after he had viewed, and reviewed the Piſtols, walk in a great thoughtfulneſs again about the Chamber, and at laſt, as if he had determined what to do, came back and laid them again on the Table; at which the Captain ſnatch'd 'em up, reſolving never to commit ſo great an over-ſight more. He did not doubt, he ſaid, but the Prince in taking them up, had ſome deſign of making his eſcape; and moſt certainly if he had but had Courage to have attempted it, it had not been hard to have been accompliſh'd: At worſt

worſt he could but have di'd; but there is a Fate that over-rules the moſt lucky Minutes of the greateſt Men in the World, and turns even all advantages offered to misfortunes, when it deſigns their ruin.

While they were on their way to *Paris*, he gave ſome more ſigns, that the misfortune he had ſuffered, had leſſened his Heart and Courage: He writ ſeveral the moſt ſubmiſſive Letters in the World, to the King, and to the Queen Mother of *France*; wherein he ſtrove to mitigate his Treaſon, with the pooreſt Arguments imaginable; and, as if his good Senſe had declined with his Fortune, his Stile was alter'd and debaſed to that of a common Man, or rather a School-Boy, filled with Tautologies and Stuff of no coherence; in which he neither ſhowed the Majeſty of a Prince, nor Senſe of a Gentleman; as I could make appear by expoſing thoſe Copies, which I leave to Hiſtory; all which muſt be imputed to

the diſorder his Head and Heart were in, for want of that natural reſt he never after found. When he came to *Paris*, he fell at the Feet of his Majeſty, to whom they brought him, and with a Shower of Tears bedewing his Shooes, as he lay proſtrate, beſought his Pardon, and ask'd his Life; perhaps one of his greateſt weakneſſes to imagine, he could hope for Mercy after ſo many Pardons for the ſame fault; and which, if he had had but one grain of that Bravery left him, he was wont to be Maſter of, he could not have expected; nor have had the confidence to have implor'd; and he was a poor Spectacle of pity to all that once adored him; to ſee how he petitioned in vain for Life; which if it had been granted, had been of no other uſe to him, but to have paſt in ſome corner of the Earth with *Hermione*, diſpis'd by all the reſt: and tho' he fetch'd Tears of Pity from the Eyes of the beſt and moſt

moſt merciful of Kings, he could not gain on his firſt reſolution; which was never to forgive him that Scurrillous Declaration he had diſperſed at his firſt Landing in *France*; that he took upon him the Title of King, he could forgive; that he had been the cauſe of ſo much Blood-ſhed, he could forgive, but never that unworthy Scandal on his unſpotted Fame; of which he was much more nice, than of his Crown or Life; and left him (as he told him this) proſtrate on the Earth, when the Guards took him up and conveyed him to the *Baſtile*: As he came out of the *Loure*, 'tis ſaid he look'd with his wonted Grace, only a Languiſhment ſat there in greater Beauty, than poſſible all his gayer looks ever put on, at leaſt in his Circumſtances; all that beheld him imagined ſo; all the *Pariſians* were crowded in vaſt Numbers to ſee him: And oh, ſee what Fortune is, thoſe that had vow'd him Alle-

giance in their Hearts, and were upon all occaſions ready to riſe in Mutiny for his leaſt Intereſt, now ſaw him, and ſuffered him to be carried to the *Baſtile* with a ſmall Company of Guards, and never offer'd to reſcue the Royal Unfortunate from the Hands of Juſtice, while he view'd 'em all around with ſcorning dying Eyes.

While he remained in the *Baſtile*, he was viſited by ſeveral of the Miniſters of State, and Cardinals, and Men of the Church, who urged him to ſome Diſcoveries, but could not prevail with him: He ſpoke, he thought, he dreamt of nothing but *Hermione*; and when they talk'd of Heaven, he ran on ſome Diſcourſe of that Beauty, ſomething of her Praiſe; and ſo continued to his laſt Moment, even on the Scaffold, where he was urged to excuſe, as a good Chriſtian ought, his Invaſion, his Bloodſhed and his unnatural War, he ſet himſelf to juſtifie his

his Paſſion to *Hermione*, endeavouring to render the Life he had led with her, Innocent and Blameleſs in the ſight of Heaven; and all the Churchmen could perſwade, could make him ſpeake of very little elſe. Juſt before he laid himſelf down on the Block, he called to one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, and taking out the Inchanted Tooth-pick-caſe, he whiſper'd him in the Ear, and commanded him to bear it from him to *Hermione*; and laying himſelf down, ſuffer'd the Juſtice of the Law, and died more pitied than lamented; ſo that it became a Proverb, If I have an Enemy, I wiſh he may live like —— and die like *Ceſario*: So ended the Race of this glorious Youth, who was in his time the greateſt Man of a Subject in the World, and the greateſt Favourite of his Prince, happy indeed above a Monarch, if Ambition and the Inſpiration of Knaves and Fools had not led him to Deſtruction, and

from

from a Glorious Life brought him to a Shameful Death.

This deplorable News was not long in coming to *Hermione*, who muſt receive this due, That when ſhe heard her *Hero* was dead, (and with him all her dearer Greatneſs gone,) ſhe betook her ſelf to her Bed, and made a Vow ſhe would never riſe nor eat more; and ſhe was as good as her word, ſhe lay in that melancholy eſtate about Ten Days, making the moſt piteous Moan for her dead Lover that e'er was heard, drowning her Pillow in Tears, and ſighing out her Soul. She called on him in vain as long as ſhe could ſpeak, at laſt ſhe fell into a Lethargy and dreamed of him, till ſhe could dream no more; an everlaſting ſleep cloſed her fair Eyes, and the laſt word ſhe ſigh'd was *Ceſario.*

Brilljard had the good Fortune the Night of the Battle to get away under the covert of the Night, and poſted into *Flanders*, where he found

Silvia

Silvia in the Arms of the young *Spaniard*, and of whom they made ſo conſiderable Advantages, that in a ſhort time they ruin'd the Fortune of that young Noble-man, and became the Talk of the Town, inſomuch that the Governour not permitting her ſtay there, ſhe was forced to remove for new Prey, and daily makes conſiderable Conqueſts where e'er ſhe ſhows the Charmer. *Ferguſano* eſcap'd, which was to the laſt Moment of the Prince's Life the greateſt Affliction of his Mind; and he would often ſay in great Rage, That if that Villain had been brought to *Paris*, and that he could have had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him broken on a Wheel before he had died, he ſhould have reſign'd his Life with Joy. But his time was not yet come.

Philander lay ſometime in the *Baſtile*, viſited by all the Perſons of great Quality about the Court; he behaved himſelf very Gallantly all the

the way he came, after his being taken, and to the laſt Minute of his Impriſonment; and was at laſt pardoned, kiſs'd the King's Hand, and came to Court in as much Splendor as ever, being very well underſtood by all good Men.

FINIS.